PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1974 $1.25

RICHARD M. NIXON AND ORGANIZED CRIME

VETERANS IN PRISON

A BISEXUAL INVESTIGATION BY JOHN STEINBECK, JR.

VIOLENCE IN THE COURT OF GURU MAHARAJ JI

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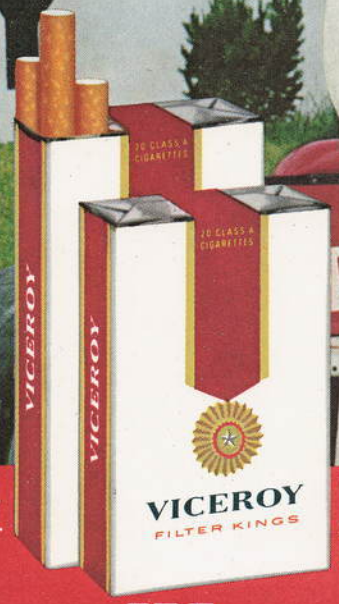

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HOUSECALL

"The people have a right to know if their president is a crook. I am not a crook." So said Richard Nixon last November. Perhaps he isn't, but some of his friends certainly are. This month, in a story that the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* refused to publish, *Penthouse* rips a carefully constructed veil of secrecy from the latest and most terrifying Nixon scandal—his twenty-six-year-long association with organized crime. In *Richard Nixon and Organized Crime*, **Jeff Gerth** doesn't make hollow accusations—he names names, dates, and places. Gerth is a twenty-nine-year-old freelance investigative journalist who has dug up stories of corporate crime, corruption, and organized crime for the national news media, foundations, and public-interest groups. He also investigated political corruption for George McGovern's presidential campaign and is currently working on a book.

Another public figure who surrounds himself with unsavory characters is **Guru Maharaj Ji.** In *I See the Light*, **Ken Kelley** tells the whole story of Pat Halley, a young journalist who pitched a pie in the guru's face and lived to tell about it . . . but only just. The blissful disciples were so enraged that two of them laid a little "Divine Knowledge" on Halley by literally shattering his skull. Kelley is a twenty-three-year-old freelance journalist whose work has appeared in *SunDance* magazine, the *Berkeley Barb*, and *Ramparts*. His book on the guru's Divine Light Mission, *Brave New Bliss*, will be published by McGraw-Hill in early 1975.

And who ends up in prison? The Vietnam veteran. The fifth installment in the continuing *Penthouse* series on Namvets is *Vets in Prison*, by **Corinne Browne**. Miss Browne is the author of *Body Shop: Recuperating from Vietnam* (Stein & Day, 1973), a book about Vietnam veteran amputees in the army's Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco. Here she tells what happened to veterans who came home, couldn't find jobs, and got little or no help from the VA. They got into trouble, that's what happened.

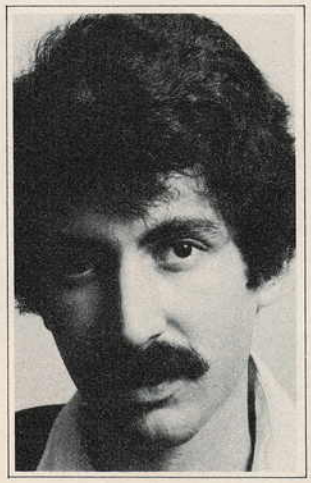
"If you can't beat a man, you kick him in the testicles, then you say he doesn't have any testicles after you've kicked him. That's typical of New York critics." The speaker is **James Purdy**, possibly the best unknown writer alive. In this month's *Penthouse Interview*, Purdy describes his mutual hate relationship with the publishing establishment to **Fred Barron**, Contributing Arts Editor for the Boston *Phoenix*. Barron has just covered the Cannes Film Festival, and Purdy is awaiting publication of his novel, *The House of the Solitary Maggot* (Doubleday), which is the second volume of a trilogy entitled *Sleepers in Moon-Crowded Valleys*.

Philip Cioffari returns to our pages this month with *Either Way You Lose*, an elegant story of an upper-middle-class love triangle that turns into a game of odd man out. Regular readers will remember his *Son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll* (October 1973), and his fans will be happy to hear that he has just completed a novel, *Memories of an Autumn Rain*. **John Steinbeck, Jr.** makes his first contribution to *Penthouse* with an explanation of the current fashion in bisexual behavior. Son of the famous novelist, John Jr. is a self-described sociologist-anthropologist ("I have often found that role to be a great front in the profession-crazy West") and author of *Bisexuality —Making It By Faking It*, wherein he records the phenomenon from its roots in prerecorded history. Steinbeck did civilian relief work in Vietnam, and is now traveling extensively in India.

Executive Art Director **Joe Brooks** makes his photographic debut with this month's Pet, Barbie Lewis. Joe personally discovered Barbie in the vast untamed reaches of Wisconsin—and that's a long way from home for a London boy.

Rounding out the month, we have stereo advice by **Robert Angus**, advice of a different nature by **Xaviera Hollander**, and another Couples interview and analysis by **Dr. Robert Chartham**. Hope it doesn't rain on your vacation.

BROWNE



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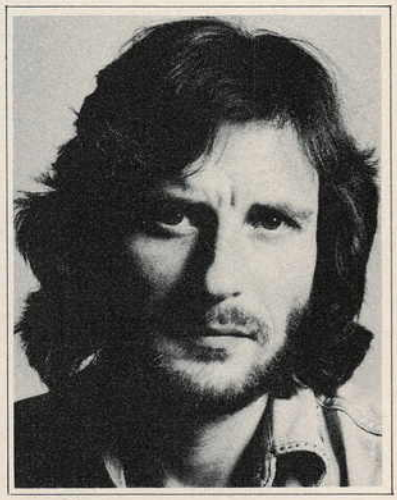

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
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JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Unstrung heroes

I heartily congratulate you on the fine article in the March issue of *Penthouse* regarding the Vietnam veterans. You are 100 percent correct in stating that it is a story that must be told. Unless the vast majority of Americans wake up and make the necessary corrections now, there will be dire consequences to be paid for the treatment the vets are receiving.

I would offer one bit of advice. Don't criticize all "lifers" categorically because of the inequities of the majority. I would be the last person in the world to detract from the credit due the lower ranking men who did the majority of the fighting. But not every "lifer" was a S.O.B., and they don't deserve to be kicked in the teeth by anyone.

I'm a middle ranking "lifer" who was stationed at one of the "safer" bases, the 12th USAF hospital at Cam Ranh Bay. I never had to slog through rice paddies, fire a weapon, or dodge bullets. I did have a dry bed to sleep in at night (when I could sleep) and the chow was hot, even if it was sometimes unfit to eat. I won no medals, sustained no visible wounds, and I've never made a claim to being any kind of a hero. At least I can be honest about it.

I was a medic, mostly a stretcher bearer. It was my job to unload the trucks, buses, and planes that brought in the casualties from all over the country. I was there the night the Army's Sixth Combat Convalescent Center was leveled by a bunch of sappers. We took one-hundred-and-one casualties that night; ninety-nine wounded and two dead. Some of those that lived were almost in worse shape than the two that didn't make it. When I say "we," I mean just that. Maybe my wounds didn't show, but my colleagues and I suffered internal hurt right along with the men we cared for.

You'd have to be trained as a medic to understand our feelings completely. Each patient was our brother and when he suffered, we suffered with him. It's been four years now and I still see the faces of some of those men in my sleep. We felt damn frustrated and helpless because we could not do more than we did. We have one distinct disadvantage in that we couldn't shoot back at that damnable unseen enemy that was causing all this human tragedy.

When my year was up, I was given the Air Force Commendation medal for a job well done. That's all, brother. Along with the tens of thousands—no, the hundreds of thousands—that have returned from that god-awful land, I haven't received so much as a "thank you," since. Personally, I don't need a "thank you" or anything else. But it will do my heart good to know that some of my less fortunate brothers are getting the kind of care, attention, and appreciation we tried to give them at Cam Ranh Bay. All I ask is one thing, don't damn all of us "lifers." We gave all we had to causes that at least some of us really believed in. Although there were a majority among the "lifers" that do deserve condemnation, I refuse to allow myself to be included in their numbers.

Now, you've said you're going to see this project through to completion, and I can only pray that you do. At least then maybe we can believe there are a few Americans who do care, who do understand. I'm not looking for personal fame or glory, so I'd rather not publicize my name.—*Name and address withheld*

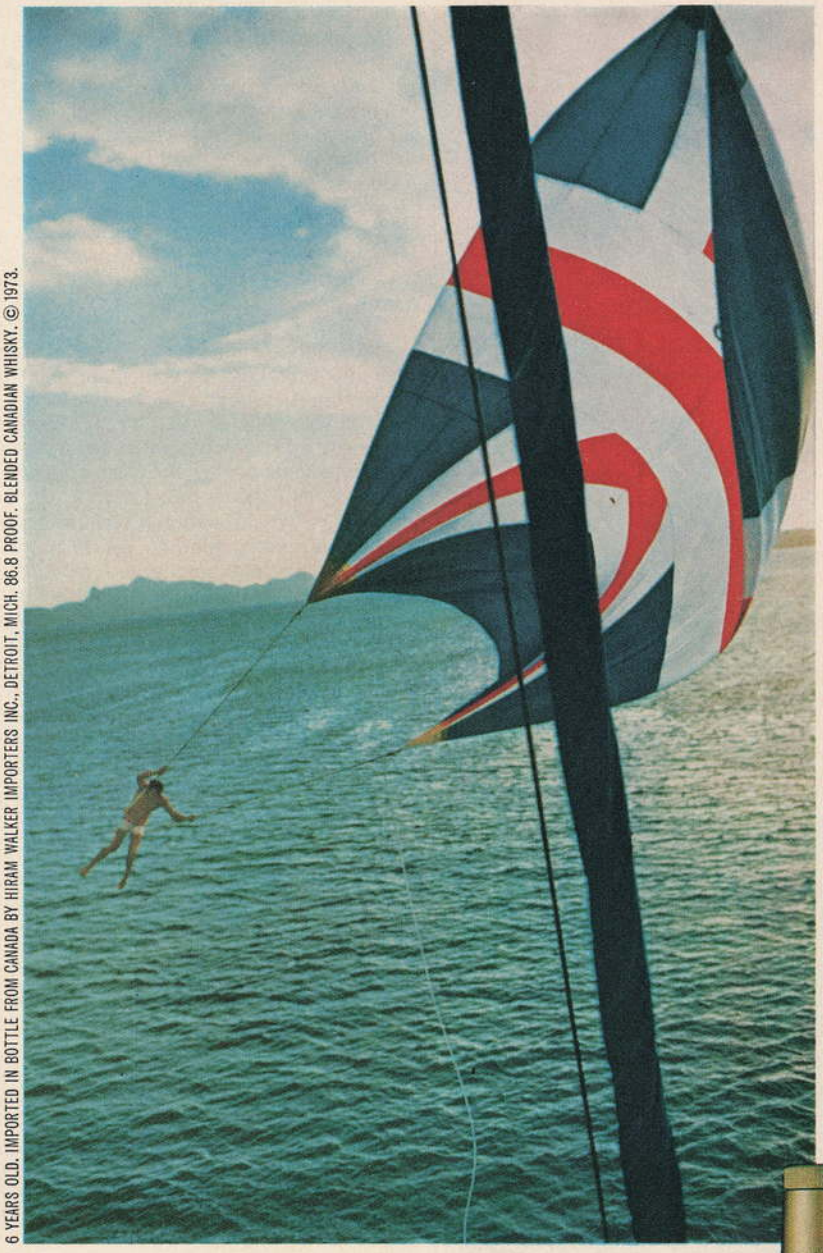
It was with a great deal of sympathy and identification that I read the articles detailing the plights of fellow Vietnam vets. It is hard to resist the temptation to air my own personal grievances and bemoan the misunderstandings and castigation because of my having chosen to serve my country rather than to work or attend college. I also went over to the Nam full of a sense of duty and *esprit de corps*, only to become disillusioned and finally thoroughly confused. Fortunately, after a period of time I was able to adjust, not completely, but enough so that I am able to function in a meaningful capacity in our "civilized" world. I have for some time now resented the fact that the endeavors of myself and my brothers in Vietnam have, for the most part, gone unrewarded. I was able to attend college and graduate despite the GI bill. But I know others who are unable to attend college because the bill will not adequately provide for existence while attending school. I feel that I was shortchanged, not only in inadequate funding for my education, but also because the Marine Corps made no attempt to counsel or provide help for returning Marines. They felt that two weeks of the same Mickey Mouse crap usually reserved for recruits and malcontents would help us readjust to the American way of life. I contend that many problems would have been forestalled with the proper orientation and counseling before discharge from the service. I concur with Mr. O'Brien that the men who served their country, perhaps not always with the starry-eyed idealism of their predecessors, but nonetheless with courage and self-sacrifice, are indeed lonely. It was not an honor to fight in Vietnam. Rather, those of us who were there only seem to serve as an embarrassment to those who remained here. The vet is a constant reminder of an inglorious war that, for the most part, was as personal to the majority of the people as a Walt Disney cartoon. In closing, I would appreciate any information as to how I might be able to help my fellow vets. In August I will begin graduate school in psychology, fully intending to remember my comrades in despair. —*Robert P. Driscoll, Memphis, Tenn.*

I am writing to you about your article *Prisoners of Peace*. I want to let you know that I agree with you one hundred percent. The Vietnam vet is getting the nasty end of the stick.

Congress sent these men over there to fight in a war in which we had no business, and they wouldn't let them win, so I believe it is a damn dirty trick for them to turn against them now. If the Congress doesn't take action on its own, I think that every American should write a letter and demand that legislation be passed to help these brave and courageous men.

These men were sent over to Vietnam trained to kill, yet look how many got anything but Honorable Discharges for doing their job. The people of the United States let these men be sent over to Vietnam to fight, yet how many are willing to give

"When you're Spinnaker Riding in the Grenadines, an ill wind can bode you no good."



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a veteran a job? In my opinion any person who will not try and help these men who fought for them isn't worth his salt.

The saying goes, "War is hell." Well, to these men peace is about twice as bad as hell.—*James Walker, Houma, La.*

At last, a decent article on Vietnam veterans faced with "home, sweet home." Three cheers for *Penthouse*. If our beloved president is not on your mailing list, I suggest a trial subscription for him and his associates to get their wheels in motion. I am looking forward to future articles in the series and hope for speedy results.

Here's a point to ponder. If we can't afford the best of GI bills, let's scrub the next escapade to the moon and donate the money saved, in our astronauts' names, to a more worthy cause, like the Vietnam veterans.—*Denice Andal, Seattle, Wash.*

I just finished reading your March issue and have a comment in regard to the Vietnam veterans article, *Prisoners of Peace*, by Tim O'Brien. I am a Vietnam vet (1964–65, Qui Nhon, U.S. Army). I was assigned to a non-combat helicopter repair detachment that got the shit kicked out of it. Thirteen men came home out of fifty.

For years I've walked around wondering what in the hell was wrong with me. After I got home, I went to college and got married, but somehow I have felt alone and out of it. Until I read your article I never realized that the war and the army were partly responsible. At first I looked for other vets to talk to, but after a while there was a great silence in my mind about the whole subject.

The war was wrong, and the whole nation should be forced to know it. The Vietnam vet can't be made to feel all the pain and guilt alone.

God help those who went, but we've learned. I have two sons and as they grow up I will relate my experience to them. I swear, just as I won't get fooled again, they won't get fooled at all.

I just want to thank *Penthouse* for the first honest article about Vietnam vets. It has helped me and I'll wager thousands like me.—*Hans Ebner, Mt. Clemens, Mo.*

Just a thank-you from a Vietnam veteran. It's about damn time somebody printed the truth.

The day I was separated from the army they gave me $152, and I had to use more than half of it to get home. I hope the United States of America could spare it!

I make about four thousand dollars a year and have a wife and new son to support. I pray to God he won't have to go through this forever, because it's no picnic. *Penthouse*, thanks for the help; we need it.—*P.R., Lake Placid, N.Y.*

I read with interest your first article on Vietnam veterans. Although I'm not a veteran, I sometimes feel like one. I'm a twenty-seven-year-old woman who saw nearly all my high school friends join the service specifically to fight in Vietnam, and wrote to who-knows-how-many men stationed in Vietnam over a five-year period, from 1966 to 1971. As you mentioned, the men were reluctant to talk or write about their experiences. But I feel I learned enough to say that your article, excellent as it was, was very one-sided. Perhaps you meant it that way, in order to prove your very valid point. I would like to see you balance it off, however, by showing the other side; the men that felt we were right; the ones that were patriotic, gung ho, or whatever you want to call it; and the Americans back home that did support our men in whatever way possible.

You picked a year—1969—in which we did start to get disillusioned, as well as bored with the

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But make no mistake, the MGB is just as much at home on a six-lane expressway as it is on two-lane blacktop.

The MGB is complete with full sports car instrumentation, including tachometer, trip odometer, and gauges for fuel, oil, water and battery. There are also reclining bucket seats, wrapped steering wheel, carpeting, oil cooler, mag-style wheels and radial-ply tires.

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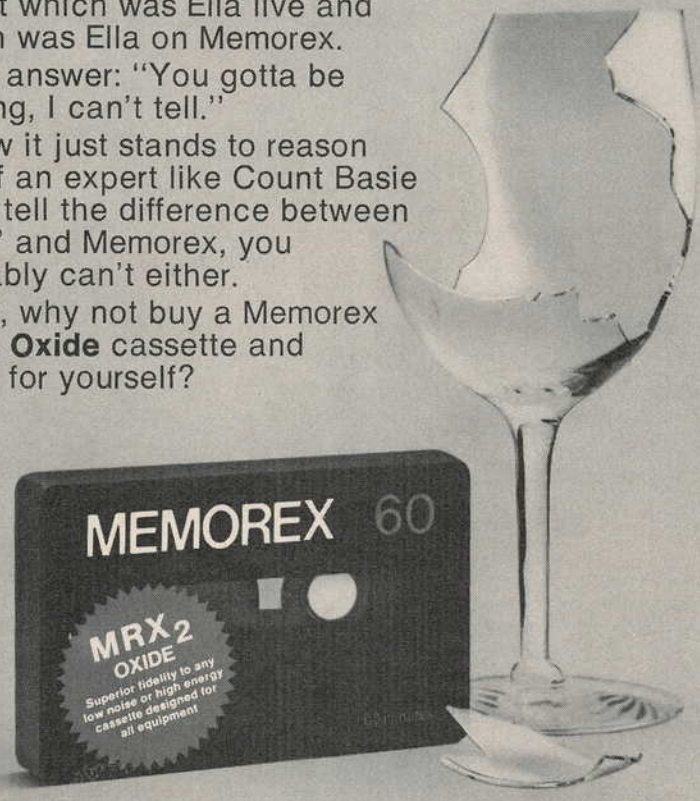
He listened, but didn't look, as we alternated between Ella singing live and Ella recorded on Memorex with **MRX$_2$ Oxide.**

After switching back and forth a number of times, we asked the Count which was Ella live and which was Ella on Memorex.

His answer: "You gotta be kidding, I can't tell."

Now it just stands to reason that if an expert like Count Basie can't tell the difference between "live" and Memorex, you probably can't either.

But, why not buy a Memorex **MRX$_2$ Oxide** cassette and listen for yourself?



MEMOREX Recording Tape. ©1974, Memorex Corporation, Santa Clara, California 95052

whole matter. In five years, I saw the change from "my country, right or wrong," to the questions about all of it, to the out-and-out hatred, frustration, and self-destruction of drug addiction.

What I basically wanted to point out was the balance, the good side of the entire mess, the ones who took it all in stride and grew with it, rather than cracking under it; the ones who were filled with a pride at what they were—not "killers," but protectors of human freedom. Call it misguided or idealistic if you want, but as you mentioned in your article, they didn't start it; they just did the dirty work. I find it hard to believe that *all* the veterans now feel the way you portrayed them. (Although certainly the ones that do have every reason to.)

During the war there also sprung up effective programs like "Operation Shoebox," in which many people sent whatever supplies they could overseas. The letters I received from chaplains, officers, and enlisted men were more than compensation for time and money spent. It was evidently that way for everyone—all those beautiful people who spent all their spare time stuffing and wrapping and mailing packages overseas.

I also wanted to say, to all the veterans out there I had the privilege of corresponding with, I didn't forget you, and never will. And there are many other (unfortunately, silent) Americans who feel the same way. That certainly isn't enough, but it is important. We appreciate the sacrifices, and we love you all.—*Patt Ligon, Eugene, Ore.*

Thank you for the best article I've read in a magazine in some time. I wrote a letter to Mr. Nixon concerning extension of VA benefits for schooling after I was galled by an article in the San Francisco paper and by him saying at a veterans day speech neither he, nor America could ever fully repay the Vietnam veterans for their service. I received a xerox copy of a form letter curtly informing me that any extensions of any veterans benefits was up to Congress (the letter was not from Nixon).

When I came home from Vietnam I figured my uniform should qualify me for at least a beer, but was advised to leave the bar (at the airport) because I was not twenty-one! Sure we fought their fucking war so Nixon and all his cohorts could lust after power at our expense and feed us all a line of bullshit about what a heroic thing we were doing.

To you, *Penthouse*, I say heartily, right on brother! Let's hear more. Let's hear it all.—*Paul D. Rhodes, Plymouth, Calif.*

Congratulations on your fantastic article concerning the Vietnam veterans. As far as I know you are the only publication that has dared to speak out against the madness perpetuated upon the veterans of the Asian war. In the past four years, myself, Joan Baez, and Jane Fonda have been, and still remain, the only major entertainment figures brave enough to openly support the V.V.A.W. (Vietnam Veterans Against the War).

I have believed for some time that the Vietnam vets are one key to figuring out the horrible sickness of America in the Sixties and Seventies. I disagree with much of what *Penthouse* says about women and men, but your position regarding the vets is a courageous one, and I admire you for it. Please don't stop, as you are beginning to see, I'm sure, the story of the Vietnam War as one of the ugliest stories ever to be told. Even if only a few people will dare to struggle with the truth of Vietnam, maybe we can save America's consciousness if we do it together.—*Country Joe McDonald, Berkeley, Calif.*

Better and better

I bought my first issue of *Penthouse* in November,

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Menthol or Regular

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Mar. '74.

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and while I thoroughly enjoyed the photography of feminine flesh, I found the editorial content of your magazine somewhat lacking.

I did not see another copy of *Penthouse* until I bought your February issue, and I was amazed at the improvement in the calibre of the articles and fiction. Keep up the good work and I'll soon be a subscriber!—*G.P., Winnipeg, Manitoba*

Pet partisans

I would like to congratulate you on the recent pictorial preview of *I Am Cheyenne*. In my opinion this has to be the most explosive photography ever exhibited in a men's magazine. It is hard to believe that a woman has more to offer than Cheyenne has already given us, but I await her book with great impatience.

I would have to agree with this exquisite lady that no designer's clothes are capable of doing her justice. The beauty of Cheyenne can only be perceived in her most natural state.

Keep up your extraordinary work, as each issue is increasingly better.—*R.A., Allentown, Pa.*

Just a note of thanks for bringing us *The Beatrice of Our Dreams* (February 1974). Rousseau wrote, "My heart always finds blondes irresistible," and Beatrice must be the most irresistible blonde I've ever seen.

A word of special praise for Jerry Bloomberger's sensitive photographic look at this beautiful woman. With Beatrice to dream of, we have no cause to awaken. I wouldn't mind seeing her appear in the pages of *Penthouse* again.—*W.F., Mystic, Conn.*

Recently at the Custom Auto Show in Baltimore we had the pleasure of meeting your beautiful Pet of the Year, Cherokee. We just would like to extend our thanks to you for making it possible to meet such a fine lady. We were pleasantly surprised to find Cherokee as friendly and warm as she is lovely. Thanks again to both *Penthouse* and Cherokee.—*Gerry Nass and Tom Humphreys, Owings Mills, Md.*

Getting It On

The article *Getting It On* by Terri Schultz in the April issue of *Penthouse* was superb. It certainly covered the field. I have mentioned the piece in all the lectures we've given since the article came out (New York Medical College, Columbia University Alumni, Current Training Programs at Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center, etc.). Lots of luck and warmest regards.—*Leon Zussman, M.D., New York, N.Y.*

The Rookie

I'm not presently a subscriber to *Penthouse*, but I certainly intend to be if you publish more stories like *The Rookie* by Robert T. Sorrells (February 1974). I like his looks and his writing.—*D.G., Princeton, N.J.*

The sex vitamin

In your December 1973 issue of *Penthouse*, Dr. Robert Chartham's article, *Sex Aids*, recommends the use of vitamin E in daily doses as high as 600 I.U. Although he is probably correct in his assertion that vitamin E may be helpful for this purpose, a few precautions should be emphasized.

As is noted in Wilfrid E. Shute's book, *Vitamin E for Ailing & Healthy Hearts*, there are two conditions in which such high doses of vitamin E can be extremely dangerous. He reports that one third of his patients who had high blood pressure developed further increases in blood pressure when vitamin E was added. Although vitamin E may be useful in the treatment of high blood pressure, it

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Just a few years ago, "short" meant short.

A neck as hairless as a tile wall.

Totally visible ears.

Sideburns? Never.

There was a special way of grooming short hair then, based on Brylcreem.

A little dab held your hair in place, perfectly.

Brylcreem helped create the short-hair look of the narrow tie years. And we're proud of it; it was a great way to look—in 1962.

Now, short hair is coming back. But 1962 is not. We want to acquaint you with the New Short Hair.

(Let's face it: you knew short hair was coming back the day your Uncle Sid bought a hot comb.)

The New Short Hair is different from the old short hair. There's more of it—no bare neck, no stick-out ears. But it's all short—about the same length all over your head. And loose-looking. Here's how you get it.

Ask your barber to scissor your hair—no clippers—to a length of about an inch on top and in back, graduating to about an inch and a half in front and on the sides.

Around the neck and ears hair should be left shaggy enough so that it will still meet your collar and the tops of your ears.

...AND THE SHORT HAIR THAT'S COMING BACK.

Trim your sideburns slightly, to the middle of your ears.

Now you have only two problems to cope with: fuzziness and dryness.

In no time short hair can look like sunburned straw. It needs frequent conditioning.

Re-enter Brylcreem, the conditioning hairdressing.

Half of what used to be called "a little dab" can fight fuzziness and dryness while giving you the healthy, conditioned look the New Short Hair needs.

Massage in well, especially after shampooing. Now, comb, following the natural growth pattern of your hair. Part it or not.

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Deluxe turntables from other companies do much the same thing, but they use many more parts—scads of separate swinging arms, gears, plates, and springs—in an arrangement that is not nearly as mechanically elegant, or as quiet or reliable; that produces considerably more vibration, and is much more susceptible to mechanical shock than the BSR sequential cam shaft system.

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Columbia's new 8-Track Cartridge plays a full 50 minutes, so you'll never have to sit around waiting for your 60 minute 8-Track tape to play itself out, with 10 minutes of nothing. Or, have your favorite album cut off at 40 minutes.

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must be done carefully, under medical supervision by a physician who is familiar with the effects of vitamin E.

An even more serious situation occurs with the use of vitamin E in patients with rheumatic heart disease. Some of these people respond dramatically to vitamin E at the beginning of treatment, but then develop heart failure three or four weeks later due to vitamin E's differential effect on the healthy and damaged sides of the heart. I have had at least one patient who had *unrecognized* rheumatic heart disease, and the diagnosis of his condition was made as a result of this vitamin E reaction. Again, Dr. Shute states that rheumatic heart disease can be treated effectively with vitamin E, but the dosage and the timing are all important, with the possibility of severe illness or death being the consequence if this precaution is not heeded. Rheumatic heart disease patients should take vitamin E only under appropriate medical supervision.

It should probably also be noted that the *AMA Drug Evaluations* directory (1973) states that "Vitamin E is effective only in the treatment or prevention of vitamin E deficiency, which occurs rarely." This position is taken by most American physicians concerning vitamin E, although there appears to be a great deal of evidence in the world's literature to indicate that it is not true.—*Michael B. Schachter, M.D., Pomona, N.Y.*

Dirty words and dictionaries

I must correct a misleading implication and an erroneous assumption in Norman Hoss's article on *Lexicography in America* in your January 1974 issue. Mr. Hoss, in explaining the omission from *Webster's New World Dictionary* of terms generally regarded until recently as taboo, cites two sentences from my Foreword to that work. By failing to quote the following sentence, he has deliberately distorted the actual explanation of their omission and, at the same time, allowed himself the opportunity for a cute remark about the prevalence of the article *the*.

The missing sentence reads: "The decision to eliminate them as part of the extensive culling process that is the inevitable task of the lexicographer was made on the practical grounds that there is still objection in many quarters to the appearance of these terms in print and that to risk keeping this dictionary out of the hands of some students by introducing several terms that require little if any elucidation would be unwise." I fail to see how that decision differs from the one arrived at by the *American Heritage Dictionary* (of which Mr. Hoss was the managing editor, although not so identified in the article) to prepare a "special Texas edition," except in being more forthright and consistent.

Mr. Hoss also implies that pressure may have been put upon the editorial staff by our management to arrive at the decision to omit the terms in question. No editorial decisions concerning *Webster's New World Dictionaries* are made by anyone other than the editor.

I respectfully suggest that Norman get his fucking facts straight before undertaking the preparation of another such piece.—*David B. Guralnik, Editor-in-Chief, Webster's New World Dictionaries, Cleveland, Ohio*

Norman Hoss replies:
I am pleased that Editor David Guralnik was moved to expand for our readers the record of his decision to leave the dirty words out of Webster's New World Dictionary, *for which I twitted him. I'm sorry anybody whom I respect so much should feel I misrepresented him, but the additional sentence he supplies above seems merely to reinforce my point, which was that omitting words from*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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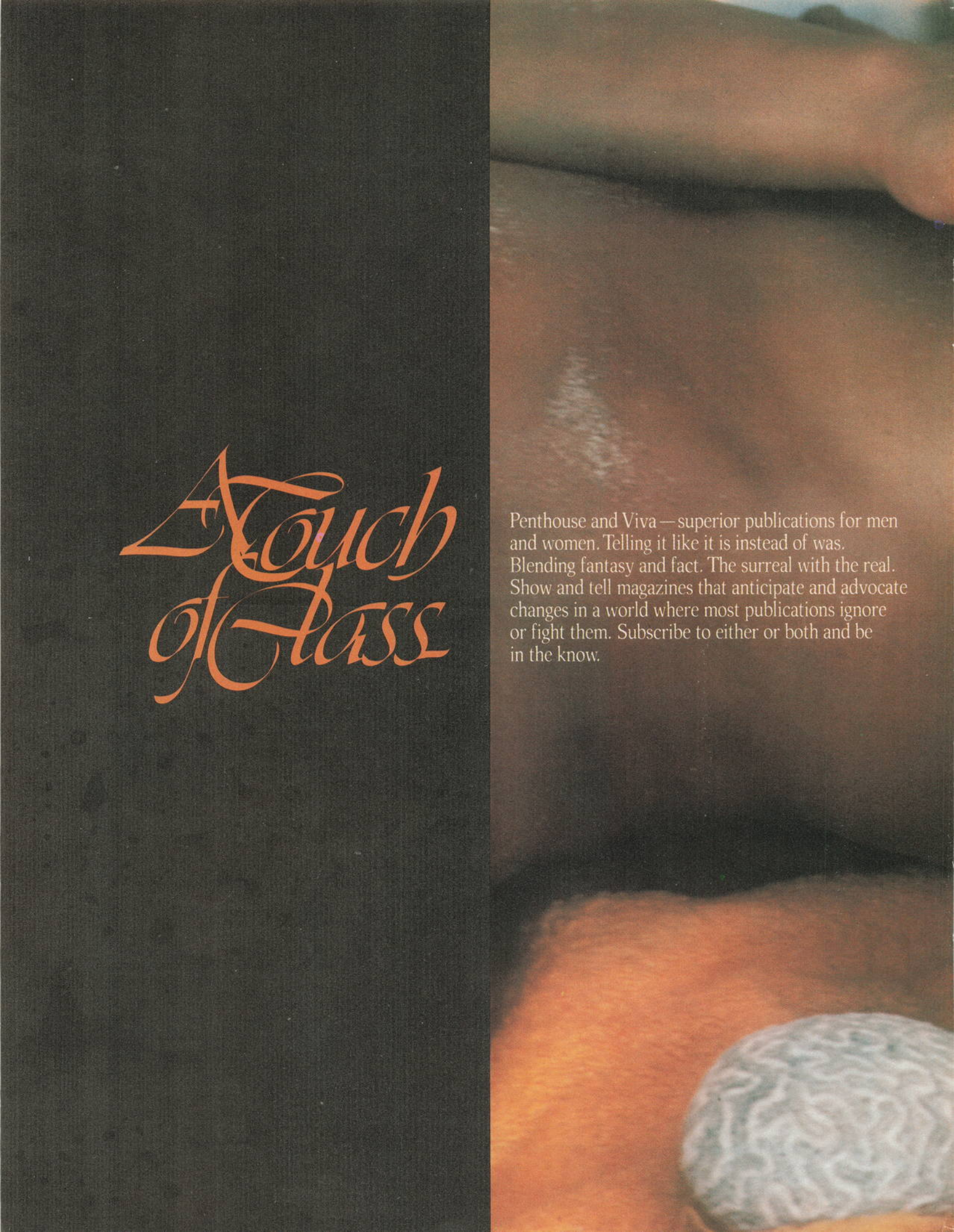

A Touch of Class
Penthouse and Viva—superior publications for men and women. Telling it like it is instead of was. Blending fantasy and fact. The surreal with the real. Show and tell magazines that anticipate and advocate changes in a world where most publications ignore or fight them. Subscribe to either or both and be in the know.

a dictionary because everybody already knows them represents a brand-new principle of lexicography—and I cited statistics on the word "the" to dramatize this innovation.

The quote furnished reiterates the principle in dismissing the dirty words as "terms that require little if any elucidation." I'm not as sure of that as he is, but it takes us back again to the analogy of words like "the."

His concern that inclusion of dirty words would "risk keeping this dictionary out of the hands of some students" (i.e., lose sales) sheds an unexpected light on his second objection: my fully intended implication that management puts pressure on editors from the sales end.

I agree heartily with his remarks about the "Texas edition" of the American Heritage Dictionary *vis-à-vis his own solution. Had he not been concerned with unmasking me as the managing editor of that dictionary, I'm sure he would have realized that, far from defending the Texas caper, I was citing its omission of words for a special market as a case of sales domination over editorial content so egregious as to be comical.*

The pressures of management upon editors may vary in subtlety and intensity, but if David has escaped them entirely, his good fortune would appear to be unique, not only among lexicographers, but among editors of all kinds. I trust that his paradisiacal world will remain unruffled by his new management, Collins of London and Glasgow—both said to be civilized cities.

Outdoor sports

The emergence of streaking as a tacitly acceptable form of social behavior could present some serious conflicts in the eyes of our legal and psychiatric communities when they have to equate this new phenomenon with flashing.

The flasher, in his long coat and cut-down trousers, does not move. He usually stands quietly and unobtrusively in some doorway or subway corridor, waiting to expose himself to an unsuspecting female. If reported and apprehended, he is usually charged with indecent exposure, and recommended to a hospital ward for psychiatric treatment of his sexual aberration. But the streaker is usually ignored by the law and is considered somewhat amusing by the community and not thought of as being mentally ill by psychiatrists.

Is movement then, to be the yardstick we use in equating streaking with flashing? Is exposing one's self while standing still to be considered illegal, immoral, and paranoiac, but racing naked through the streets to be considered a healthy exercise of muscle and morality? Freud, Krafft-Ebing, and Blackstone must be spinning in their graves.—*Jerry Fields, New York, N.Y.*

Living up to his name?

You ran an interview with Groucho Marx in the December issue, and he mentioned some nasty things about my mother, Mabel O'Donnell, the little girl who used to sing with the Marx Brothers. He said she was cross-eyed and sang off key. He is just a jealous old fool. He once asked my mother to marry him, but she refused and married my father who worked as a drummer in the band. Groucho couldn't fire my mother because it wasn't even his act.

I still have the article that appeared in the paper around 1914, saying my mother was the whole act and not the Marx Brothers. If it wasn't so old I would send it in to you.

She also worked theater for the amateur hour shows and George Jessel used to say to my mother, "Are you on tonight babe?" And if she said yes, he would go to a different show. She was small and weighed about ninety pounds. The act was called The Three Nightingales.

I had to get this off my chest. I better not meet Groucho or he will think that I am ugly and cross-eyed, and he might be right!—*Helen Robistilli, New York, N.Y.*

In praise of older men

I continue reading letters in *Penthouse* from men who praise older women and I feel the same about older men.

Without any reservation I prefer having sex with older men, and by this I mean over sixty. I am twenty-one and apart from my boyfriend who is twenty-four, I have not been screwed by a man under forty-nine since I was nineteen. The reason is that they have so much more imagination when it comes to sex. My current lover is fifty-six years old, and married with a daughter twelve years older than me. I concede that this is probably all in the mind but I have also noticed that the volume of an older man's ejaculation is much greater and this is quite important to me.

My first experience was at an office party when I was slightly woozy with drink, and my boss, who was fifty-three then, skillfully laid me spread-eagled across my desk. I remember thinking at the time, "Christ, I've been fucked by an older man," but I have no regrets and since then I haven't looked back.

During the last year I have parted my legs for at least a dozen men over fifty and all were married, except one who was a widower. To any girl I would say that until you have had an old prick up you, you've never had sex as nature intended. —*P.A., Colchester, Essex, England*

Tasteful

Just a comment on the letter, "A matter of taste," in the April 1974 issue.

I would like to point out the difference between oral sex and oral love. My differentiation is based on the basic principle of any relations between persons who love each other.

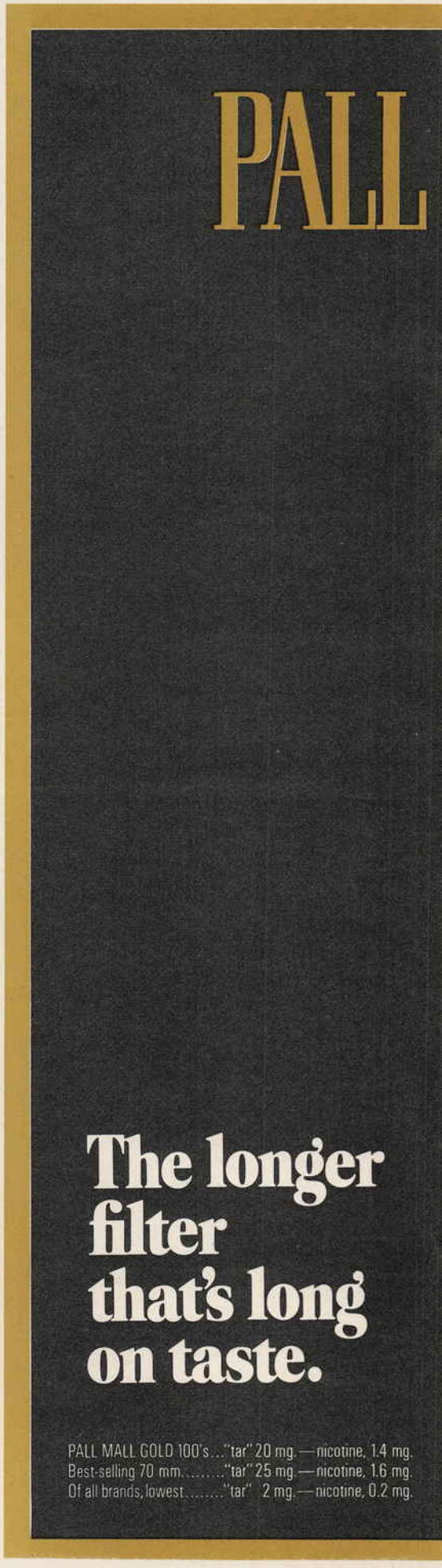
When you love somebody you are concerned with giving, not receiving. This may sound funny coming from a Latin-Spanish, male-chauvinist macho. I make oral love to give pleasure and satisfaction to the one I love. If by offering oral love I could not give my loved one any satisfaction, I would just quit right there and try something else, and this would not hurt at all my macho status. After all, what is better than having a woman respond to your every caress and command, including with your tongue?

On the other hand there is oral sex, which is performed by the very selfish person, just for personal gratification. I'm not saying that this is always wrong. It would be if it's the only source of pleasure for a person, and then I would have to agree that "perhaps it's similar in substructure to coprophilia" (I leave this to the consideration of Freud fans).

As for the aesthetic value of the open vulva, I would compare it to (and I consider myself an artist) the aesthetic value of an open mouth (ask your dentist about it). Still, nobody is opposed to the display of an open mouth that is part of the total composition of a photograph. (This is the difference between pornography and art.) To find titillation in either of the above cases we would not need *Penthouse*. A trip to the nearest medical library would suffice, they stock plenty of anatomy books.

I must insist that the female body (the best creation so far) as displayed in your magazine is as real as womanhood itself or your models wouldn't be real (and I cannot believe that).

I was asked once by a girl how could I stand her "fishy" odor. My answer was that "as any good islander, I love seafood." We laughed about it and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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*According to latest U.S. Government Report.

20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73

she overcame her aversion to her own scent. —*Name and address withheld*

I am writing to respond directly to the letter in the April *Penthouse* that was published under the heading, "A matter of taste."

The writer spoke of the unaesthetic looks of a woman's pubic area and of its loathsome smell. This to me pitifully indicates that he is neither animal nor aesthete, for animals love its smell and artists are inspired by its looks.

But mainly I think he is sorrowfully wrong and sadly backward, for his body and soul have not learned that most gourmet tastes are acquired (how many people, at first try, loved oysters, escargots, caviar, frog legs?). Man and woman transcend the scientific when they fall in love—the looks, sounds, touch, taste, and smell of the beloved then become the very elixir of life. The "loathsome smell" of a woman's vagina is so missed by men at war that I understand many women have mailed dirty underwear to their soldiers on the battlefront.—*Name and address withheld*

Rude awakening

When my husband recently brought a copy of *Penthouse* home for the first time I thought it was just another men's magazine. However, a few days ago I happened to pick it up and read it and was pleased to find that it was delightfully frank in helping people with sexual problems.

When my husband came home from work we discussed the philosophy of *Penthouse* and in doing so discovered that both of us had been too inhibited in our demands for sexual satisfaction. My husband is thirty-one while I am only twenty-two, and perhaps this gap has prevented us from being completely free and open with each other. We have been married for two years and already the physical pleasures have begun to wane, although I never mentioned this to my husband for fear of hurting him. However, on the night we had been talking about *Penthouse* we experimented for hours with new positions for making love, asking for and doing things which before then had been unmentionable. In particular, we discovered that both of us had sexual fantasies and soon we invented a little play which gave us both great sexual satisfaction.

In the play my husband acts the part of a brutal prison camp officer and I a woman spy who has just been brought to him for interrogation. We both wear suitable garments for this. He acquired an old army uniform and boots and I wear a dirty, torn dress. First my husband threatens me and shouts at me while I refuse to talk. He then ties my hands behind my back and begins to fondle me, at the same time sneering and laughing at me in the approved theatrical manner. This may go on for several minutes until he hauls me to my feet and rips my dress down to my ankles, revealing that I only had silk stockings and old-fashioned shoes underneath. He then ravages me, kissing and biting my breasts, and then forces me to fellate him, sometimes to orgasm, during which time I climax at least two or three times.—*Name withheld, Northern Territory, Australia*

Another kind of love

May I make a comment on a way of life that is just starting to be slightly accepted? I will not call it a lesbian affair because there is so much stigma put to that word.

I am what most people would call a very feminine girl. Probably no one would ever guess the pleasure I get from another woman. My friends also are feminine and beautiful. What we have together is the very best of gentle love. We can really get it on together and it is absolutely great!

I really wish the world was not so brainwashed against something that is beautiful and completely satisfying, so that everyone could feel free to make a choice that could possibly make them a whole person for the first time in their lives. I know this life is not for everyone and I would never try to talk someone into it, but there are so many who could at least try it, if it were not frowned upon so much by society.

Luckily, I have a fantastic husband who loves me deeply and understands. He does not feel threatened by my friend. We have a great sex life and it is enhanced rather than hindered by what some would call an abnormal relationship.

It does not make sense to me how the world can accept violence and crime so much more than they can accept a soft, loving gentleness between two women.—*Name and address withheld*

Dressed to thrill

I am a twenty-two-year-old man. About eight years ago I started to get orgasms whenever I saw sexy black lingerie or stockings, and especially high-heeled shoes with silver straps.

Over the years I've managed to build up a small collection of these items and every few days I wear them in the privacy of my apartment for hours at a time. Sometimes I even sleep wearing them and I get so aroused that I have to masturbate. Afterwards I feel guilty and my feelings towards the clothes are gone for at least a week.

I know I'm not homosexual and I don't want to become a girl, but sometimes I imagine myself to be a girl in my clothes getting raped. Fortunately, I have met a girl who likes to dress in men's clothes and take the dominant role. She beats me and rapes me, and although I want to stop this scene, I just seem to keep going back to see this girl, even though I have normal sex with other girls at least twice a week. Do any other readers feel the way I do?—*Name and address withheld*

I think *Penthouse* allows people who think they are alone in the world to tell their stories and relieve their tensions. I live a double life that I just can't keep secret anymore. Why can't society accept feelings that are perfectly natural to me?

When I was young I became attracted to women's clothing and used to enjoy watching my sisters dress. Nothing really happened until I was thirteen, when for some reason I happened to be sleeping in my sister's bed and found her nightdress under the pillow. I tingled with excitement as I put it on and the softness against my skin was so blissful that I came into it, which made me feel guilty and afraid that she would find out. Although I tried to forget this experience, I could not stop dressing up in her underwear whenever the rest of the family was out. She had silk panties, but I really liked her petticoats which were full and silky white. I would then dress in a skirt, bra, and stockings and walk about the house admiring myself as a woman. This made me feel lightheaded and excited and I would then go and lie down on the bed and wildly masturbate into her clothes. She must have found out but she never said anything. At eighteen I left home to get away from the life I had led, hoping to lose my desire for silky feminine underclothes, but my desire only increased. One day I went to all the shops in the town where I was living and bought a full wardrobe of women's clothes. It cost me a fortune, but I ended up with shoes, stockings, silk panties, half-length petticoats and full-length ones, makeup, a bra, and a long-haired wig. After I had dressed up I decided to see if I could pass for a woman and went out for a walk in the park opposite where I lived. I received a few looks, probably because I was walking awkwardly, but this delighted me even more and when I went back to my flat and masturbated in front of the mirror the feeling as I came into my own silk and nylon clothes was indescribable. Since then I have dressed up regularly and often go on shopping sprees for clothes and undies.—*Name withheld, Belfast, Northern Ireland*

Shoes and shocks

My boyfriend, whom I love very much and am supposed to marry soon, has very strange habits which I want to tell you about because I wonder if these habits are common or very rare.

He seems obsessed with shoes, especially pointed, high-heeled ones. I have to wear black silk stockings and other special attire while he glides his penis between my ankles in front of a big mirror. He does this both ways, from the front as well as the back.

His penis is smaller than average but very strong and incapable of fatigue, and of course I profit from this because he can give me much satisfaction in normal lovemaking. But his satisfaction comes from this obsession with shoes.

I am twenty-four and not very experienced with men. I wonder if my boyfriend is a pervert, or is it normal for a man to be excited by shoes in this way?—*R.D., Geneva, Switzerland*

Nothing is perverted providing it causes no physical harm or mental discomfort to either person involved, so if the shoes fit, why not wear them?—Editor

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** *magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.00 to* **Penthouse Forum**, *909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.*

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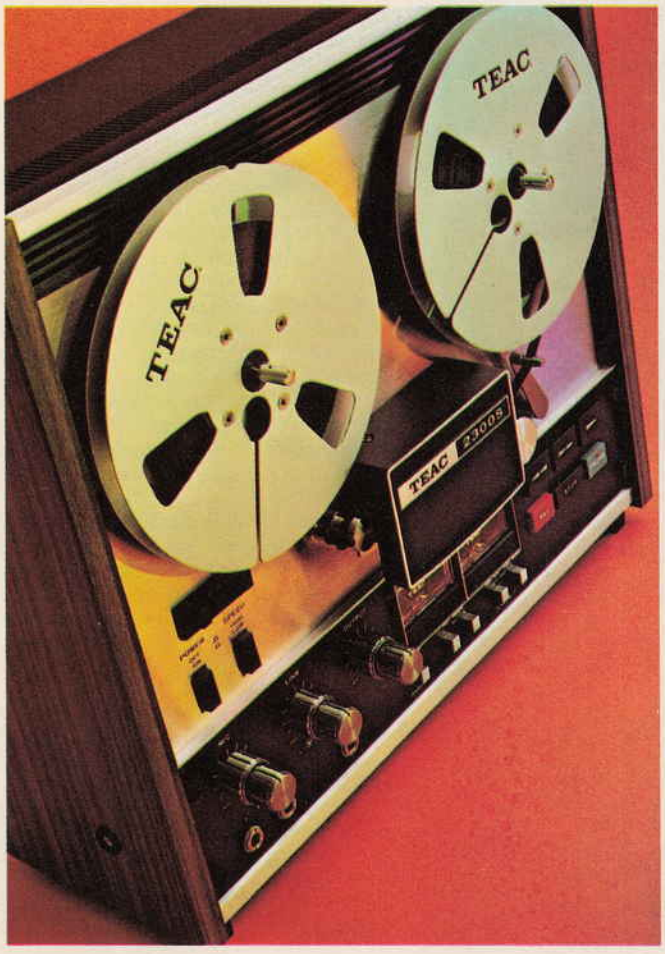

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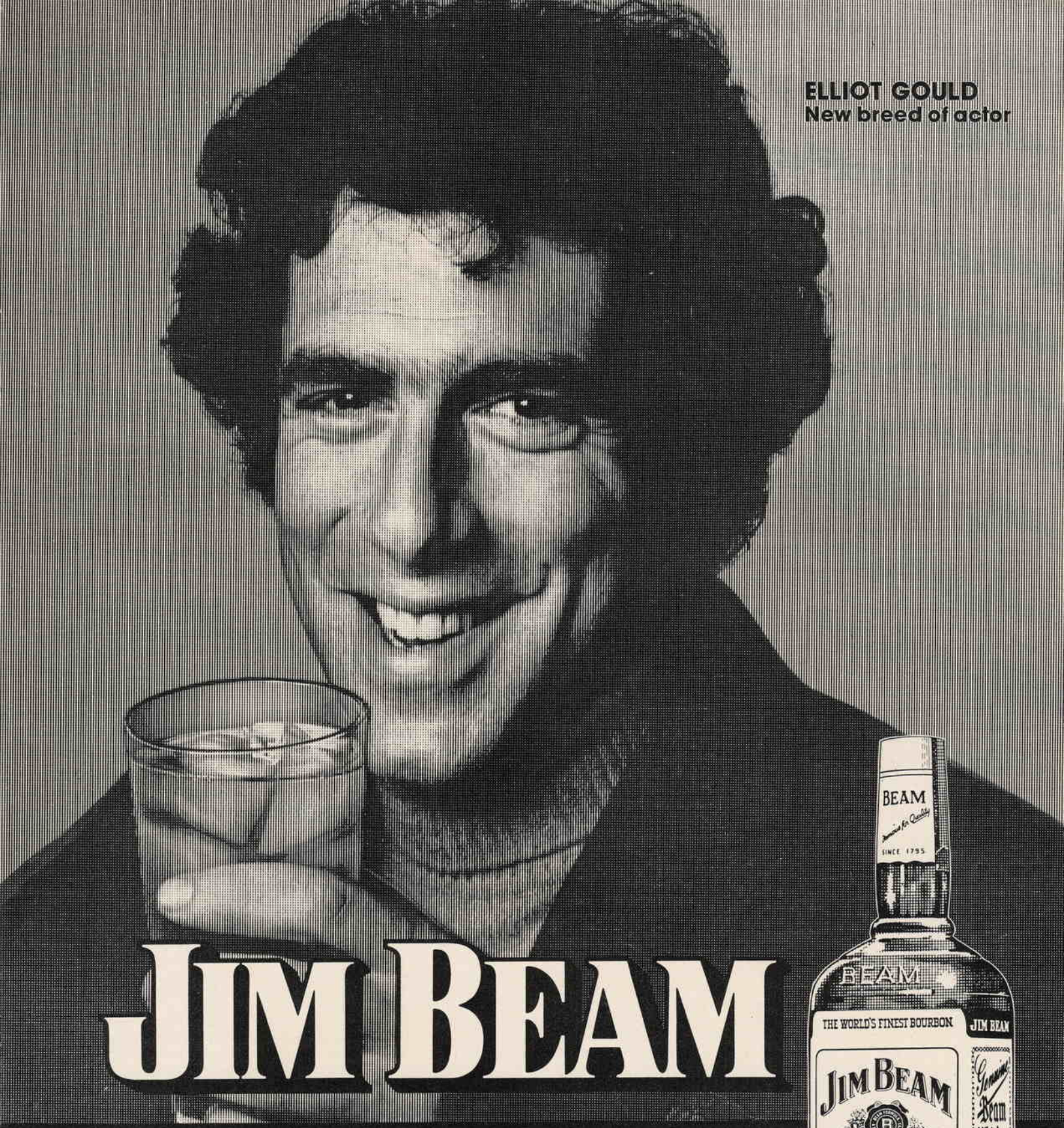

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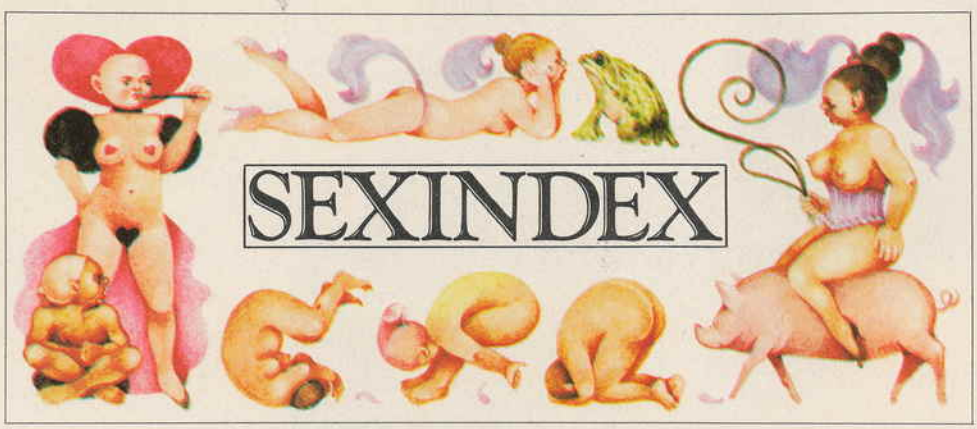

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

vagina: Female internal sex organ which receives the penis in intercourse and expels the baby at childbirth. It is a muscular tube, from three to four inches long, stretching upwards and backwards from the vulva (*q.v.*) to the uterus (*q.v.*). It provides its own lubrication during sexual arousal and also cleans itself by means of lactic acid which kills invading germs. It is capable of remarkable distension, to admit any size penis or the dimensions of a baby's head. Many women, especially virgins, worry that their vaginas are too small for intercourse, but this is seldom the case. Others worry because they think it is too large and will not grip the penis tightly during intercourse. This can occasionally be true, especially after several pregnancies, but women can easily restore vaginal elasticity by doing exercises. The simplest exercise is to imagine gripping a pencil in the vagina, holding for several seconds and then relaxing. If repeated twenty or thirty times a day—and it can be done while washing up, watching television, or riding on the bus—it will soon bring results. Alternatively, the woman should lie on her back, spread her legs wide, and then cross them, repeating this several times. Such exercises have been practiced in the Orient for many centuries, and skilled belly dancers have been known to pick up coins from a table with their vulvas and suck them into the vagina.

vasectomy: Sterilizing operation performed on the male. The surgeon makes a small incision in the scrotum and then cuts and ties off the two vas deferens tubes which conduct sperm from the testes to the penis. The operation takes about fifteen minutes and requires only a local anesthetic, though it may leave a dull ache for several days. The patient has to return to the clinic a few weeks later to check that the ejaculate is sperm-free (some sperm live on in the upper part of the tubes for some time after the operation), but once the sperm count is zero the patient is 100 percent sterile. Many men fear that they will no longer ejaculate normally after a vasectomy, but in fact sperm constitutes only 1 percent of semen volume and this tiny difference is never noticed. Sexual feelings and enjoyment are quite unchanged by the operation, or possibly even enhanced when the fear of conception is removed. The only drawback to vasectomy is that it is irreversible in at least 70 percent of cases, so the man must be absolutely certain that he doesn't want any more children. Doctors are reluctant to operate on anyone who is childless or unmarried, or whose marriage is unstable, and they generally seek the written consent of the wife before doing it. The spread of vasectomy was hampered in Britain and the U.S. for several years by the fear that it might be illegal. But the legal problems have now been largely resolved, and operations are occurring at the rate of about 750,000 a year in the United States.

venereal diseases (VD): Those diseases which are mainly or exclusively transmitted by sexual intercourse. They are usually defined as gonorrhea, syphilis, NSU and NGU, chancroid, granuloma inguinale, and lymphogranuloma venereum. The latter three are far more common in the U.S. than in Europe. Anyone who notices a blister or sore around the genitals, or a discharge from the penis or vagina, or who has slept with a partner showing these symptoms, should seek medical treatment immediately in case VD is involved. Most countries have "special clinics" where VD is treated free of charge, and without too many questions asked. Women and homosexuals are particularly at risk because they may have the disease without showing any symptoms. Anyone who sleeps with several partners or indulges in casual sexual contacts would be well advised to have regular half-yearly check-ups. The fact that symptoms often spontaneously disappear without treatment is *not* a sign that the disease has withdrawn; on the contrary, it probably means that it is moving on to its next, more serious, stage. People still tend to think they can only catch VD from prostitutes, but actually prostitutes have a fairly low rate of infection (13 percent according to a 1966 survey in New York City), perhaps because they often insist on the client using a condom, which affords some protection. "Enthusiastic amateurs" are a far more likely source, according to the American Medical Association. Western Europe and the U.S. are currently facing an enormous VD explosion. In Britain the number of new cases reported annually has more than doubled in the last ten years, and in the U.S. VD has reached epidemic proportions. Another frightening feature is that more and more VD strains are becoming resistant to penicillin, and scientists have to research new treatments as fast as the old ones become ineffective. Incidentally, this is one argument against the idea put forward by Dr. Reuben and others—that penicillin should be doled out nationwide to everyone at risk, or even after every act of intercourse with a new partner—if this suggestion was ever carried out, the drug would soon become useless. Attempts to control VD on a national scale have wavered in their success. Until the mid nineteenth century there was no reliable treatment (except castration in the case of advanced syphilis!) and many patients died. The twentieth century saw the advent of penicillin and the first large-scale public education programs. Immediately after the 1917 Revolution, Russia declared war on VD and opened treatment clinics throughout the Soviet. The anti-VD propaganda even carried into novels, where Alexei Yakovlev, for instance, made one of his heroines say: "Esteemed comrade, I am going to give you pleasure and you are going to do the same for me. But I may as well warn you, that if I find it's your fault that I have to go to hospital afterwards, I'll do you in the first chance I get." America started its campaign disastrously in World War Two by making it a serious offense for servicemen to get VD. Any soldier seeking treatment could be reported to his commanding officer and punished. When it quickly became evident that the entire army might collapse with untreated VD, the policy was reversed and GI's were punished for *not* seeking treatment. By the end of the war, VD among the troops had been virtually eliminated, and the campaign was then extended to civilians by using TV, radio, magazines and even skywriting. The results were dramatic and VD levels sank to an all-time low. But then the campaign died out, people forgot about it, the condom went out of fashion, and Vietnam provided a whole new source of infection—hence the current epidemic.

virginity: State of sexual inexperience. The degree to which it is valued in unmarried people differs significantly from culture to culture. The majority of primitive societies (75 percent according to anthropologists Murdock and Stephens) have no reverence for it at all, and encourage premarital coitus among their offspring. In Muslim countries, on the other hand, a girl who has lost her virginity is considered unfit for marriage—unless a doctor can be persuaded to give a certificate that she lost her hymen by nonsexual means. In Christianized Western countries like Britain and the U.S., virginity is traditionally prized in girls, less so in boys, but this situation is now being eroded. Vance Packard estimates that before 1920 over 75 percent of women were virgins at marriage, whereas by 1950 the figure was down to 50 percent. His own survey of college students in the 1960's found that, by the age of twenty-one, 43 percent of girls were non-virgins (and half of these had slept with more than one man), compared with 27 percent in Kinsey's day.

virility: A sense of masculinity, generally equated with powerful physique, strong sex drive, physical courage, etc., plus various "virility symbols" like fast cars, guns, and the whole James Bond bit. Yet this popular image of virility has no basis in scientific fact. Ernest Hemingway represented most people's idea of the super-virile man, yet he was impotent. Extra-tall, heavily-muscled bodybuilder types tend to have smaller penises and lower sex drives than the thin, weedy, "97-pound weakling" brigade. The only men who can genuinely be called "super-virile" are the approximately 0.33 percent born with an extra male chromosome (XYY instead of XY). They are certainly tall, strong, and apparently fearless. They also tend to be psychopaths with an above-average predilection for murder, arson, sexual assault, and violent crime. Another myth about virility is that it goes with baldness. This derives from the observation, originally made by Aristotle, that boys, women, and eunuchs never go bald, and it is true that the genes for baldness can only act if androgens (male hormones) are present. But this only proves that bald men are more virile than boys, women, and eunuchs—after that, it is a question of heredity. Incidentally, there is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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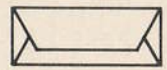

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SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

one infallible cure that is known for incipient baldness—castration.

voyeurism: Erotic pleasure derived from seeing people naked or making love. Nearly all men are voyeurs to some extent, and there is a vast market for striptease shows, pinup magazines, porn movies, etc. catering to this taste. Most normal lovemaking contains an element of voyeurism and some couples like to enhance this by having mirrors strategically placed near or over their bed. One of the "bonuses" of group sex or troilism is that it gives people an opportunity to watch others making love. All this is well within the scope of normal sexuality but sometimes voyeurism is carried to unhealthy extremes, as in the case of Peeping Toms (*q.v.*). In one particularly sick form of voyeurism, probably associated with masochism, a man derives erotic pleasure from seeing his wife or mistress copulating with a stranger. Krafft-Ebing cites the case of a thirty-five-year-old farmer who made his wife have intercourse with other men and with animals in his presence. Chapman Pincher mentions the bizarre case of a London call girl before the war who used to go to sex parties and perform intercourse in front of an audience—which included her mother. The refined voyeuristic delight was watching the mother watching her daughter. Voyeurism, like most other deviations, is found among homosexuals as well as heterosexuals. One man caught peeping through a hole in a public lavatory cubicle explained that he was carrying out research into frequency of circumcision! Although apparently not as common among women, female voyeurism is not entirely unknown, as John Aubrey's 17th-century *Brief Lives* proves. Here is his description of Mary, Countess of Pembroke: "She was very salacious, and she had a contrivance that, in the spring of the years, when the stallions were to leap the mares, they were to be brought before such a part of the house, where she had a *vidette* to look on them, and please herself with their sport; and then she would act the like sport herself with *her* stallions." Perhaps more women voyeurs will come to light as sexual liberation advances.

vulva: Female external genital area comprising—from front to back—the mons veneris, clitoris, labia majora, labia minora, urethra, vagina, perineum, and anus. Unlike the male genitalia, it has no very distinctive shape, and when the woman is standing upright, the only visible parts are the mons veneris and the cleft at its base which houses the clitoris. Many women never really see their own vulva because to do so means sitting in front of a mirror with the legs spread apart. Germaine Greer made this point very memorably when she urged all women to "make friends with your vulva" and illustrated her thesis by posing for her own vulval portrait. Pruritis vulvae, or itching vulva, is a very common feminine complaint. Often it is of psychological origin, masking an extreme distaste for intercourse or, alternatively, a great desire for it. Doctors confronted with a prudish spinster who complains of pruritis vulvae may advise her to rub some (harmless) cream carefully on the spot every morning and evening—thus awarding her a "license to masturbate." Vulva itching can also be due to physical causes such as diabetes or vaginal infection, however, and should merit a visit to the doctor. Because many vaginal germs come originally from the bowels, doctors recommend that women always wipe themselves "front to back" after going to the toilet.

Walter: Pseudonymous author of *My Secret Life*, an epic sexual autobiography privately published in eleven volumes between 1888–94. Only three copies of the work are now known to exist, two in private collections and one at the Kinsey Institute, Indiana. The latter is reputed to have cost $7000. Some critics believe that "Walter" was really the porn-bibliographer Henry Spencer Ashbee, but this remains unproven. The only facts known for certain are that Walter was a gentleman of private means, living mainly in London sometime between 1820–90, and that he had a prodigious sexual appetite. He calculated in the autobiography that he slept with 1,200 women, not counting sexual contacts short of intercourse. As he wrote in his introduction, "I had from my youth an excellent memory, but about sexual matters, a wonderful one," and he was also gifted with a straightforward, unboastful power of observation. Every sexual contact from the age of eight onwards was faithfully recorded, and the 4,000-page work constitutes an unparalleled insight into Victorian sexual mores. Like many of his contemporaries, Walter had a hankering for prepubescent girls: "I don't know why my erotic fancies

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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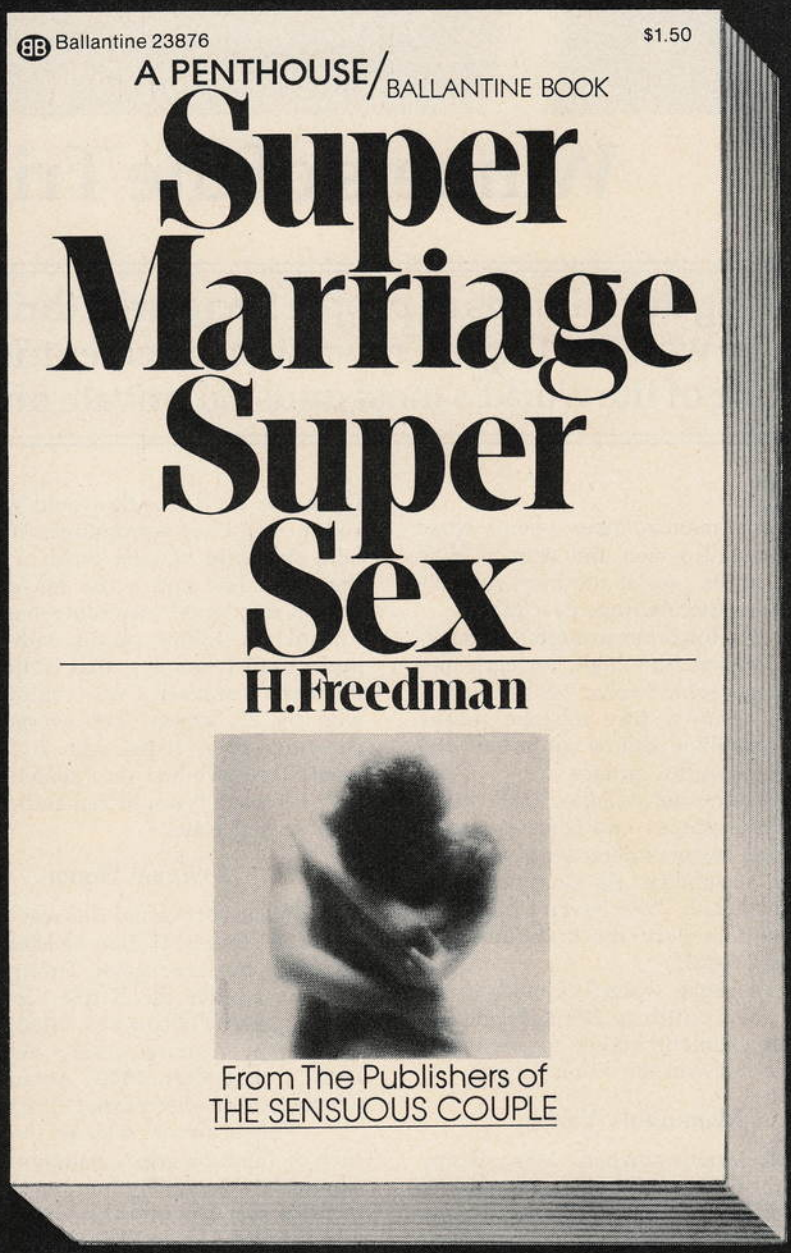

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It all began when J. Gould, President of The Corinthian Mint, decided to watch the Belmont Stakes to see if Secretariat could win the Triple Crown.

A Memorable Victory

Secretariat's owner, Mrs. Penny Tweedy of Meadow Stable, acquired him only because she had *lost* a coin toss. The winner got first pick—a filly named The Bride. Mrs. Tweedy got Secretariat.

At two, he was Horse of the Year. If anything, he was better at three. He won the Kentucky Derby and The Preakness. But the Belmont, held at the classic mile-and-a-half, was the key test. Here's how Mr. Gould remembers it:

"It seemed close for awhile but by the time he came into the stretch turn there was no doubt he would win. Even so the crowd was screaming as if it would be a six-horse blanket finish. I stood at the finish line and as he ran down the stretch the crowd roar came snowballing toward me rolling along with the big horse until I was engulfed in the sound. Suddenly I realized I was yelling too. He won by 31 lengths but everyone kept cheering, even those who had bet he would lose. We had seen something special. I vowed I would remember it in a very special way."

A Signal Honor

What Mr. Gould did was to create a unique Limited Edition of Medallic Art honoring the nine great Thoroughbreds who have won the Triple Crown: Sir Barton, 1919; Gallant Fox, 1930; Omaha, 1935; War Admiral, 1937; Whirlaway, 1941; Count Fleet, 1943; Assault, 1946; Citation, 1948; Secretariat, 1973.

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How The Triple Crown Medallions Are Made

* The Sculptor, Mrs. Charlotte Dunwiddie, is world famous. Her half life-sized statue of Messenger at Aqueduct Race Track is one of the "must-sees" of The Turf. Each Triple Crown sculpture is the product of not one but as many as five distinct casts.
* The finished model is impregnated with wax and sensitized by fine copper platers dust applied with a very fine camel's hair brush.
* The model is then copper electroplated to ⅛ inch. With jewelry this takes a few moments. With the medallions it takes several days; a richer thickness is required.
* The copper electroform serves as the matrix for cutting the die. In order to reduce the work (about 6-1) the stylist must make three cuts. Each cut takes 20 to 30 hours.
* After heat treating at 1500° and quenching in oil, the die is tempered at a lower temperature to obtain the proper hardness of Rockwell 59 to 60 C.
* The dies are then placed in a press and the .999 fine silver planchet is struck the first blow at 400 tons of pressure. After annealing to expand the grain structure and soften the metal for restriking the planchet is restruck. Four distinct blows are required to express all of the fine detail.
* The full-struck medallion is carefully stamped with the hallmark and then blasted with very fine five hundred grit sand at low pressure.
* The medallion is oxidized and hand relieved on a buffing wheel with pumice and water as the media. When the desired patina is obtained the medallion is carefully rinsed in alcohol and a fine coat of Egyptian lacquer is applied.
* Since as many as 23 people work on each medallion the inspection process is constant—and critical. The final inspection is as demanding as the first. Even a tiny flaw means the medallion is consigned to the furnace.
* The gold vermeil medallion is made the same way. The vermeil is added when the .999 fine silver medallion is electroplated with 24 karat gold.

Enlarged by 1/5 to show detail

Some Interesting Precedents For The Collector or the Investor

A renowned artist, an enduring subject, and excellent execution are the essentials of the worth of a Limited Edition. So, too, of course, is the limit of the edition.

Recently the market for Limited Editions has attracted many prudent investors as well as collectors. And with good cause.

* Norman Rockwell's "Spirit of Scouting," issued at $117, is now selling for $240.
* Roberts' Birds, originally sold at $100 each series, now brings $250.
* A 1970 Christmas plate minted in silver and issued at $100 is already selling as high as $800.
* Some of the same craftsmen making the Triple Crown medallions also created the first Roosevelt Inaugural medal. Sold originally for $2.50, one fetched $600.00 at auction recently.

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SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

took the desire for a young lass, but they did. My tastes had for the most part run upon the big, fleshy, fat and large-arsed; now perhaps for contrast, perhaps from sheer curiosity, the letch took possession of me. A small one, tight and hairless perhaps—I wondered how it looked, felt, and if pleasure would be increased by it. I had never had a very young girl—Nellie and Sophie had both a little hair on their mottes, so I would try for a youthful quim and one if possible with no hair on it." He asked around at his club and discovered that the best place for young girls was the Strand. Sure enough he found two nymphets there and eyed them for a long time before finally persuading one of them to accompany him to a bawdy house. " 'Lay down and open your thighs,' said I, lifting her onto the bed. 'Don't do it hard,' said she, getting up again, 'or I won't let you.' 'Then I won't pay you.' Back she fell, I wetted my machine, put it to the notch, and with a shove or two was well up her. She gave a 'oh!—oh!' and then lay quiet." Another time he met a middle-aged woman who let him screw her and her ten-year-old foster daughter for £3 ($7.50). Many of Walter's adventures were with prostitutes but sometimes they were quite impromptu, like the time he saw two women going into a country graveyard for a pee and followed them, and offered them money to sleep with him there and then among the tombstones. Afterwards, he reflected, "Did they fuck with me for fun, for letch, or for money? I have often thought of it, and came to the conclusion that both were lewd, that my bawdy suggestions made them worse, my prick upset them, and the money finished it; but that wanting a fuck was the main cause; that one whose old man had been away three months, how she looked at me and at my doodle after I had fucked the first one!" At the age of twenty-six, Walter found himself so hard up that he married for money, but it was a bitterly unhappy match: "I tried to like, to love her. It was impossible. Hateful in day, she was loathesome to me in bed. Long I strove to do my duty, and be faithful, yet to such a pitch did my disgust at length go, that laying by her side, I had wet dreams nightly, sooner than relieve myself in her. I have frigged myself in the streets before entering my house, sooner than fuck her." Ten years later, while traveling abroad, he received a letter by courier—"Death had done its work. Hurrah! I was free at last." He was also considerably richer, thanks to his wife's legacy, and so he was able to pursue his amorous adventures all over the Continent as well as in England. As Steven Marcus says (in *The Other Victorians*) "He represents Europe as seen through the eye of a penis." Taken as a whole, *My Secret Life* forms a uniquely frank and compendious account of human sexuality in all its aspects. As Walter himself wrote in his introduction: "It would be a sin to burn all this; whatever society may say, it is but a narrative of human life, perhaps the everyday life of thousands, if the confession could be had."

wife-swapping: Also known as swinging. Two or more married couples meet and exchange partners for lovemaking. "Closet swapping" means that the couples disappear to separate bedrooms but most swingers prefer the added stimulus of watching how their spouse gets on and all make love in the same room. Often this develops into a group-sex tangle or sprintriae. There is thus a certain amount of homosexual coupling (though usually between women rather than men) and oral sex is very popular. Many swingers report that, although it is usually the husband who suggests swapping in the first place, it is eventually the wife who gets more out of it, and some husbands become alarmed when their wives appear to enjoy lesbian contacts too vividly. Swinging has become a rapidly proliferating suburban recreation, like canasta parties a few years ago. Some observers believe that as many as five million couples may participate. They are usually middle-class, middle-brow, reasonably affluent young marrieds in their thirties and forties, and most of them have children. The vast majority of swingers are conventional enough to hide their activities from the children, but a few "Utopian swingers" let the children watch or even initiate them into group sex themselves—a practice that psychiatrists universally deplore. In the United States there are at least five major magazines catering exclusively to swingers.

Wilde, Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills (1854–1900): Irish dramatist, wit, and maker of aphorisms—"To the pure all things are impure"; "A dirty mind is a perpetual feast"; "Nothing succeeds like excess." His mother, Lady "Speranza" Wilde, was an eccentric poetess and Wilde's first literary effort was his *Poems*, which he wrote while still at Oxford. Soon after coming down to London, Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera *Patience*, parodying the aesthetic movement, scored a big hit and Wilde scored an even bigger one by pretending that the opera was based on him—though in fact Gilbert and Sullivan had probably never heard of him when they wrote it. Anyway, on the strength of this new pose, Wilde was invited to lecture in America, where he delighted the press on arrival by telling the customs men he had nothing to declare "except my genius." Though Wilde's dress and manner at this stage was conspicuous—he favored a velvet coat and knee-breeches—he was not yet outrageously camp. Some biographers believe that he only ventured into homosexuality in 1886, when he was already thirty-two, and this would explain his marriage in 1884 to the cool, conventional Constance Lloyd. Alternatively, the marriage may have been a last-ditch attempt to "go straight." Either way, by the late 1880's he was a confirmed, promiscuous homosexual with a fatal taste for slumming and "rough trade." His clothes and hairdo became more outlandish and a newspaper report of the period mentions him at a theater with "a suite of young gentlemen, all wearing the vivid dyed carnation." One of his pickups later described at Wilde's trial how Wilde had taken him to a hotel and seduced him: "I was asked by Wilde to imagine that I was a woman and that he was my lover. I had to keep up this illusion. I used to sit on his knees and he used to play with my privates as a man might amuse himself with a girl." At the same time, Wilde suddenly blossomed as a dramatist with *Lady Windermere's Fan, Salome, A Woman of No Importance, An Ideal Husband* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* all produced within the space of six years. Such fame, combined with such an indiscreet private life, made him irresistible to blackmailers and one of them, Alfred Wood, stole some rash letters that Wilde had written to his friend Lord Alfred Douglas and had to be bought off for £35. In 1894 a far more serious threat materialized. The Marquess of Queensberry, Douglas's father, heard of Wilde's liaison with his son and sent a message into Wilde's club reading "To Oscar Wilde, posing as a somdomite [sic]." The sensible thing would have been to ignore it but Wilde decided to sue for libel. The trail was a disaster. The turning point came when Carson, Queensberry's counsel, asked Wilde if he had ever shown affection for a certain servant in Oxford. "Oh dear, no," Oscar replied lightly. "He was a peculiarly plain boy." Queensberry was acquitted of libel and the papers of the trial were immediately handed to the Director of Public Prosecutions. All Wilde's friends hoped he would flee abroad and even the police generously waited till evening before coming to arrest him, but he stayed in his hotel and then tamely accompanied the detectives to Scotland Yard. At his first trial, the jury failed to reach a verdict, but at his second he was found guilty and sentenced to two years in Reading prison. All his plays were withdrawn from the stage, his books suppressed, and he quickly went bankrupt. When he emerged from prison, he fled to the Continent, adopting the alias of "Sebastian Melmoth." He died in Paris three years later, commenting, "If I were to survive into the 20th century it would be more than the English people can bear."

Bettmann Archive

witchcraft: Practice of magic and/or satanism. But during the great witch-hunt days of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries all sorts of other inexplicable phenomena were persecuted as witchcraft. They included most forms of madness and hysterical delusions, which were classed as "possession" (by the devil); illnesses such as epilepsy; and the surviving pagan phallic worship of Cernunnos, the Horned God. Worshippers greeted one another with the "obscene kiss" (on the buttocks) and indulged in public copulation with "the Devil"—presumably the high priest. His penis was always described as "icy cold" and very large, "half as long as a violin," and one report even has it "covered with scales like a fish." Sometimes it was forked to allow simultaneous anal and vaginal penetration. In any event, it is clear that the Devil's penis was really a dildo—no doubt essential if the high priest had to get through all his female coven in a night. Other sorts of witchcraft are graphically described in Sprenger and Kramer's *Malleus Malleficarum*, the 15th-century witch-hunter's manual. The *Malleus* states that "all witchcraft comes from carnal lust, which in women is insatiable" and goes on to describe various psychosexual phenomena such as impotence, phantom pregnancy, and sexual perversion, blaming them all on witches. As a result, something like 30,000 people were burned as witches between 1400 and 1500. The epidemic even spread to America, with the great witch-hunt at Salem, Mass., brilliantly portrayed in Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible*. By the end of the

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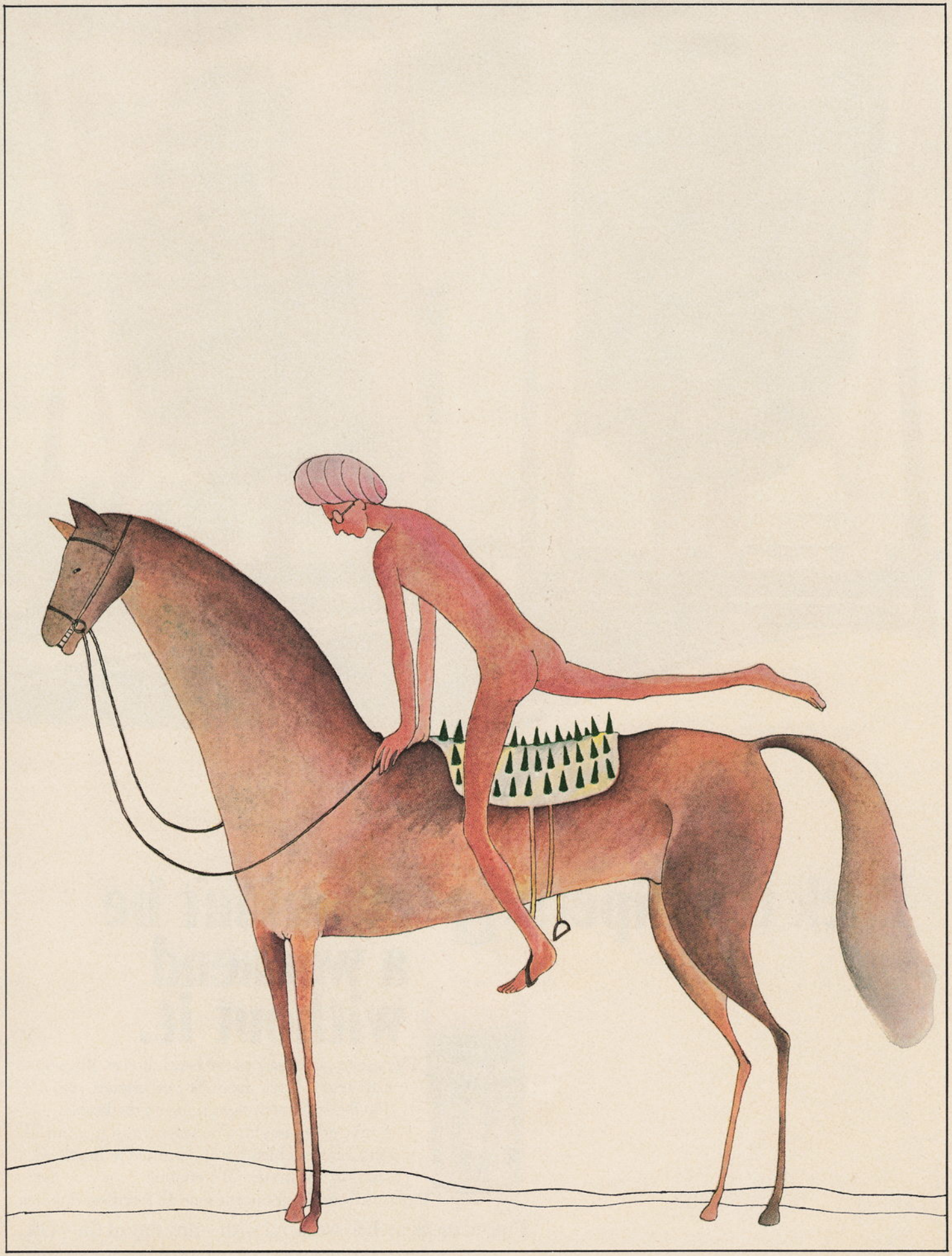

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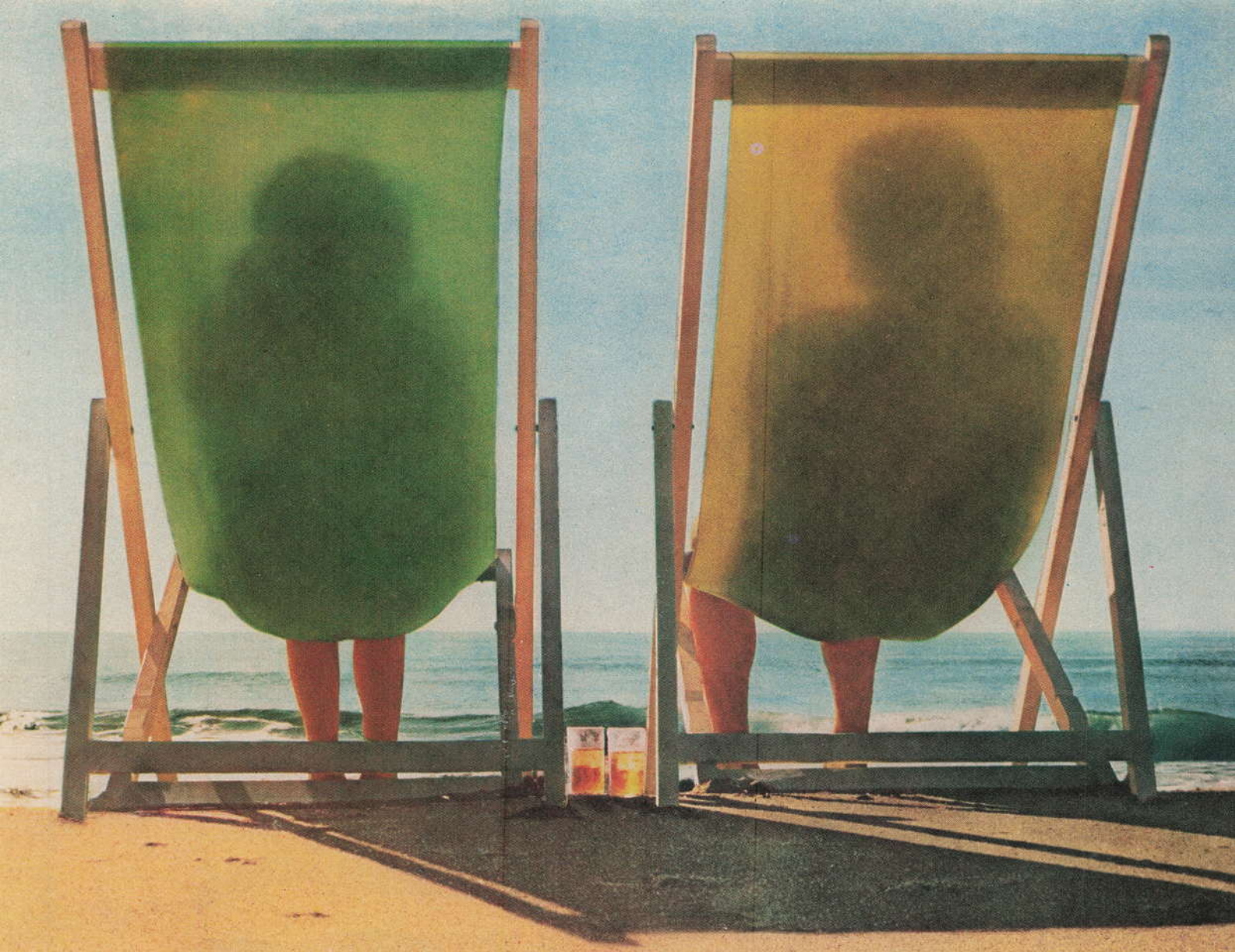

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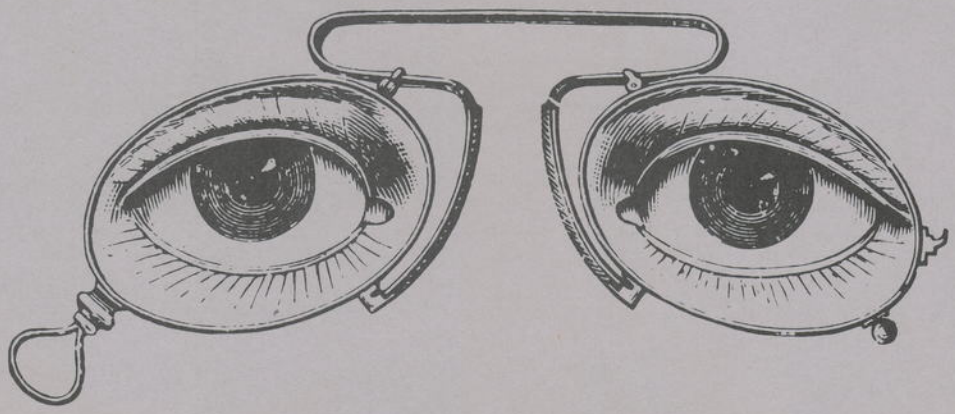


BEING THE BITCH'S PIG

Back when I was just another long-suffering customer, I used to hate the telephone company. To me, Ma Bell was an unmitigated bitch. I despised not only her but every one of her employees from chairman to lineman—and everything they did. I used to bristle at the news of each new rate increase. I would stomp and scream in my frustration, cursing the gall of my enemy and my own utter powerlessness.

That's how it was until about a year ago when I went out and bought a few shares of AT&T stock.

"If you can't lick 'em . . . " my shrink had said.

"And it's a good investment," my broker agreed. "Phoning is not only the 'next best thing to being there,' but with the fuel pinch, it may soon be the public's only choice."

They had no idea how the purchase of that stock would change my life for the worse. Because now that I'm an owner as well as a subscriber, I have had to start hating myself. This has turned me into a *Telco-schizo*, and it has led to some terrible arguments between the two faces of me.

Last Thanksgiving weekend, for instance, my company came out with the news of what I regarded as a mini-windfall: a 10 percent increase in dividends, payable in January. The eighth and largest hike since 1959.

"Pig!" I shouted. "Is there no end to your greed?"

"What greed?" I retorted. "As an investor, I'm entitled to a fair return on my money. If we shareholders don't get our incentives, we might lose interest in the telephone business and be tempted to take our capital elsewhere."

"You mean like I'm tempted to take my business to some other telephone company?"

"Don't be snide," I said. "Without our financing, you wouldn't get the benefit of our vast expansion program to bring you ever-improving service."

"Ever-improving *what*?" I thundered.

"Will you calm down, for God's sake? The service might have been more improved by now if you sorehead customers wouldn't fight us so hard on our local-rate increase requests."

Here, of course, I bristled. "You're referring, I suppose, to such things as the petition you filed for statewide rate increases by your wholly owned local subsidiary, the New York Telephone Company?"

"That's one example."

"As I recall, you were granted increases totaling $304 million, or 15.4 percent. And this at a time when wage-earning subscribers—including your own employees, by the way—were being held to a limit of 5.5 percent on salary increases. Wasn't that enough?"

"Not nearly," I replied. "You conveniently forgot to mention that in this instance we got only three-quarters of what we asked for. The Public Service Commission also denied our request to double the price of a pay-telephone call."

"Stop. You're breaking my heart," I said.

And so it went.

Then, in February, just when things seemed to be settling down, the news broke regarding my company's preliminary annual report for 1973. A pretty good year for us.

"How good?" I asked.

"See for yourself," I replied. "Net profit: a record $2.99 billion. That's a gain of 18.4 percent over 1972, which was also a record breaker. Yes sir, we're still the world's biggest money maker. Though we're only a regulated utility, we still managed to earn more than Exxon or General Motors—the two most profitable American manufacturing operations."

"Excuse me. Did you say *earned*?"

"That's right."

I placed a gentle hand on my shoulder. "Sit down. Let me ask a few simple questions."

"Go ahead."

"How much was your struggling monopoly *awarded* last year in the form of rate increases?"

"Well, let's see. They let us raise a pay-phone call to fifteen cents in Washington State. And they let us start charging for 'Information' calls in Cincinnati. And. . . . "

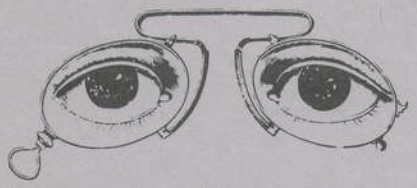
"Come on. How much altogether?"

"All told, it came to just about one billion dollars in twenty-seven different jurisdictions."

"And you're not ashamed?"

"Why should I be? You think it's easy using our figures to plead *need* before all those regulatory agencies?"

"You've got a point there," I said. "So in order to keep your three million shareholders



happy, you dipped into your seventy-one million customers' pockets for an average of fourteen dollars each?"

"Well, now that we're a shareholder, at least some of that comes back to us in dividends. Right?"

"I guess so. How much do we get back?"

"Well, for every dollar our phone bill was increased last year, we'll get a projected 16.5 cents in increased dividends this year. That's a total of $2.31 net we saved by being a part-owner of the enterprise as well as a customer."

"In that case," I said, "it's not worth the aggravation. Let's sell the stock, let them keep the entire fourteen dollars. Then we can go back to hating the phone company together."

"Sounds reasonable," I replied. "Though I'd hate to admit we weren't cut out for big business."—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

"I'm a transvestite, transsexual, Transylvanian," belts out Frank'n Furter, the crazed sex-scientist star of *The Rocky Horror Show.* By way of an introduction, it's right to the point of this musical's parade of gender confusion. Frank'n Furter is the newest and most bizarre incarnation yet of Frankenstein, the mythological madman first dreamed up by Mary Shelley—and *The Rocky Horror Show* is a wild, erotic, nostalgic, rock 'n' roll, sci-fi, fantasy musical that has had fashionable London groveling at its feet. In a wandering tour of unusually theatrical venues, this concoction of camp, cock, cunt, parody, wit, and songs has made itself *the* show in town. David Bowie put in an angular appearance to watch his own brand of sexual confusion used and abused, and Lou Reed gave it a nod. Lady Antonia Fraser, the popular biographer and daughter of England's leading anti-porn campaigner, wrote a glowing review of it. Tennessee Williams was so delirious with pleasure at the first night's unveiling that he had an aide scurrying around the theater crying, "Tennessee must meet the author!" And Mick Jagger? Well, he had a bit more difficulty. The performance he was to attend was cancelled when one of the male leads dropped glitter down his knickers and had to be whisked off to add another footnote to the venereal history of genital medicine.

And now America has its chance to gauge the state of British degeneracy. Lou Adler—the aural genius behind Jan and Dean, the Mamas and the Papas, indeed a whole aspect of the West Coast sound—launched *The Rocky Horror Show* this spring in Los Angeles and New York. Tim Curry, who has played Frank'n Furter, is again performing his outrageous monster.

Rocky Horror is a celebration of sex, cinema, kitsch, nostalgia, and black humor. "Don't dream it, be it," the whole cast urges at the end. And as the cast is jammed with hunchbacks, dikes, and Transylvanian fuckfiends, it's a message to go along with.

The show tells of Brad and Janet, a sweetly clean-cut pair of engaged innocents, driving through the night to visit friends. Their car breaks down, but the stranded couple see a ray of hope and sing, "There's a light on over at the Frankenstein place." They go nervously for help and are exploded onto by Frank. High-heeled, suspender-belted, mascaraed, dye-haired, and fishnetted he tells them, "Not to worry about the way I look."

"I've seen men turn their heads away when I come on," Tim Curry says. "I think it's because there's no strong tradition of male eroticism."

Curry: Establishing a tradition?

Lured into Frank's sexual *palais*, Brad and Janet will never, never be the same again. "I wanna be dirty," Janet eventually admits after her brutal sexual initiation at the hands of Frank, who scores Brad too, in each case deluding the hapless virgins that they are in each other's arms. Frank has been sent from the planet Transylvania to construct a new, exquisite transsexual earthman—one discarded Gene Vincent-style model lies in the fridge. But now the perfect creation is ready and Rocky Horror himself appears in his Charles Atlasesque glory—a rippling-pectoraled gorgeous hunk of manufactured Californian-blond beauty.

The author of book, music, and lyrics is Richard O'Brien, a thirty-year-old New Zealander who also played a hunchback in the London show. His flamboyant display of solo genius would never have surfaced had O'Brien not completely blown his role of Herod in the London *Jesus Christ Superstar.* O'Brien was to take over the role from a more flashy performer and never felt confident about the part. "What happened," he recalled, "was that I went on for one night and was terrible. I told the director of *Superstar*, Jim Sharman, that I'd written this musical—all science-fiction and rock tunes—and he said he'd like to produce it. I had nothing else to do, so we went ahead."

Sharman and O'Brien set to work and staged *Rocky Horror* in Chelsea at the Royal Court's miniscule Theatre Upstairs, where many experimental plays make their debut. But the Theatre Upstairs never runs a show for long, and at the end of its allotted five weeks *Rocky Horror* had become a hyperchic *succès fou* with a ravenous black market emerging for tickets. The show was moved down the King's Road to a demolition-scheduled cinema. A cinema is exactly the right milieu for *The Rocky Horror Show*, as its original stage set was contrived to convey the illusion of a seedy, popcorn-strewn cinema. "I love B-movies," says O'Brien, "Broderick Crawford films, or bad sci-fi movies—I like bad acting."

But the new home was not all roses. It had no dressing rooms and a house in a neighboring square had to be requisitioned. One day it caught fire and an invasion of made-up, hunchbacked, transsexual beings caused a "the Martians are coming" panic on the King's Road. But the show went triumphantly on, and people returned for their third, fourth, and even fifth dips into decadence.

The music could do with a boost. "It's just solid three-chord stuff," O'Brien admits. It's based on those wonderfully ludicrous songs of the Fifties, coupled with some straightforward rock. But humor is rarely derived from the music itself. It misses the wit and sophistication that enabled groups like the Shangri-Las to appeal on a drivelingly melodramatic level and on a note of decadent languor. But the lyrics are gag-packed.

As its theatrical concept now stands, however, *The Rocky Horror Show* brilliantly fuses the worlds of rock, cinema, and theater—per-

fectly mirroring author O'Brien's detached fascination and amusement with old movies and nostalgia. But it may be a trifle too nice. The audiences love the show, enjoy it thoroughly, but only the staid are shocked. The show exudes a certain charming innocence amongst its sexy bravura. England gleefully awaited the decadence of the New York Dolls, was struck by their pleasant, straightforward competence, and baffled as to why they were thought to be degenerate. Americans, well-versed in the Myra Breckinridge land of bad movies and comic dirtiness, may find *Rocky Horror* naive. But that misses the point. It is not just dirty rock and movies, but a well-conceived theatrical entertainment that combines the chubby-cheeked wholesomeness of Bill Haley with some of the sexual frisson of Lou Reed—no mean feat. The spirits of Lon Chaney and Boris Karloff won't be missing it. Who would?—*David Jenkins*

"C'EST MOI, TRÉMOIS":
AN AMATORIAL ERRANT

While the elderly sophisticates of Paris belatedly purchase Warhol, their younger counterparts are far more interested in a native-born painter named Pierre-Yves Trémois. His recent exhibition at the Maurice Garnier Gallery drew crowds like a Fillmore rock concert, and his prints and engravings are instantly snapped up by the young. The reasons are obvious when you look at his pictures: they are clear, sensuous, and romantic, mainly showing beautiful young couples making love. The odd thing is that Trémois is fifty-three—a fact quickly forgotten when one meets him.

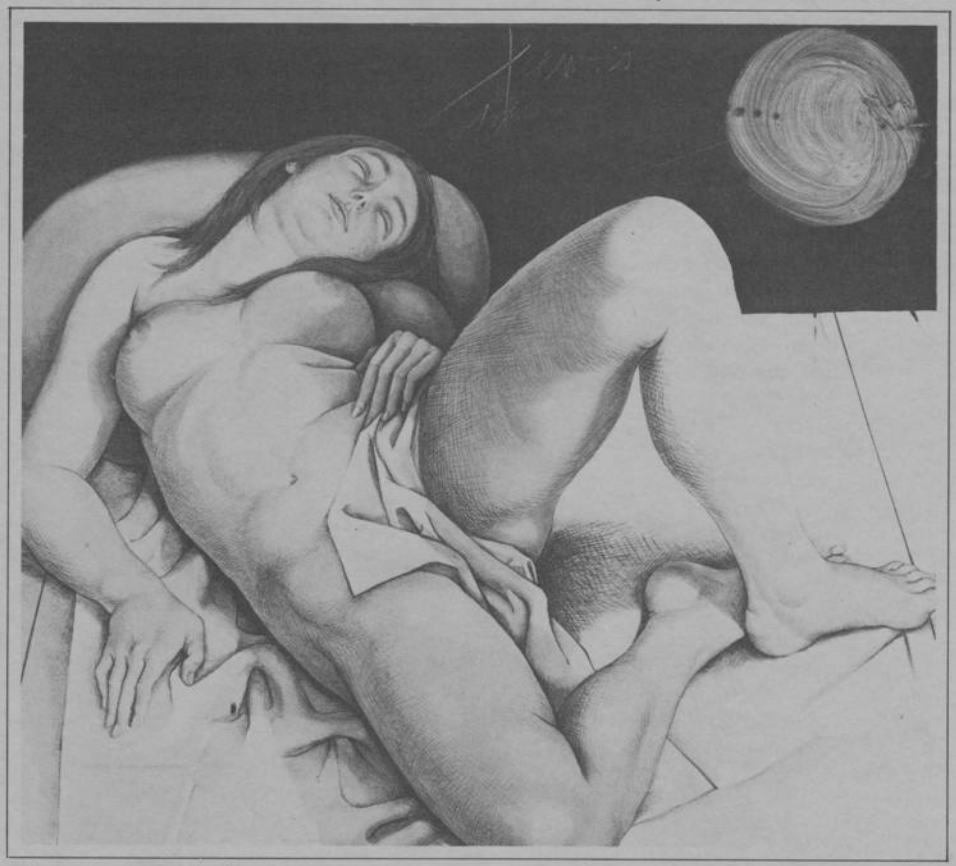
His enthusiasm is boyish and infectious. He bustles around the salon of his top-floor Paris studio showing off all his treasures. His latest and proudest possession is a narwhal's tusk, beautifully yellowed and spiraling, mounted in silver. "If a woman takes her clothes off and holds the tusk between her breasts, she becomes a symbol of purity!" remarks Trémois.

He then produces a 17th-century Chinese picture of two formless creatures seated on what appears to be a floating raft. When you tilt it and look through a special spyglass, you see a man and woman making love on a stool. Trémois says he enjoys such puzzles—anamorphoses—and is thinking of doing a book about such phenomena. He thinks it would be fun to do one which, when you knew the key, would reveal Golda Meir and Libyan President Quaddafi making love.

It would cause a scandal, of course, but then scandals are nothing new to Trémois. As a student, he was thrown out of the Ecole des Beaux Arts for painting a subject that his instructors considered outrageous. Then in 1956 he published *The Bestiary of Love*, with text by Jean Rostand, a book devoted to pictures of animals copulating. In 1972 he celebrated his "age of gold" with a series of golden cups, engraved with couples making love. At $2,000 apiece, they were sold out.

"Gold is the metal of love, the metal of femininity," explains Trémois. "It is pure, unalterable. When you make a mark on gold, it is absolutely impossible to efface that mark. If you make a mistake you have to throw the gold away. Gold is an erotic metal." And eroticism is his favorite subject.

He recounts how he was recently visited by an envoy from the Pope, who is putting together a collection of modern art for the Vatican. The prelate asked to see Trémois's work. Trémois stalled by showing him old stuff but finally the visitor asked, "Do you have anything more recent?" Trémois reluctantly produced his latest engravings. "Alas!" exclaimed the envoy. "I don't know if it's quite in the spirit of the Vatican."



I asked whether Trémois uses live models for his erotic scenes. He does, but for many years has had great difficulty finding them. "There are no great models anymore because most modern painters do abstract art and so the profession has died out. When I was young I knew an old woman of seventy who sat for Rodin and many other great artists. She was proud of her profession, full of anecdotes. Now if you go into the street and ask a young girl if she'd like to pose for you, she calls you a dirty old man. And this in an era when everyone goes around naked all the time."

The answer, Trémois found, was newspaper advertisements, but even so he has to—as he puts it—"make marriages." "People come and say, 'Can I pose with my girl friend?' But I say, 'Certainly not!' It's me who procures the other partner. I'm very discreet about it."

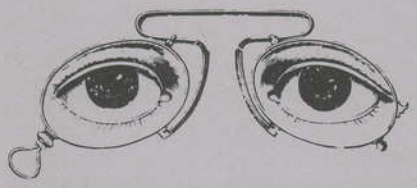
"Why don't you use married couples?"

"Because they know each other too well. It is the first encounter which is interesting. And I am an old lecher."

But Trémois has a new idea on the subject of models. He would like to ask Queen Elizabeth to pose for him in the nude.

"Why not?" he argues. "Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's sister, posed in the nude, and the Duchess of Alba posed for Goya, and Agnès Sorel—who was the mistress of Charles VII—posed with bare breasts as the Virgin Mary . . . and so on!"

It seems improbable, but then improbable ideas are Trémois's speciality. Certainly if anyone could get the Queen to pose in the nude, it would be Trémois.—*Lynn Barber*



FILMS

AMERICAN DREAMS

There's more than one way to make a book into a movie. But with famous books the options grow limited. And with books that have become public trusts—symbols of the culture—the options may be limited indeed. That is no excuse, but it is perhaps a clue to the failure of the latest attempt to film F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, which opened this spring to too much publicity, too much anticipation, too much faith in uncritical word of mouth. I don't mean that circumstances forced the failure. Just these talents—Jack Clayton, the director; Francis Ford Coppola, the screenwriter; Robert Redford, Mia Farrow, and Bruce Dern, the stars—could have ruined an adaptation of the most unknown novel. But circumstances—the book's reputation and style, its lush Long Island setting and its 1920's period—probably set the terms of the failure and helped determine just how colossally dull it would be.

Fitzgerald's novel was approached as if it were a tomb: on the one hand, a treasure house of relics ripe for plunder; on the other hand, full of things to be embalmed. In the second category belong the plot, the action, the characters—whatever *ought* to be alive. In the first, belong the background, the locations, the period details—all that glitters but that certainly isn't gold. So the parties on Jay Gatsby's estate are inflated into tiresome jazz-age cartoons, exaggerated and uninteresting, with flappers flapping and drunks reeling—as if to demonstrate a feeling for the age and its outrageous customs. But at the same time the fatal, illicit courtship between Gatsby and Daisy Buchanan—the girl who once had loved him but then married beyond his reach into her own class and station—retreats behind a kind of immense conventional mist. It is dissolved in pretentious pastels, drenched in picturesque pools of water, reflected and filtered through glints of sunlight, lamplight, candlelight. In mood it is like those expensive photo-study, true-love valentines with verses by Khalil Gibran. In fact, it seems almost always a little out of focus.

The Great Gatsby—the novel—is a richly narrated work, narrated by a proper young Midwestern bond salesman named Nick Carraway, Daisy's cousin and Gatsby's next-door neighbor on Long Island. He is part snob, part poet, part humorist, and ideally F. Scott Fitzgerald. He, not Gatsby, is the genius of the book—providing its tone, its moral center, its balance, and its vital sense of social comedy. By making him into a character—a point-of-view character appealingly played by Sam Waterston—much of his presence has been lost. It is more than just the embarrassment of turning narration into dialogue. It is also that Nick in person is so much less than the presence of Nick in mind and spirit. And neither director nor screenwriter have provided the wit or the intelligence, or even the smug limitations of insight, to make up the difference. *Gatsby* is one of those not so uncommon movies that bores you with the medium and makes you wish they would show you less and possibly tell you something more.

Most of the celebrated casting decisions don't work. As the mysterious Gatsby, Robert Redford almost achieves the beautiful placid vacuity toward which his career seems to have been moving. Mia Farrow, perhaps aiming for a Southern-belle vivacity (Daisy comes from Louisville), succeeds mainly in sounding slightly British, and in appearing too vague, too refined for a character so profoundly in the American grain. Karen Black, who plays Daisy's husband's lower-class mistress, comes off surprisingly well, even surviving the brutality of Jack Clayton's hysterical open-pore close-ups. In a different context she might have made an exciting and comprehensible Daisy. But by the time you find yourself recasting within the movie, the movie is probably in trouble.

Farrow, Redford: To be embalmed.

Nothing in Jack Clayton's career as one of the less productive British directors of quality (*Room at the Top*, *The Innocents*, *The Pumpkin Eater*, *Our Mother's House*, and then nothing since 1967) suggests an affinity with this project. *Gatsby* may in fact be his worst movie. Lacking a sense of meaningful action, he has instead given himself up to the book's sketchy melodrama, fleshing it out with a succession of visual attitudes and metaphors. I've mentioned some. Even more hopeless is the dependency on period cars or the assumption that showing a lot of anything somehow becomes a poem to luxurious abundance. But that is sop to the public—a way of turning the novel into some academic notion of "cinema." Clayton also reserves something for himself—something odd. He keeps noting changes in the story with interjected close-up shots of birds, different kinds of birds. I don't know why he does it. But as a result, this may be the only version of *Gatsby* to signal its turn to tragedy by way of a dead seagull on the sand.

For a movie that does a lot that *Gatsby* fails to do, even to eliciting some of its innocent awe at the experience of America, I'd recommend Steven Spielberg's *The Sugarland Express.* It has the kind of control over comedy and terror that Fitzgerald might have honored, and it has a lead performance by Goldie Hawn that I hope everybody will honor when the time comes for that sort of thing.

Spielberg's first theatrical feature (he has made television movies before), *The Sugarland Express* concerns a young Texas woman's highly unusual journey to recover her baby son from the adoptive home where the welfare department, considering her an unfit mother, has placed him. The journey begins with a jailbreak (springing the kid's father, in for burglary), continues with the hijacking of a young state trooper, and finally grows into a caravan of pursuing police cars, perhaps a couple of hundred strong, gingerly crawling their way across the state of Texas. The conceit, which is based on fact, supports an extraordinary range of character and event, all of it developed in terms that seem normal and graceful to American movies. Goldie Hawn is just about miraculous. But only slightly less so are William Atherton, her husband, Michael Sacks, the kidnapped cop, and Ben Johnson, the state police captain who becomes conductor of the Sugarland Express. Filling that little space of time between the taking of a fatal step outside the law and the paying of the consequences, *The Sugarland Express* is a tragedy with lots of laughs. It never condescends to its people or indulges in cheap irony or pathos. It is smart enough to know that an aggressive, loudmouth, sentimental, gum-chewing girl with curlers in her hair may just stand for some of the best we have to offer. And it is wise enough to recognize that whether we make her heroine or victim, in our own dumb way we are doing almost the same thing.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

GUNPOWDER ORGIES

He is a Vietnam vet/former C.I.A. agent/ex-cop whose mother/wife/lover has been raped/maimed/slain by the Mob/Mafia/Syndicate. He's known as the Executioner/Assassin/Exterminator, and he happens to be the hottest thing in paperbacks today. With pistol held high, he stares out from countless book covers, his name and the numbered installment of his adventures boldly emblazoned across a scene of murder and mayhem. Every six weeks or so yet another title is added to each of the action series already on the racks, while new episodic variations on the theme of violent crime and punishment appear almost daily. One publisher alone has thirty-eight different series in print, with more on the way.

The new paperback heroes are part of the pulp-fiction tradition that dates back to the dime novels of the 19th century. The Golden Age of Pulp came during the Thirties when fans of the Shadow, the Spider-Master of Men, G-8 and his Flying Aces, and others waited impatiently for the latest biweekly adventures, filled with the newest sexual violence of the day. Hordes of gangsters and foreign agents had failed, but World War II paper shortages finally succeeded in killing off the pulp heroes. It wasn't until the James Bond craze of the mid-Sixties that the pulp tradition was revived. Among the many spies to make their appearance at that time was the reincarnation of Nick Carter, a character who had started out as a good-guy detective around the turn of the century. Still going strong, Nick Carter has now battled his way through eighty-seven books with over fifteen million copies in print. Current interest in action series has recently prompted paperback reprints of Doc Savage and the Avenger, among the best of the classic pulps.

Of the new action heroes, by far the most successful is Mack Bolan, the Executioner, whose personal war against the Mafia has taken him through nineteen titles with almost nine million copies sold. What distinguishes this series from its imitators is author Don Pendleton's ability to portray Bolan as a somewhat plausible character. Though primarily one-dimensional, the Executioner is given to momentary bouts of introspection. But don't look for great writing. Fast-moving violence is the stock in trade, and Pendleton serves up some skillfully orchestrated orgies of gunpowder.

Amidst all the sound-alike series names and look-alike book covers, there are a few others that stand out. The Destroyer, by Richard Sapir and Warren Murphy, relates the exploits of a square-jawed private agent who is constantly outwitted by his goofy Chinese martial-arts teacher. The Enforcer mixes action with science-fiction elements in stories of a crime-fighter who changes bodies every three months. Another interesting twist is the Inquisitor, a former C.I.A. man turned top gun for the Vatican.

The other series run the gamut from well-plotted, occasionally imaginative stories to cliché-ridden and totally predictable pornography and violence. Among the worst offenders is the Death Merchant series, whose author Joseph Rosenberger also writes one of the half-dozen Kung Fu series on the market under the pseudonym of Lee Chang. The quality of many series can vary widely from book to book as authors change while their collective pen name remains the same. One independent editor employs a stable of sixty-four writers, some of them top authors in other fields and others simply hacks, to churn out his books.

Some editors see the popularity of these new pulps as a hopeful sign that people are going back to reading as a pastime. The action series do answer a longing for the myths of a more innocent time, when the good guys always won and the bad guys suffered for their evil ways. The pulps are the publishing industry's version of McDonald's—a mediocre but easily recognized product.

Whatever the reason for their success, there are still more series in the works. Dozens of series are being spawned by the success of *The Exorcist* and a resurgence of interest in the occult. Pulp fans can also watch for more celebrity heroes along the lines of the already published Henry Messinger series, about a thinly disguised German-accented foreign-affairs aide to the president. Despite the threat of a modern-day paper shortage, it looks as though the paperback heroes will be the last to die.—*Steve Ditlea*

WORD PLAY

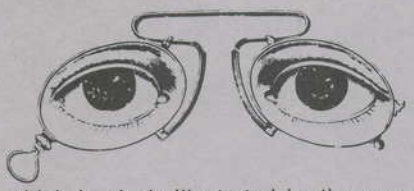
There are no primitive languages. The evolutionary scale of tongues has been abandoned. "Modern linguists," Peter Farb writes, "became virtually unanimous in their judgment that no language is better or worse than any other in its total structure; no language is easier for a child to acquire, less ambiguous, more logical or expressive, more valuable for creative thinking."

I almost passed over Farb's book. Its title, *Word Play* (Knopf, $8.95), suggests a recent spate of frivolous books that tell you how to get ahead by using such nonliteral aspects of communication as "body language" and conversational tricks. But this is no shallow study. While it is highly entertaining, *Word Play* makes available much of the best scholarship of current linguists.

When linguists talk about a man's dialect, the subject is likely to get his feelings hurt if he thinks, as most of us do, that a dialect is the speech pattern of a small, provincial, or semiliterate group. But to a linguist the language pattern common to *any* group is called a dialect. To take an extreme example, Parisian French—its purity jealously guarded by the Académie—is a dialect. With this understanding, Farb examines the conflict between our stodgy English teacher and the black ghetto student.

The ghetto black "does not speak a colloquial or incorrect form of Standard English." Instead, he speaks a dialect that has a strikingly different grammar and sound system. His dialect is "as consistent and elegant as whites consider their Standard English to be." In the ghetto, great pride is taken in linguistic compositions such as "playing the dozens," a kind of calypso exchange of insults, as well as "rapping," "jiving," "rifting," "louding," and "toasting"—all of which require verbal agility.

When a black says, "He workin'" rather than "He's working," it is no more laziness than when Bostonians drop their r's. The black's sentence reveals his dialect's approach to the grammar of the verb "be,"



which is nicely illustrated by the sentence: "You makin' sense, but you don't be makin' sense." In Standard English this means, "You just said something smart, but you don't habitually say anything smart." If the grammar of that sentence requires technical explication, it is nothing to that required by the history of Black English and the languages called pidgins and creoles.

A pidgin is a language in which speakers of socially subordinate languages take a vocabulary from a dominant language and develop a highly simplified grammar that all can quickly learn. The grammars of pidgins all over the world are significantly similar. A creole combines dominant and subordinate languages more fully to become the first or only language of a people. An example is Swahili, a complex creole that has become the official language of Kenya and Tanzania.

For a woman, Farb concludes that the English language offers no hope of either integration or "separate but equal" status. First off, she's only a *woman*, "wife of man." Sexism is built into the language, but Farb does offer a few crumbs. The *male* part of *female* has nothing to do with sex. *Female* is from Middle English *femelle*, "little woman." But since "the little woman" is a condescending term for a wife in America, this may be cold comfort. Liberationists might take notice that Turkish has a personal pronoun for either he or she—a goal of feminists—and a single word to signify brother or sister.

Speaking of sexism, no book on the kingdom of words is complete without an obeisance to King Fuck. In *Word Play*, Farb quotes Edward Sagarin, a specialist on the subject of obscenities: "In the entire language of proscribed words . . . one word reigns supreme . . . It sits upon a throne, unafraid of any princely offspring still unborn . . . hated, feared, revered, and loved, known by all and recognized by none."

Farb thinks this is true because *fuck* is the only word for the act that has no other usage or connotation, such as *screw*, *sleep with*, or even the technical *copulate*. One psychoanalyst quoted thinks the word *fuck* is feared because of its similarity to suck, and the association of the vagina with the mouth. As oral sex is now accepted in our society, so is *fuck*.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Villa of the Ferromonte by Lawrence B. Eisenberg (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). A small jewel of a novel, wrought with a perfect Gothic novella inside a modern case story. The real humanity of its humor and pathos takes you by surprise.

The Brain Revolution by Marilyn Ferguson (Taplinger, $9.95). Science moves in fads—the atomic nucleus, the DNA model of genetics—and the hottest subject today is the brain. Much that has been given psychological, sociological, linguistic, and spiritual explanation is turning out to be explainable in the physical brain itself.—*Norman Hoss*

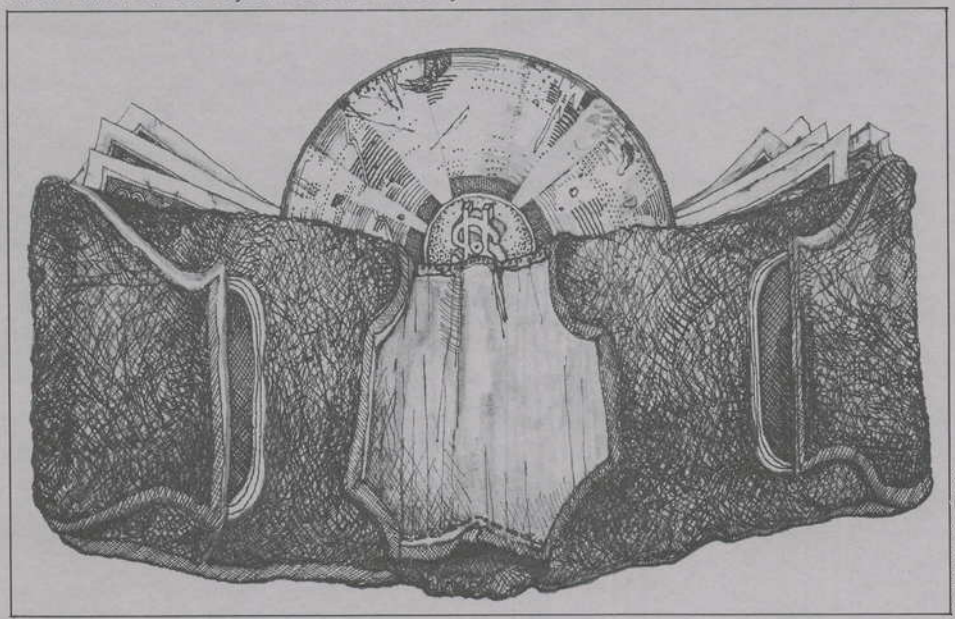
SOUNDS

PLASTIC PROFITS

Notice an excess of surface noise on your new albums? Don't bother to change the needle! Just blame it on the vinyl shortage; it's what the record companies are doing. The vinyl crisis is the biggest hit the record companies have going today, and they are exerting considerable PR to insure its success. For them, it is just money in the bank. But the public is paying high prices for a plastic product of inferior quality, and is also getting a drastically reduced selection.

Once considered recession-proof, the three-billion-dollar-a-year record industry claims that it is now threatened by a lack of the basic material it had so long taken for granted. Vinyl is derived from petroleum, and as with seemingly every commodity, the production of vinyl has been seriously affected by the oil crisis.

Around Christmas of last year, some manufacturers were resorting to mixing top-secret "extenders" into their dwindling vinyl supplies. Sugar, sand, glass, Saran Wrap—anything seemed to be acceptable. Slow-selling albums were being melted down, paper labels and all, and recycled into new discs. Distributors were being offered ten cents an album so that their old stock could be melted into Bette Midler records, or whatever else was selling. The result was a rise in faulty pressings and a noticeable increase in surface noise.



Carl Nicholas Titolo

As early as May 1973, the Phase II anti-inflationary guidelines began to show some unfortunate side effects. The same inflexible across-the-board price freeze that made gasoline production more profitable than the refining of heating oil created major inequities in the chemical industry's price structure. The chemical manufacturers were faced with a profit squeeze on some of their products. They chose to divert existing facilities and capital away from plastics manufacturing to more lucrative merchandise. The outcome was a 15 percent downturn in vinyl production in the face of unprecedented demand for plastic.

Many new releases were either shelved or delayed for months. Proposed double-album sets were replaced by single releases in simpler packages. Of course, best-selling artists such as Van Morrison and Chicago had no problem getting double-LP sets released. But Commander Cody and the Lost Planet Airmen, a major group in its own right, had to settle for a single volume of their electrifying *Live From Deep in the Heart of Texas* sessions. If any plastic was left over, it found its way into catalogue, classical, and budget-priced albums.

Actually, the record companies had been faced with a dramatic change in their business before the coming of the vinyl crisis. Sales of records by secondary acts had begun to fall sharply. In an industry known for its free-spending on promising talent, the record companies suddenly found it hard to recover their investment in new acts. Even such estab-

lished acts as Delaney and Bonnie, Labelle, Freddie King, the Persuasions, and McKendree Spring have been dropped by their respective labels. The total number of new releases has been cut by nearly 25 percent. At present, new talent is simply not being cultivated. Only the tried-and-true acts are receiving full promotion.

As with the oil companies before them, the record industry has used shortages as an excuse for raising prices and increasing profits. The actual rise in the cost of manufacturing a record is only eight cents per disc. Instead of simply passing along the added cost to the consumer, the record industry was granted permission by the Cost of Living Council to raise the price of new albums by one dollar. When price controls were finally lifted last spring, the list price of *all* pre-shortage LP's went up by a dollar,with only a few exceptions.

It now appears that the worldwide vinyl shortage won't end until early next year. Here at home, a downturn in housing construction and auto sales has eased the demand for plastics and the record companies are getting all the vinyl they need. But the industry cries "shortage" whenever record prices are questioned, even though it is financially healthier now than before the vinyl crisis. The big stars, whose royalties are calculated as a percentage of list price, are crying all the way to the bank. As with all current shortages, the consumer foots the bill.—*Steve Ditlea*

PHASES AND STAGES

Willie Nelson got started late. He was thirty, some twelve years ago, when he finally got around to recording. Today, fifteen or so albums later, he's been noticed at last by segments of the mass-music crowd—the rock writers, to be specific—and is beginning to receive some of the popular recognition that he deserves.

Not that he was doing badly. Songs Willie has written, such as "Crazy," "Night Life," "Hello, Walls," and especially "Funny How Time Slips Away," have provided a good, constant revenue through royalties from other singers' interpretations. And Nelson himself has had a number of hits on his own, beginning with "Touch Me" in 1962, but never the mass-media acceptance that has become his in the last year or so. What's taken the opinion-makers so long?

When he appeared at the Los Angeles Palomino Club this March, Willie was treated like royalty. Virtually every country music personality in town, from Loretta Lynn to Dorsey Burnette and Roger Miller, showed up for his opening. Dottie West made an early departure from the Grammy Awards presentation to catch his show the second night. Even Joe Cocker, all but unrecognized by the hard-core Palomino audience, dropped by to sit in the back of the crowd and listen.

What they saw and heard was Willie Nelson in all his humanity. Slightly paunchy and looking older than his years, "Old Leather Lungs" has obviously seen a lot of life. He's managed to preserve much of that experience, and is extremely able to share it with his friends.

Nelson was born in Fort Worth and raised in the central Texas town of Abbott. Leaving Baylor University after two years, he pursued a variety of odd jobs before becoming a disc jockey at stations in Texas, Oregon, and California. Several of his songs had been recorded earlier, but it was Patsy Cline's version of "Crazy" in 1961 that established him as a hit songwriter.

Nelson's compositions typically deal with despair, heartbreak, and love gone sour. These are common enough topics, but Nelson handles them with an intelligence, sensitivity, and freshness that was rare in country music of the early Sixties.

After a number of successes as a songwriter, Nelson began to record his own songs. His time- and booze-worn voice allows for very few frills, and his best recordings are produced with a minimum of gimmicks. It is this direct and sincere approach that established him as a near-immediate success with his fellow artists, an audience notoriously difficult to please.

In recent years, Nelson has continued to produce albums at a rate of one or two per year, write songs—occasionally in collaboration with friends such as Waylon Jennings—tour, and relax back home in Texas. For the last couple of summers, he's promoted "picnics"—actually, country-music concerts—in Dripping Springs, Texas.

Willie Nelson at the Palomino.

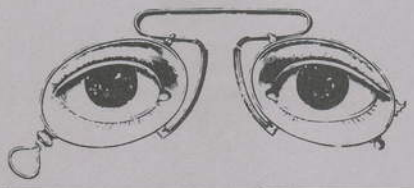
The biggest single upswing in Willie's career was his signing with Atlantic Records when the label decided to open a country division. Nelson was the first to be signed, a wise move for Atlantic in that it immediately established a good deal of credibility for the label among the insular Nashville music crowd. "If it's good enough for Willie," they said, "there must be something to it."

Phases and Stages, Nelson's most recent album, is as good an introduction as any to the man's ability to establish on vinyl what so many feel but cannot articulate. The story is one of a romance gone bad, with both partners slowly coming to the realization and their acceptance of it. The overall tone of the album is one of almost unbearable despair, with a kind of hope flickering somewhere toward the end of the line. One suspects that Nelson has seen his subject close-up, perhaps a number of times.

Described by Nelson as showing both the woman's and man's perspective, *Phases and Stages* falls loosely into the category of "concept" albums. Each song stands perfectly well on its own, with "Pretend I Never Happened" having already been a sizeable hit for Jennings. Doubtless, other of the album's songs will be picked up in time by material-hungry singers.

After *Phases and Stages*, the next choice for C & W fans should be *The Best of Willie Nelson* on United Artists. It's a compilation of the better-known songs ("Touch Me," "Crazy," "Funny How Time Slips Away") from Nelson's early-Sixties albums, originally issued on the Liberty label. The rest of Nelson's albums, on RCA and Atlantic, are all good-to-excellent, with the exception of one devoted to songs about Texas (*Texas In My Soul*), which is a total disaster.

But nobody—including Willie Nelson—is perfect, which is the basic and ultimate insight of his oeuvre.—*Todd Everett*



SHORT TAKES

A MATTER OF TIME

Record moguls are drawing in their horns to prepare for the latest recession, but Billy Joel has made it just in time. His excellent new album, *Piano Man* (Columbia KC 32544), has gotten the full benefit of the old Columbia push—an exercise of record-company muscle that new artists will find frustratingly confined in the coming months.

Billy Joel is a new artist only by the loosest of definitions. His first album, *Cold Spring Harbor*, started a small, almost cultist following, and he immediately retired to two years of business wrangling. "Piano Man," the title tune of his new record and central theme in Joel's musical personality, is about one of the jobs he held during his years of exile. In an L.A. piano bar, he nightly startled beery regulars with piano playing and singing that they might only have stumbled upon had they mistaken an Elton John gig at the Forum for a topless bar. The recurring line, "Man what are you doing here?" did not come out of Billy Joel's imagination.

It is difficult to say whether Billy Joel's musicianship, singing, or songwriting is his long suit. He does all three very well, and he will doubtlessly turn out to be an important and significant artist.

Joel: Just in time.

In the notes of his new album, *Planet Waves* (Asylum 7E-1003), Bob Dylan writes, "Yeah, the ole days are gone forever and the new ones ain't far behind. The laughter is fading away, echoes of a star. . . ." Echoes of a star?

People tend to take Bob Dylan albums all too personally. They expected so much, and for years they got it. At different points in his career, however, Dylan has noted that both the times and the artist change. People embraced the message when he was talking about the times, but they didn't want to hear about the artist. At this late date, it is obvious that the angry songwriter of the Sixties is a contented balladeer of the Seventies. While "Forever Young," from this album, sounds like a classic, these are different times and he is a different man. We must be happy with different records.

Dylan: Different times.

CURRENT RELEASES

Unborn Child/Seals and Croft (Warner Brothers W2761). Their best effort yet. Musically and conceptually, this is an album with something to say and the stylistics with which to say it. Perhaps their faith is a little out of place in this continuing age of skepticism. But their optimism carries well.

It's Too Late To Stop Now/Van Morrison (Warner Brothers 2BS2760). This is a double album, recorded live in Los Angeles and London in the summer of 1973. If you are collecting the complete Van Morrison, this is a must. Otherwise, you've heard it all before.

What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits/Doobie Brothers (Warner Brothers W2750). This is an exceptionally well-recorded and performed album by a band whose real strength is in concert. They've always managed a good single, such as "Listen To the Music" and "China Grove," and there are tunes in this one to match past triumphs.

Live Rhymin'/Paul Simon (Columbia PC32855). An impeccably smooth and clean live album with some of the best stuff from Simon's past LP's. If somehow you thought Simon could only sing and play under studio conditions, get this one.

Essence to Essence/Donovan (Epic KE32800). A step backwards for Mr. Mellow Yellow. Up to his neck in pretensions, grandiose generalities, and pious platitudes, Donovan's search for the Holy Grail is bogged down from the very beginning.

Stomp Your Hands, Clap Your Feet/Slade (Warner Brothers BS2770). Nothing exceptional here unless you are already a fan, and most of those are in England. This group has been trying to match their English popularity to the American market for years. Though perseverance may finally win out, this album won't help.

Let Me In Your Life/Aretha Franklin (Atlantic SD7292). The best cut on this album is Aretha's hit, "Until You Come Back To Me." After a lackluster LP with Quincy Jones, Aretha went back into the studio with Atlantic's Wexler and Mardin. They have recreated some of that glorious past. "With Pen In Hand" and "A Song For You" are standouts.

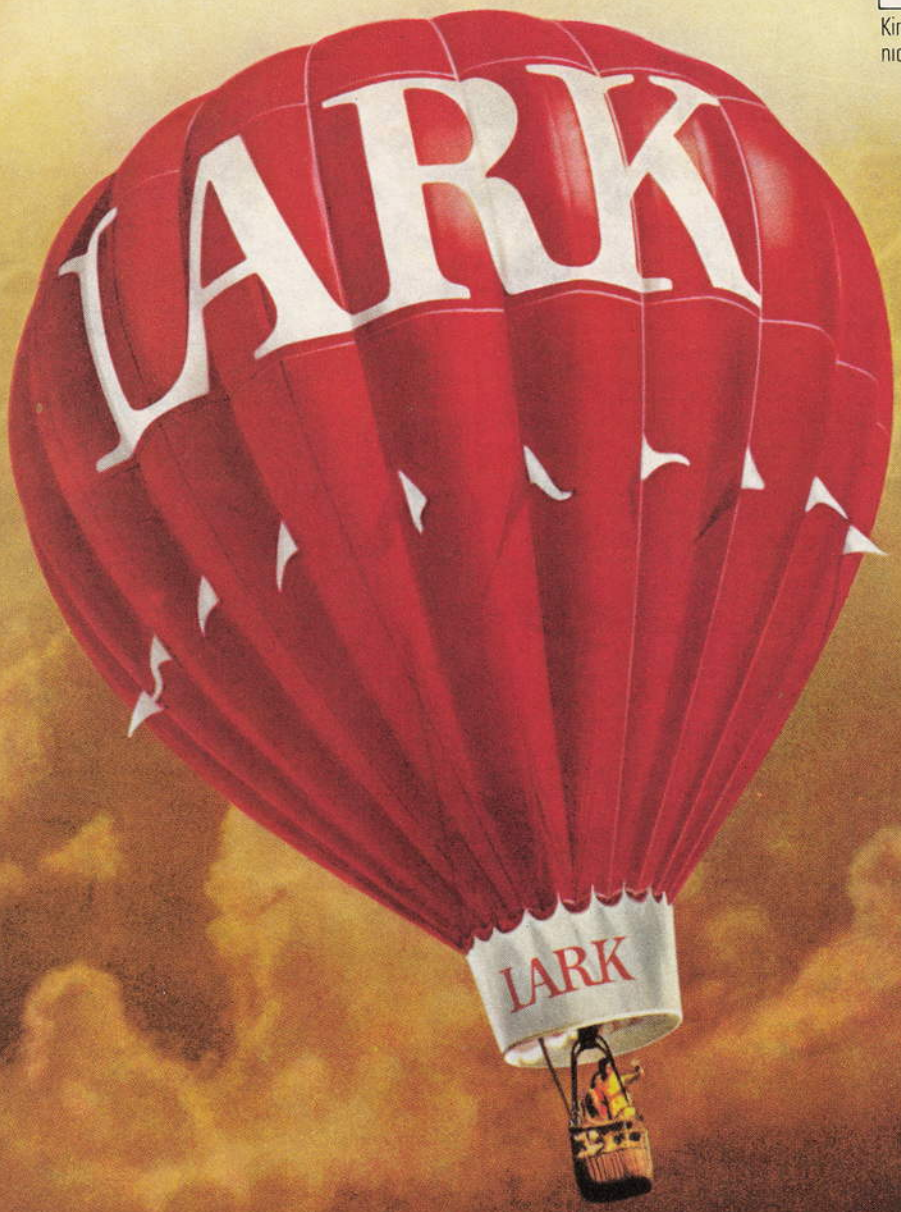
Mighty Love/Spinners (Atlantic SD7296). The first Spinners album from Atlantic (*Spinners*) was loaded with hits—four gold singles, which was more than a bit unusual. This album is more of an effort by mere mortals. The title tune is the best cut, a single in the mold of their first album.

Missing White House Tapes/National Lampoon (Banana/Blue Thumb BTS6008). One of the few comedy efforts on Watergate to keep ahead of daily events and disclosures. Only "The Telltale Tapes" (Oval Office ooR6-20-72) by the Eraserheads, an obscure West Coast single, has given this album a good run. Included is the definitive Sam Ervin parody.

—*John Gibson*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine. Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. 73.)



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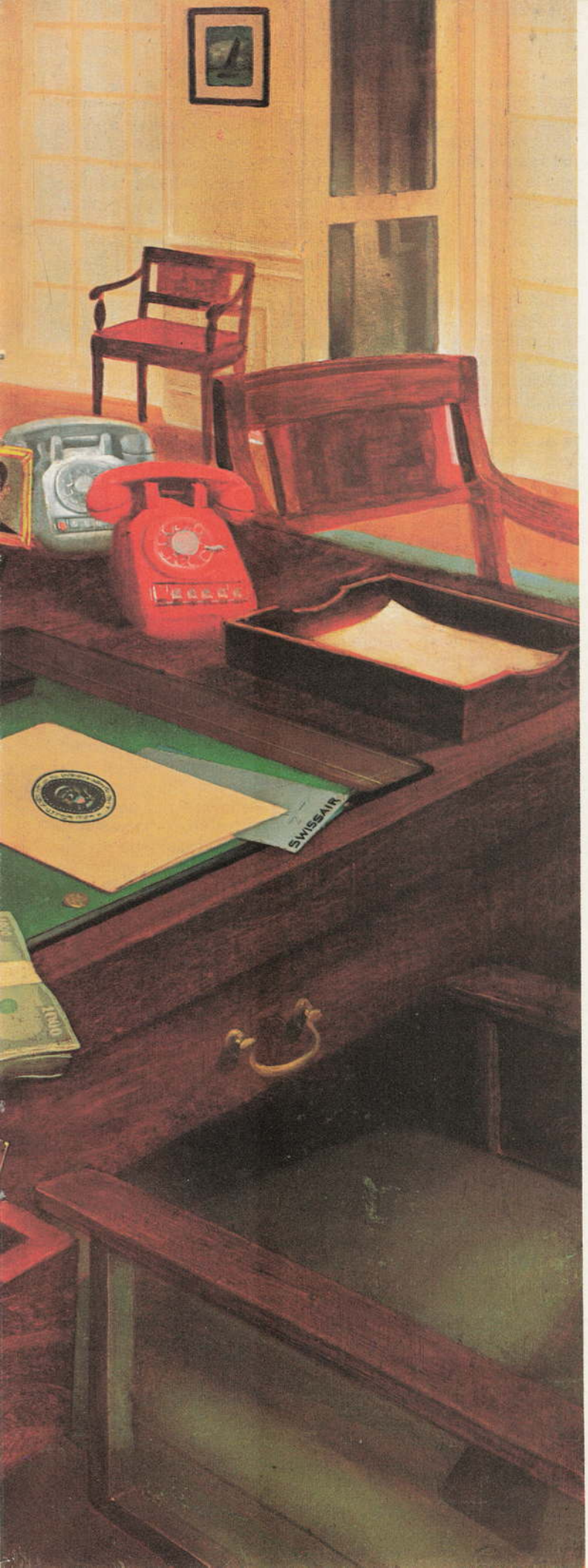
DICK,
BEST OF LUCK,
MEYER.



RICHARD M. NIXON AND ORGANIZED CRIME

By JEFF GERTH

"Organized crime will put a man in the White House someday, and he won't even know it until they hand him the bill."
Ralph Salerno,
former New York Police Department
expert on organized crime
and co-author of
The Crime Confederation

One Watergate-demonstrated lesson of Richard Nixon's presidency is the danger of surrounding oneself in public life with questionable associates. The exact relationship between those associates and their boss has been the quintessential question of Watergate.

Yet behind the shadows of Watergate lurks another series of questionable Nixon associations—those with the underworld. Rather than accuse Richard Nixon of wrongdoing, this report raises a series of questions and describes coincidences and associations that demand further inquiry by the public, the press, legislatures, and investigative agencies.

Through a number of important personal relationships and financial deals, nurtured in the recesses of his private life, Nixon has unexplainedly found himself both involved with and receiving favored treatment from associates connected with organized crime. The record of the Nixon administration in actions, decisions, and cases involving organized crime not only makes it difficult to separate the public record from the private life of Richard Nixon, but also forces us to heed Ralph Salerno's warning. Is Richard Nixon's involvement with organized crime the longest cover-up?

NIXON, THE TEAMSTERS, AND ORGANIZED CRIME

On February 12, 1973, in San Diego County, Teamster Boss Frank Fitzsimmons huddled with Lou Rosanova, identified by the FBI as a major Chicago Mafia figure. Several hours later, Fitzsimmons boarded Air Force One with President Nixon for a flight to Washington.

Somewhere within the classic alliance of money, power, and politics lies this particular sharp-edged triangle: the Teamsters Union and its treasure chest, the Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas Pension Fund; the shadowy empire of organized crime and its power; and the political fiefdom of Richard Nixon. Take away the glossy veneer from both the Teamster-financed gangster Xanadus and the various lavish "White Houses"(Western, Southern, and Washington), and you begin to glimpse the sinister forces that plague the highest office in the land.

An FBI agent who has been investigating widespread Teamster-Mafia financial deals told *Los Angeles Times* reporters Jack Nelson and Bill Hazlett: "This whole thing of the Teamsters and the mob and the White House is one of the scariest things I've ever seen."

Today the underworld is a shadowy empire held together by mutual arrangements, influence, and money. It uses various fronts —dummy corporations, attorneys, and clandestine foreign bank accounts—to protect itself in a maze of paperwork. It is the most successful of all American businesses, for with yearly revenues of at least $70 billion, organized crime is taking in about three times as much as General Motors.

Organized crime has quietly entrenched itself within all levels of the social structure, leading Donald Cressey, consultant to the President's Commission on Violence, to conclude: "The penetration of business and government by organized crime has been so complete that it is no longer possible to differentiate 'underworld' gangsters from 'upperworld' businessmen and government officials."

Since the Teamsters' exile from the rest of the labor movement for hoodlum domination in 1957, the nature of its relationship with organized crime has shifted from one of muscle to one of money, a change that parallels the transformation of the mob itself. By 1969 the billion-dollar Central States Pension Fund was considered the prime source of working capital for the mob, or as the *Oakland Tribune* labeled it, the "bankroll for some of America's most sinister underworld figures." The price for this sordid alliance remains high: kickbacks, widespread cronyism, payoffs, extortion, defaulted loans, bankruptcies, and an insecure financial base for the retirement needs of rank-and-file Central States Teamsters.

Teamster officials have consistently neglected the needs of their membership while catering to the desires of the underworld and certain political magnates. For example, the mammoth Central States Pension Fund is paying pensions to only a small percentage of retired union members, and an accountant hired by the Fund estimated that 60 percent of the membership will never receive their pensions. The Fund's assets of $1.5 billion have been reduced to almost zero liquidity because of innumerable defaults, bankruptcies, and unsound investment policies.

Frank Fitzsimmons has been President Nixon's closest ally in the labor movement. The protest early in the year by independent truckers, many of whom are Teamster members, found Fitzsimmons vigorously supporting the Administration. Earlier, on July 17, 1972, Fitzsimmons had huddled with other top Teamster officials, influential mob attorney Morris Shenker, and ex-con Allen Dorfman at the Teamster-financed, underworld hangout LaCosta Country Club before going up the coast to San Clemente to make the announcement of Teamster support for Nixon's reelection bid.

Jimmy Hoffa, the former Teamster boss and architect of the Pension Fund–mob alliance, boasted in his heyday of wanting to control "a bank in every city." Well, a look at the Miami National Bank, Hoffa's bank in that city, illustrates the close connections between organized crime and the Teamsters; and with its interesting links to Richard Nixon, this bank will also provide a useful starting point for an inquiry into Nixon's involvement with organized crime.

In 1959, three years after its founding, control of the Miami National Bank passed to the Central States Pension Fund, which had made a loan of over $2 million to the principal owner of the bank, Lou Poller. Shortly thereafter, a coterie of Hoffa-Teamsters associates became directors of the bank, and loans became available for numerous mob-connected ventures. In 1964, a loan to the bank from Sam Cohen, front man and associate of mob chieftain Meyer Lansky, gave organized crime a foothold in the bank. By 1966, the Teamsters loan had been retired and Lansky and company were in full control. (According to a 1969 federal indictment of Lansky, Cohen, and others, the Miami National Bank was used between 1963 and 1969 as a depository for millions of dollars in skimmed and illicit funds, money that also flowed in and out of the interlocking Exchange and Investment Bank of Switzerland. Cohen and Morris Lansburgh, another Lansky associate indicted in the case, have pled guilty. Lansky's case is still pending.) These indictments of nine top officers and directors of the Miami National in the 1960's are just part of its sordid legacy.

"An FBI agent said, 'This whole thing of the Teamsters and the mob and the White House is one of the scariest things I've ever seen.' "

In a 1967 real-estate investment in two residential lots in Key Biscayne, Richard Nixon found himself with a mortgage connected to men who were principals of the Miami National during the early 1960's. (More about this investment later.) In 1968, Nixon's presidential campaign manager for the state of Florida was a man who had been chief executive officer and director of the Miami National Bank from 1959 to 1963. In 1970, President Nixon appointed to the federal bench a man who had been director of the Miami National Bank in 1963 and 1964. As we shall see, one of that judge's first decisions helped keep Nixon's best friend, Bebe Rebozo, an important Biscayne banker and real-estate speculator, from testifying fully about the passage of stock stolen by the Mafia through his bank.

The well-publicized commutation by President Nixon of Jimmy Hoffa's thirteen-year sentence for pension-fund fraud and jury tampering is a convenient starting point for looking at the connections among Nixon, the Teamsters, and the mob.

Nixon's action on December 23, 1971, came four months after the U.S. Parole Board had rejected Hoffa's parole application for the third time. In his book *The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa*, former Justice Department official Walter Sheridan details at some length the roles played by presidential assistants John Ehrlichman and Charles Colson and Attorney General Mitchell in obtaining Hoffa's release from prison. (Sheridan also comprehensively documents Hoffa's twenty-five-year-long personal and business associations with leading figures of organized crime.)

Perhaps, it could be argued, in releasing Hoffa from prison two days before Christmas when an election year was coming up, Nixon only made an astute political maneuver. However, the flood of Watergate has brought to the surface at least eight other questionable actions by the Nixon administration on behalf of Teamster officials and associates who have connections with organized crime. So just as the June 17, 1972, break-in at the Democratic National Committee's headquarters in Washington was only the visible tip of the huge iceberg that has come to be known as Watergate, the December 23, 1971, commutation of Hoffa has proved to be the apex of a triangle labeled Nixon, the Teamsters, and the mob.

In April 1973, Denny Walsh of the *New York Times* revealed that FBI wiretaps had uncovered a massive scheme to set up a nationwide health plan for Teamsters, with members of the Pension Fund and organized crime playing a key organizational role and receiving lucrative kickbacks. But FBI requests for further wiretap authorization were turned down by the then Attorney General, Richard Kleindienst. Principals at meetings to discuss the plan had included Teamster boss Frank Fitzsimmons, Pension Fund consultant Allen Dorfman (the man often considered the main link between the Fund and organized crime), and various high-level figures in organized crime, including Lou Rosanova. On the weekend of February 10, 1973, discussions about the health plan were held at the La Costa Country Club in northern San Diego County, the Teamster-financed luxury hotel and spa considered by federal law-enforcement officials to be the leading West Coast retreat and meeting place for organized crime. On that same February weekend the trio of John Dean, John Mitchell, and John Ehrlichman were also meeting at La Costa, working out the details of the Watergate cover-up. After the details of their elaborate conspiracies were thrashed out, the La Costa schemers went their separate ways. Teamster boss Fitzsimmons hitched his ride back east on Air Force One the same day with President Nixon.

At the same time, in Chicago, the Illinois Legislative Investigation Commission filed an intelligence report that quoted a federal investigator as saying the Nixon administration had decided not to prosecute Fitzsim-

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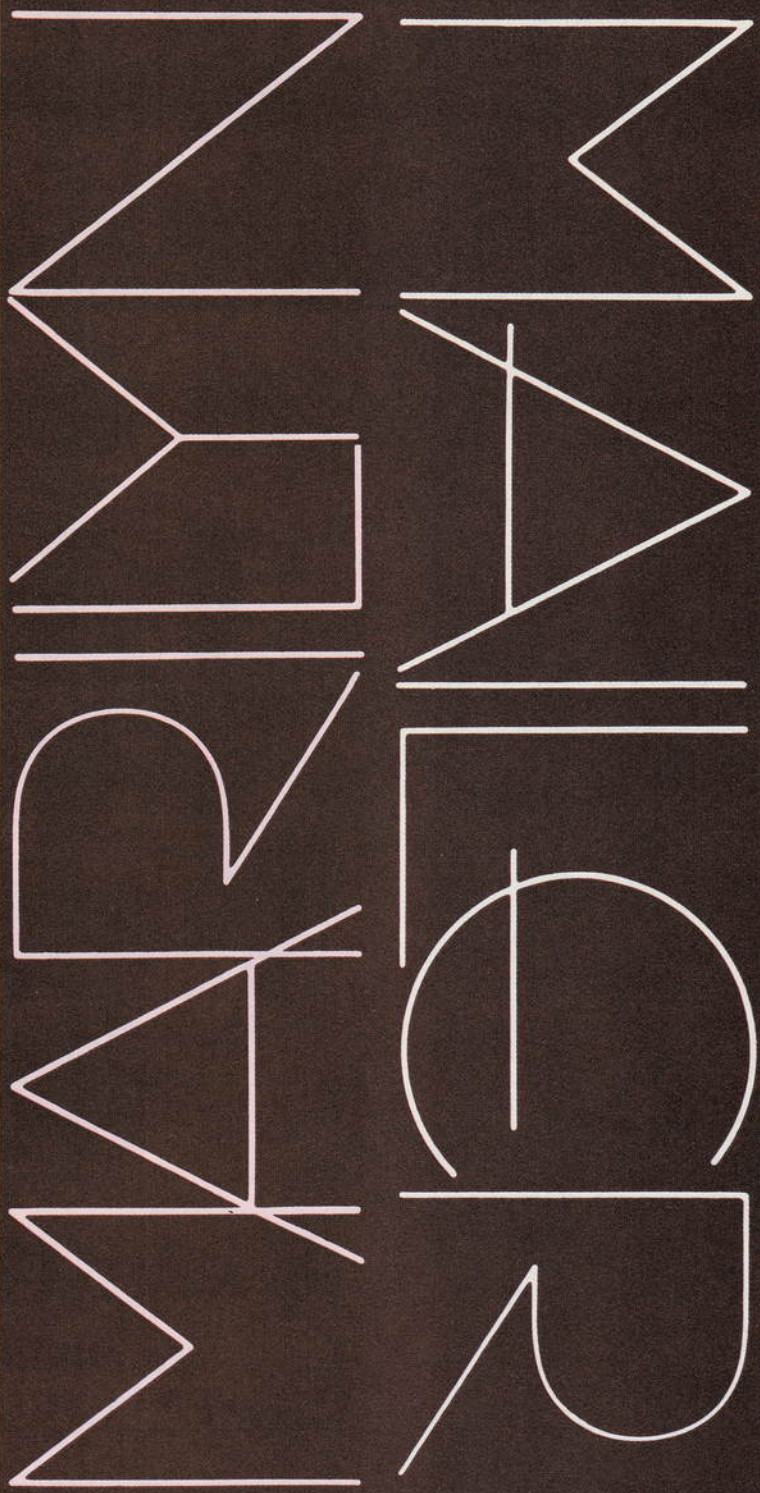
"....she was the last of the myths to thrive in a long evening of the American dream...."



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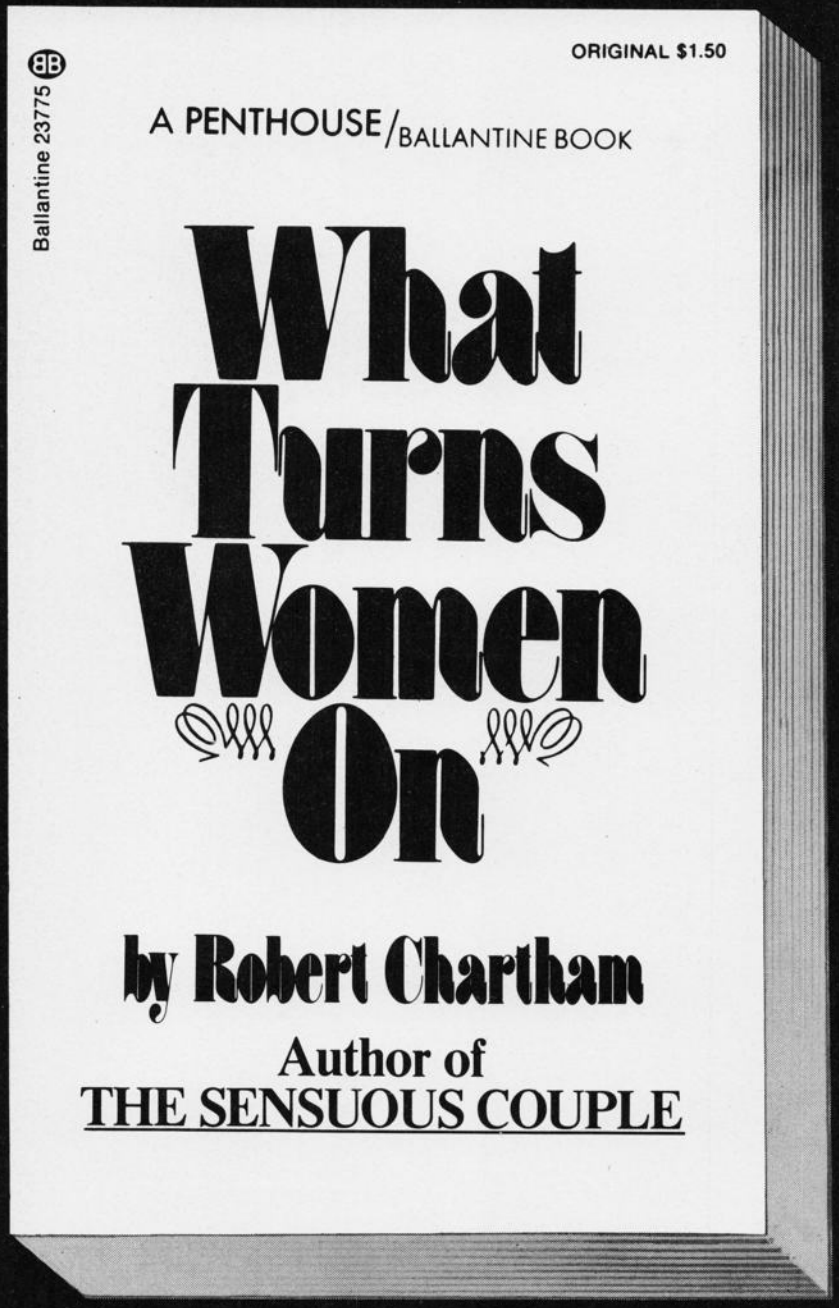

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mons's son, Richard (a Detroit Teamster official with close ties to organized crime), in a fraud case "due to the love affair" between Fitzsimmons and the White House. The report further stated that "any information pertaining to investigations of either the misuse of Teamsters' funds or illegal activities of Teamster officials is frowned on by Washington."

In May 1973, Jeff Morgan and Gene Ayres of the *Oakland Tribune* reported that a former top White House aide had interceded in the massive federal investigation of some Teamster leaders and their associates in the Beverly Ridge Estates scandal. (Beverly Ridge is a housing development in Beverly Hills that had received over $12 million in Pension Fund loans before going bankrupt.) That aide, the late Murray Chotiner—who at the time of the intervention was special counsel to the president—was reported to have called the U.S. Attorney in Los Angeles handling the investigation. (Chotiner, a controversial troubleshooting confidant of Nixon, had represented numerous underworld figures throughout his career.) The Beverly Ridge investigation ended in the indictment of only three men, all of whom pled guilty. One of the three, Leonard Bursten, a former director of the Miami National Bank and a friend of Hoffa's, had his fifteen-year prison sentence reduced to probation.

On June 1, 1973, the *Los Angeles Times* ran a lead editorial entitled "Nixon, the Teamsters, the Mafia." One administration action questioned by that newspaper, among others, was the approval by John Connally while Secretary of the Treasury of a moratorium on $1.3 million in back taxes owed the government by Dave Beck, a past president of the Teamsters Union and a man with strong racketeer connections.

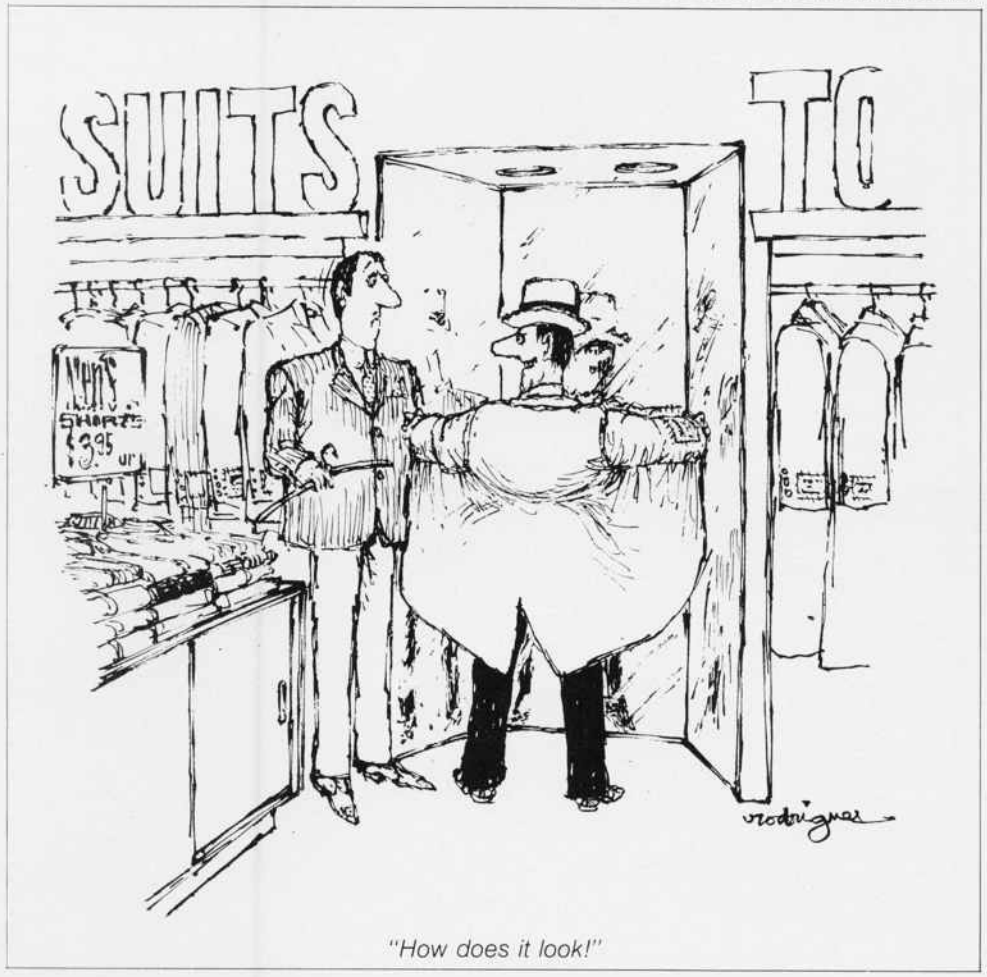
In his June 1973 testimony before the Senate Watergate Committee, John Dean submitted White House papers that revealed that a leading Florida Teamster official and contractor, Cal Kovens, had won an early release from federal prison in 1972 through the efforts of former Senator George Smathers, Bebe Rebozo, and Charles Colson. Kovens, who had been convicted in the same Pension Fund fraud case that jailed Hoffa and who later suffered a heart attack in prison, was a frequent recipient of Pension Fund loans. Among his Southern Florida projects was the Fund-financed ($12 million) Sky Lakes development in North Miami. Two of Sky Lakes's more notable residents were Frank Fitzsimmons and Allen Dorfman, and the owners of the development included Sam Cohen and Morris Lansburgh, close associates of Lansky.

Shortly after his release from prison, Kovens managed to scrape together $50,000 for the Nixon reelection campaign.

In July 1973, *Overdrive*, the magazine of the independent truck drivers, revealed two more prosecutions that had been killed by the Nixon administration. One of these involved a tax case against Morris Shenker. In 1971, *Life* magazine had called Shenker the "foremost mob attorney" in the country and alleged that his mob ties may have exceeded legal representation. The tax case against Shenker had been sent to Washington for a routine review after years of investigation and prior to charges being filed. But Attorney General Kleindienst proceeded to turn the case down, ruling "insufficient evidence." *Overdrive*, which has been in the forefront of the crusade against corruption in the Teamsters Union, reported that after Kleindienst's decision "the entire file of the Shenker case disappeared from Justice Department files in St. Louis." Shenker, it will be recalled, had sat in on the July 1972 meeting at La Costa that produced the Nixon reelection endorsement.

The second case cited by *Overdrive* involved a Teamster official in Milwaukee who was a trustee of the Pension Fund and a "close associate of organized-crime figures in the city," where "pressure from Washington" threw a monkey wrench into his prosecution for a $250,000 kickback for a Pension Fund loan.

On February 19, 1974, Allen Dorfman, a close ally of both Fitzsimmons and Hoffa and a man with considerable influence on the Pension Fund, was indicted in a $1.4 million Pension Fund fraud indictment. Dorfman, who had only recently served time in a previous Pension Fund kickback case, has, as we have previously said, long been considered the link between the Fund and organized crime. Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation were prevented from arresting Dorfman immediately following his indictment thanks to the efforts of his attorney, Jerris Leonard, a former assistant attorney general in the Nixon administration. Dorfman spent the ten days between his indictment and his arrest playing golf at La Costa with Lou Rosanova. And on the day of his indictment, Dorfman was with Frank Fitzsimmons at Palm Springs.



"How does it look!"

NIXON, THE BAHAMAS, AND ORGANIZED CRIME

While the combination of Nixon, the Teamsters, and the mob forms a clearly defined triangle, a clear picture of the relationship between Nixon, the Bahamas, and organized crime is more elusive. In some ways, however, it is an even more ominous relationship, especially as regards Nixon's personal presence.

Organized crime's beachhead in the Bahamas, a natural development after their large losses following the 1959 Cuban revolution, reached its fullest extent in the mid-1960's with the control, through the Bahamas Amusement Company, of three hotel casinos. By 1967, with a Royal Commission of Inquiry and magazines like *Life* leading the attacking forces, the reconstruction and investigation of organized crime's seven-year stranglehold on the islands had become high drama. The leading character

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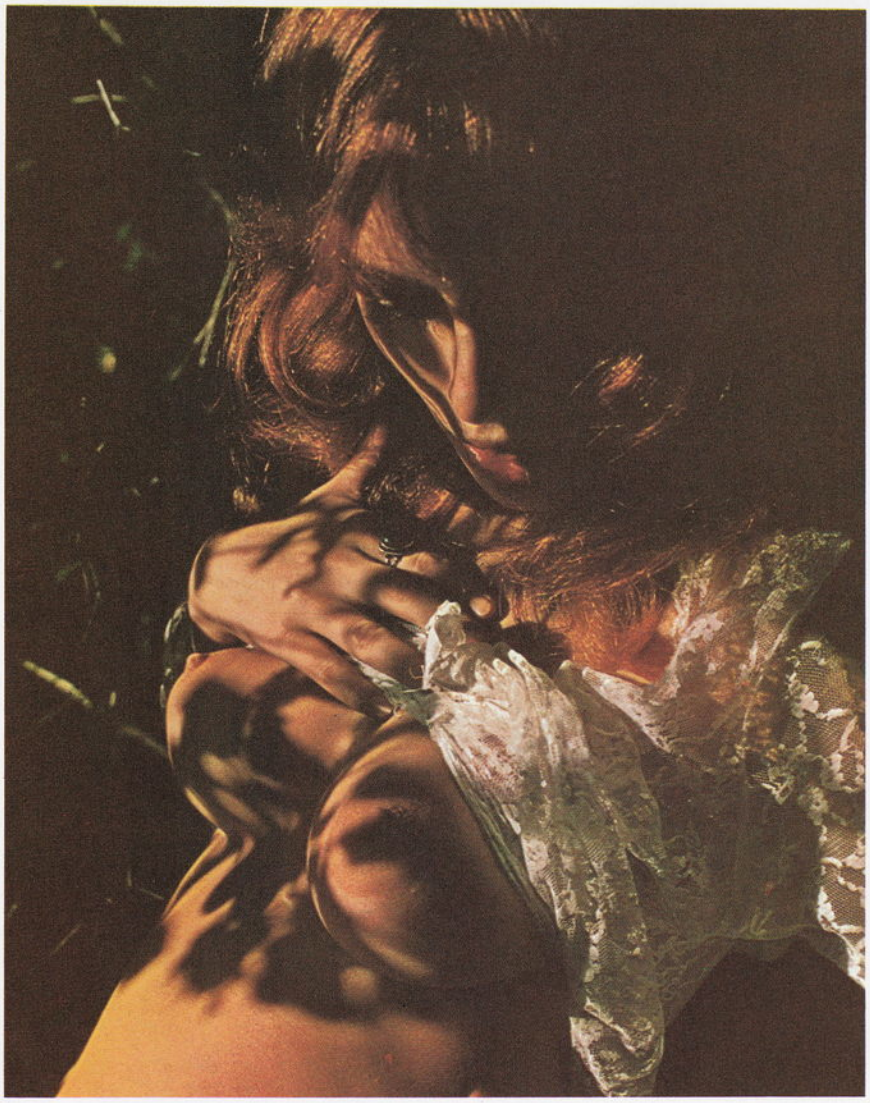
"My sexual feeling
is something special to me,
and I don't want
to have it fucked around with."

BRIGITTE BARES IT ALL

As anyone can plainly see, Brigitte Maier is a woman who lays to rest the myth that most actresses in pornographic movies are too old, too fat, and just plain too ugly. Now twenty-one, she's already caused a minor X-rated stir both here and abroad, and may very well become—in the hands of the right director—the next reigning queen of the pornographic screen.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



True to her calling, she's serious about her work. "I need the same basic resources to do beautiful erotic art that any other artist, sculptor, or musician uses," she says. Brigitte left California last year to develop those resources in Sweden and quickly got herself written into a European film—a big-budget 35mm production called *School For Scandal*. "It was really great," she says. "The setting was an old castle and we got to live there for six weeks."

Like most artists, Brigitte is reluctant to discuss the true meaning of her work. "Let the sociologists, psychologists, and journalists explain it all," she says. "I just live my art." But if you press her she will add that all her work is aimed at truth—sexual truth. "But you just can't explain sexual truth... that would be anticlimatic. You know it when you feel it."

After the Swedish experience, Brigitte went on to Holland where she met an Italian director with a strong personality and an eye for her obvious (36-24-36) talents. "He happened to turn me on... people gravitate to him and it soon becomes a love thing. This shows through in his films—he has ardent fans."

Everyone knows that porno stars are made, not born, and the director helped Brigitte explore the depth of her emotional potential. For instance, "He helped me discover some of my masochistic tendencies. I really freaked out—I had never been aware of them before. I used to divide the world into two categories—sadists and masochists. I couldn't be a sadist to men I look up to and idolize... and I'm turned on by people who present some kind of authority to me... sexually speaking, I would never dream of

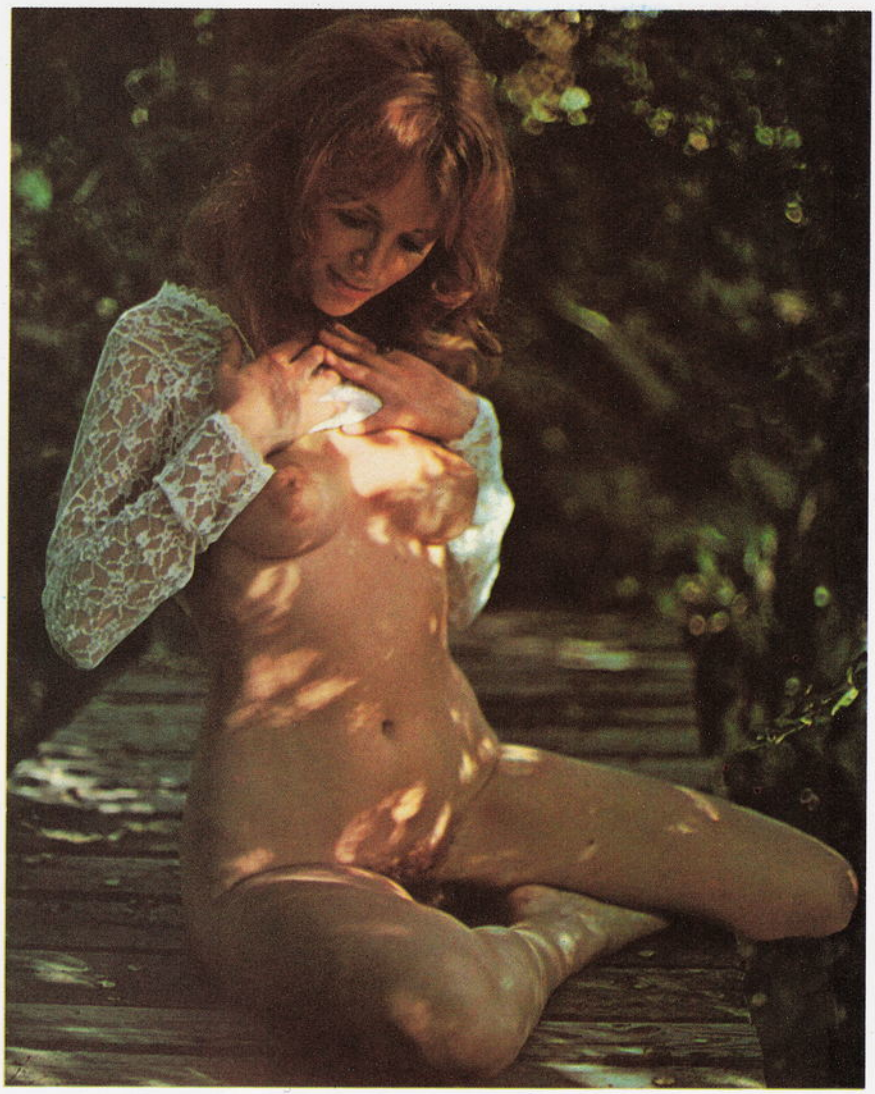
being anything but a bit of a masochist now.

"This has really helped me in my films. When your intimate involvement in sex is being displayed in front of a camera you have to be very aware of what you're doing, especially if the director wants a certain look, or a specific camera angle to create mood... but the feelings are the same as making love to someone when you're alone together. I know that making love before the camera turns some people on, but not me. I'm not an exhibitionist... I really get into the person I'm with. The fact that the camera is picking up the energy between us is an extra turn-on. But if I'm not with a person who excites me, it doesn't matter whether the camera is there or not. If I fuck that person it's just sex, and something is lost."

Even while she was in Europe, Brigitte kept up with all the developments on the American erotic art scene. *"Deep Throat* was a beautiful introduction to porno for the masses," she says. "It was a breakthrough. Everyone went to see it, and it showed all the housewives that they *can* really please their husbands. My favorite porno film so far is *The Devil in Miss Jones.* I think films like that are building toward a higher level in the art."

With last year's Supreme Court decision, though, the entire erotic-film industry has gone a little limp, and Brigitte is waiting for the time when repression of pornography will be lifted. Only then, she believes, can erotic art grow and fulfill its ultimate potential. "The Supreme Court decision is fucked... what else can I say? If I can become the porno queen of America, that's cool. But if it takes too long, I'll just be something else."

The courts may have slowed down Brigitte's rise to stardom, but she feels that's a temporary thing. She has her own ideas about the kind of movies she'd like to make. "My ideal fantasy film would show a woman really going all-out for her own pleasure. The American woman has been portrayed as being far too submissive, too mild, too



weak sexually. It's an 'I'll let you fuck me if you'll take care of me' sort of thing," Brigitte says. "We'd reverse that quickly in my fantasy movie."

Brigitte believes that Europeans are making better pornographic movies than Americans, because of their more open and permissive attitudes. "Americans can't seem to separate an enthusiastic porno film actress from a prostitute. I'm not a hooker—I just have fun! But in America, when I'm asked to do a porno film, I'm essentially being asked to turn a trick," she says. "In Europe, directors care about me and my emotions and feelings. Here it seems like sex is still treated as a taboo, as something unnatural. Fucking in American porno films seems staged and the camera just shows close-ups of a cock and a cunt. In America you go to a set and they want you to screw some guy you've never even seen before. It's too artificial. The Europeans try to capture feelings and emotions, so they show the faces and the whole body. Maybe it's because they take enough care to find people who are naturally attracted to each other.

"I did a shooting in London with a guy from Mexico City. He had so much style... aristocracy... dressed beautifully... long fingernails... got along great with everyone. You sometimes think such a nice guy might not be able to make it happen, but we got into a trip that was natural for us. I had met him a few weeks earlier and wanted him right away, but we didn't have a chance until the day of the shooting. He was very gentle and slow, and I really went wild—I didn't have to act at all."

Now back in California, Brigitte says she learned a lot in Europe—about both herself and her art form. "There were times in L.A. when I stayed up nights, crying and screaming that I'd never be in another porno film. I guess I became oversensitive. My sexual feeling is something special to me, and I don't want to have it fucked around with." In Europe, she says, she really got her concentration together. "Something magic happened." Brigitte, we breathlessly await the next reel.

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Almost everyone at the beach today has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't. **1.** Nope. He's Harmon Nee. Gimmick: His singing voice, that sounds like two chalk slates mating. Even his cigarette sings —every time he inhales, its multiple filter whistles "Dixie." **2.** Not Laura Enertia, beach queen. Gimmick: More movable parts than a Swiss watch. Has a waiting list for crew when she surfs. Smokes *Ms.* feminist cigarettes—whose taste just msses, too. **3.** Not "Bull" Gene Biceps. Gimmick: His waterproof makeup. Doesn't always hold arms that way—this morning he mistook spray starch for his underarm deodorant. Smokes his fat cigars down so far, the ashes drop behind his teeth. **4.** No. He's Tyrone Shulace, beach pest. The "58" stands for his I.Q. (He thinks "offshore drilling" is something the Marines do.) Smokes *Huff 'N Puff* superfiltered cigarettes. You have to draw so hard, an art diploma comes with them. **5.** Right. He enjoys the beach, not the beach crowd. Needs no fads or gimmicks in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Honest tobacco. Good, rich flavor. **6.** Unidentified frying object.

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THE VIETNAM VETERAN

Illustration by Bill Greer

VETS IN PRISON

By CORINNE BROWNE

Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden / Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler

"And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat. And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and offer him for a sin offering.

"But the goat on which the lot fell to be the scapegoat shall be presented alive to the Lord, to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness."—Leviticus 16:8-10

Murderers, rapists, forgers, burglars, dope dealers, and pimps—all across the country, men whose keepers call them "losers" are locked up with long terms to serve before they walk out into the wilderness of freedom. Many of these men are veterans. The 1970 Census reported that out of a total prison population of 196,429, slightly more than 99,000 were veterans. By 1973, 32 percent of the federal prison population were veterans, 11 percent of whom had served in Vietnam.

These younger soldiers lost their war; as civilians they have lost the peace as well. Of veteran-prisoners aged twenty-two to twenty-five in federal prisons, the average man dropped out of school in the tenth grade. About half of them were unemployed at the time of their arrests. Jolted into manhood, many came back from war to settle for boys' jobs. In Vietnam they dealt with the corruption of the war and guerrilla warfare by fighting all day and getting stoned at night. But back here we didn't want to hear about the battle; we were either ashamed or we didn't like the losing score. We turned our backs and the Namvet had to make his way. A shoddy GI Bill seemed hardly worth having. The Veterans Administration, with its red tape and old-soldier attitudes, seemed to be merely an extension of what the veteran had left behind with his bayonet. So many Namvets continued to do battle on a different battleground: they robbed—24.8 percent in federal prisons for auto theft, 12.3 percent for larceny; they dealt in drugs—11.5 percent are in for marijuana-law violations; they used drugs—7.7 percent incarcerated for narcotics-law violations. Some wrote bad checks, some built up dossiers at the FBI by opposing the war they had fought . . . some of them killed people. Jumpy, disillusioned, jobless, lonely, or hooked, they are men whose problems cut across all barriers—74 percent of these men in federal prisons are white, 24 percent are black—except the one that separates them from the rest of us: Vietnam.

The failure of the Veterans Administration to help these men results primarily from its inability to come to terms with the realities of the times and the new generation of veterans. Caught in a schizoid bind between admiration for the man who humped the bush and terror of the same man back on the streets with track marks on his arms, the Veterans Administration mirrors the government's and public's myopic and indifferent attitudes toward Vietnam soldiering in statements such as that of Dr. Charles Stenger, a psychologist who heads the Vietnam-Era Veteran Committee: ". . . unlike many other members of their generation, most Vietnam-Era Veterans have demonstrated the self-discipline needed to adjust to a highly regimented way of life and to cope with the many stresses of military service."

The fact remains that these men *are* members of our generation; they do not have their parents' faith in authority—the military, the government, or the middle-income dream. They are the youngest American soldiers we ever sent to war—85 percent completed high school and very few had significant work experience. They are our first men to return to emptiness where once there were free drinks and flowers, to downright hostility from people who watched them fight on dinner-time television. There are not enough of them to make a full-scale claim on the media-monopolized national interest; nor are their numbers so few that they will fade quietly into the flaking national woodwork.

Many of them are in trouble. They suffer from PVS (Post-Vietnam Syndrome), a condition the Veterans Administration knows about but doesn't like to acknowledge or take responsibility for dealing with; they have nightmares; they commit acts of violence during which they imagine themselves back in Vietnam; they can't make friends with people who "weren't there"; they drift, drink, take drugs, rob, pick fights in bars. Some of them cry. Over 49,000 of them have died back here since being discharged. Between 23 percent and 25 percent—or 500,000—have attempted suicide. According to a Veterans Administration-Department of Defense-sponsored study completed this year at Washington University in St. Louis, out of a random sample of 600 veterans, one in five had been arrested within six months of their return.

Leave the gold-domed State House behind, take Route 2 west from Boston. Signs to Lexington, Walden, Concord recall heroes and battles whose victories got the good road built. A winter hitchhiker in a battle jacket sticks his red thumb out and watches you go by. Water towers and smokestacks rise above a cyclone fence, its gates topped with twisted barbed wire. You stare. Everyone stares at a prison; everyone wants to get by at top speed and everyone wants to see inside.

Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Concord, opened in 1878, has 415 felons and misdemeanants, a "youthful-offenders institution."

Nicholas Genakos, the new superintendent, says, "I'm a veteran, but in my day we shot people instead of smoking dope." He grins, puffs on a Muriel. "Most of our vets tend to grasp the need for getting it together—they tend to get in line."

Dewey Hebert, thirty years old, is a veteran of Vietnam and an inmate at Concord. He works there as a clerk, which is what he was trained to do in the army. Dewey wears government-issue glasses, sneakers, and his old army jacket. He has dark hair, quick brown eyes, and a warm handshake. His first tour in Vietnam left him lonely; he came home to Maine to a $50-a-week bank teller's job (he had applied for eighteen others) and to friends who didn't want to hear his stories. ("I felt lost.") His second tour left him shaken. After six months in a pacification unit, Dewey was among the first to be sent out of Vietnam. ("They said we wouldn't have any protection from the enemy but we never had any to begin with.")

Hard times in a stateside garrison drove him to spend his savings at the racetrack. "I had $3,500, it lasted three weeks. I got back to the office, sat down and bawled like a baby. I tried to get counseling, but they said I was okay." The horses became a habit his paycheck couldn't handle. It was surprisingly easy to hold up a liquor store in a small town. "Every time I lost, I robbed another—twelve in all. I was very polite to my victims, put them at ease. I never got very much but it was enough to get back to the track."

Dewey is serving a three- to ten-year Massachusetts sentence, concurrent with a New Hampshire three-to-thirty. He has a general discharge under honorable conditions. Dewey's prison job carries quite a bit of pressure: as in the service, things must be done on time. He worries and works hard. He helps people with their problems and is a respected inmate. Only occasionally does a faraway look betray his loneliness. He hasn't solved his passion for gambling. He played poker in Vietnam. He smiles: "I gamble in here."

We walk quickly down halls, wait for automatic doors, and pass into a locked rectangular space. A guard stares down from a floor above. The area leads from the Outside to the Inside. We go through a long room lined with blue plastic chairs. At one end is a plain cross on a plain altar, at the other a desk and a guard. Sweet-eyed girls comb their hair and a black girl and her baby play with some little blocks on their prisoner's seat. Young men file in to meet them and sit leaning toward them, across their prescribed spaces.

We pass another checkpoint. An aging guard accompanies us to the section where social workers and counselors meet with inmates, to a room where two other veterans are waiting. "Leave this door open, now," the guard says as he eyes us. "Gotta go by the regulations!" He leaves.

A prisoner (he wishes to be called Joe Lake) served two years in the army, and has been in and out of prisons since his discharge in 1969. "All jails seem the same to me. They give you a job, send you out in the [prison] population. The job is not really a job. Like working in the laundry or doing tinsmith work. I made a couple of ashtrays. They should teach people a trade, something they can do on the outside."

Another prisoner, Bill Lavin, tips his chair forward from the wall. "Like what's he gonna do on the outside—make ashtrays?

They should let people earn money so they can have more than fifty dollars when they leave here. I see people goin' out and comin' back all the time. And crime doesn't stop when you get in here. Jesus, I had someone steal my *soap*! Steal my TV, man, make me proud!"

Like most men who were in Vietnam, each seems to know what the other is about to say, and they nod in agreement as they talk.

"We usually don't discuss Nam," Bill says. "I don't even like to talk about it."

"I had a friend in here," Joe says, "who'd been in Nam. I liked him. I don't look for other vets but I feel a sense of friendship with someone who was there. I didn't like him till I knew he was in Nam. It's like something we shared, and we tend to help each other."

Joe sits with his head slightly to one side. He speaks in a soft but intent voice. He is twenty-six years old, a small, strong man with medium-length hair, brown eyes, and a handsome face marked by deep lines around his mouth. He was thrown out of school because of poor attendance. His mother was disgusted with him. His father was dead. In the middle of the tenth grade he joined the army, did a tour in Germany, and reenlisted for Vietnam. "I was a demo man in the infantry in the Delta. We were in the field sometimes for a month. After two months I started shooting heroin. I was probably headed in the wrong direction anyway, but in Nam there were a lot of things I couldn't deal with. Like killing people.

"Out of 200 to 250 people in the company probably fifteen to twenty were shooting up. I think I kept my sanity by doing heroin. I was getting mixed up and it kept me sane; I wasn't getting high, I was getting straight."

He stayed straight enough to collect a Bronze Star. "We were the last platoon —twelve of us walking in a patrol line when we got hit. We fell back into the wood-line for cover. One guy was hit in the leg, he wasn't under cover. I went out and pulled him back, saved him. Like it was all a blank. Someone asked me later, 'What'd you do that for? You're crazy!' I was the closest. I wondered afterward why I did it, because I really didn't know him. I imagine I had shot heroin that day because I did it every day.

"You know, it's funny about Nam. Guards in here say, 'I was in Korea or in World War II, you don't see me freaked out,' but what they don't understand is that in their time the whole world was against drugs." Joe raises his hands and then drops them in a gesture of futility.

Back at Fort Benning, he ran through a series of AWOL's, trips to New York to cop junk, arrests, and wound up telling an army psychiatrist that he would sign whatever he had to in order to get out. What he signed were papers in which he agreed to accept an undesirable discharge.

"When I first got out, I went to the Boston VA Hospital, told them I was sick. They said they couldn't help me because I had a bad discharge and they couldn't allow me to take up a bed when there were people with honorable discharges who needed them. I thought the VA was for *all* vets. As far as I'm concerned it should be for someone who did his time. I'm trying to get my discharge changed but somehow I feel like I'm giving up my honor doing that; I feel lousy about it, I can't stand what they are, they're half the cause of my troubles."

Joe has spent nine months out of jail in the last four years. He's in now with five two-and-a-half-year sentences for forgery, larceny, receiving stolen property, and possession of heroin. At one point he was at the Boston State Hospital Drug Center, where he felt he was getting real help. After a month the Parole Board took him out and sent him to Concord. "The court said, 'You're going to a drug hospital and you don't have to worry, everything will be taken care of.' I came in here really sick, went to the hospital, they gave me one librium and put me back in my cell." The lines around his mouth sharpen into a bitter countenance and he speaks even more softly. "This is supposed to be a drug rehabilitation jail but there's no real drug program here. I'm getting worse, I'm screwed up again, I'm high all the time."

> Out of a random sample of 600 veterans, one in five had been arrested within six months of their return.

A guard at Concord, himself a Vietnam veteran, knows Joe and is familiar with his military record. "I feel that people like Joe are special cases. He's good people. His record's a hell of a lot more impressive than mine—he's got medals and he did a lot to be proud of. In my opinion he started out like I did, but then in Nam—always feeling like he's right but he's wrong, facing death daily—he turned to drugs. I feel he shouldn't be in here. Coming in here is like going to Vietnam. It's an abnormal atmosphere. The military should do something for people like Joe."

Bill Lavin, twenty-five, was thrown out of his Lynn, Mass., high school after a fight with his teacher. He joined the Marine Corps in 1967. He has three Purple Hearts, declined to receive the Navy Commendation Medal, and has an honorable discharge. Bill has close-set blue eyes and shiny dark hair that he ties back in a pony tail. He is tall and thin. He has large hands that he pushes into his pockets as he leans back against the wall and talks.

"Everyone in my platoon got wiped out. Twenty killed, thirty or so screwed up. A kid in my fireteam got his eye knocked out, he was standing there with it hanging out. The gooks threw a grenade and I laid over the kid—pulling my hero act." He looks down, embarrassed. "You're so tight, sixty people in a hole eating, shitting, sleeping together. I considered myself a unit, not an individual, over there."

While he was in combat, his company got a case of dog food in the mail with a note: "You people live like animals, why don't you eat like them?" He believes it was sent by draft-card burners or other longhairs. Back home, he initially couldn't stand those types. "It was like I seen all my people die for all these people here who were pieces of shit. The exchange couldn't be justified. It was a real heavy thing in my head that they had all died. Why me? Why am I here? I felt real melancholy, started drinkin', started dope."

But eventually he let his own hair grow. He applied for a job as a salesman at the gas company for which he read meters, but they told him to cut his hair and shave his beard. He did so but then was asked, "How do we know you won't grow it back again?" He quit. He narrows his eyes, remembering. "I feel like they made me eat my hand, cut my nose off. If I ever cut my hair for anyone again I couldn't live with myself as a man." He got into speed. "I was a real freak. I got down to 165 pounds—I'm skinny now and I weigh 215. My arms were burned out. I'd go seven days constant speeding, no food, every other day grab an hour's sleep. I was a walking maniac. I'd pass out a lot, got so good I knew when it was coming and I'd get down to the floor so I wouldn't hurt myself when I fell."

He got into fights. "Before Nam I'd give a guy a couple of punches, maybe give him a bloody nose. But after Nam I wanted your nose, your teeth, your head—I wanted all of you." Finally, low on speed and money, he and a friend held up two gas stations and were quickly captured. "It was like I was saying, hey, man, help, I need help, there's got to be some way I can get it. I didn't care about prison."

Free on bail while waiting trial, he began

to see a Boston VA social worker, Sarah Haley. She helped him start to come to grips with his problems. "If they had more people like her, it would make a big difference," he says. She still visits him in prison where he is serving a seven-year sentence, despite this June 1973 VA directive: "Routine visits to these institutions to provide interviews with inmates, except in unusual cases, are discouraged." It also says that social workers may visit prison officials to offer assistance and give out pamphlets concerning veterans benefits. Reports from veteran inmates indicate the visits and pamphlets are either limited or lacking.

The veterans' group at the Waupun State Prison in Wisconsin, where there are eighty-five veterans—about thirty of whom served in Vietnam—writes: "[We have] restricted access to the Veterans Administration. There are forms available at this institution for some claims, and social services staff has limited information on available benefits. But direct contact with VA reps is essential, in allowing a vet to be aware of existing benefits and programs, assistance in preparing information and claims, assistance in other matters a vet may not be able to take care of from in prison. We very much need clinical staff and programs directed toward the problems of vets. The drug and alcohol problems and the problems of service-related emotional and psychological experiences require people trained and experienced in dealing with vets."

William Birdsong, a Blackfoot Indian who is an honorably discharged, highly decorated veteran ("a hero to some and a killer to others") serving ten years for robbery, is vice-president of Veterans in Prison at the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla. He reports:

"At first we veterans as individuals were trying to get our benefits and were being blocked. Then as a group we started writing to the local VA office with no action, some wrote to Washington and got some action for what it was worth; they sent a VA officer to help us, we saw him once in six months so we started a drive to get every veteran to start writing letters to every VA office in the U.S. We wrote our bylaws and constitution and it was approved by the institution but we had no outside support so we wrote every VFW, DAV, MPH, DAR, AMVETs office we could and then we had help (*but not here in Walla Walla*). We kept up the writing, writing everyone we thought important, and we kept building until we are where we are today. We still have trouble getting forms (we get them 10 or 20 at a time) and as of this time we have a VA rep who comes to the prison about once every two months, stays about 20 minutes and goes home. We have been trying for the last year to get a book on discharges, to find out just what benefits each discharge has at this time."

Until recently the prison at Walla Walla deducted "room and board" fees from the GI Bill checks that vets received for education and training in prison. With legal help from the Seattle Veterans Action Center, a self-help, non-VA-funded group, the Veterans in Prison group went to court. The state attorney general's office stopped the practice and ordered the prison to reimburse the veterans.

On January 30, 1973, the nation's first American Veterans (AMVETS) post in prison was organized in the minimum-security section at Walla Walla. An AMVETS spokesman in Spokane says, "We feel that because a man made one mistake he shouldn't be penalized from joining a veterans' group." Veterans in Prison has given the power of attorney to the AMVETS post that helps them implement their goals, which range from the Veterans in

> When Bill was in Vietnam, his company got a case of dog food with a note: 'You live like animals, why don't you eat like them?'

Prison Institute of Academic Achievement to kite-flying contests. Veterans in Prison continues to grow and reach out into the "free" world; nevertheless, nothing in prison is easy.

In January I asked Bill Birdsong to have some of his members at the Washington State Penitentiary write me their personal stories. On February 2 he answered: "The letters the club had together—133—were 'lost' in the mailroom, and I am in the hole for raising hell about it. I'll be out in the morning so I'll be raising more hell for I can see no way in which that many letters can be 'lost' when the powers that be know what was in them. We have already started rewriting them and hope to have them in the mail by the 12th, I say hope. . . . The light in here is very bad, so I am sorry for the handwriting."

The letters have not come.

Jack McCloskey, founder of the San Francisco-based Twice Born Men, a Vietnam veterans' organization that helps men in and out of prison, believes that prison rehabilitation programs are doomed—they must take place, he says, on the street, in "real" life. Anyone in prison constantly looks back on his life, remembering only the good parts, building unrealistic expectations for his homecoming. When a man returns and finds himself unwanted, especially by his peers, the disappointment is overwhelming. This is true for a veteran returning from Vietnam as well as for a convict: a man wearing both labels bears a double stigma.

Our prisons are described by the National Council on Crime and Delinquency as "ineffectual, probably incapable of being operated constitutionally, themselves productive of crime and destructive of the keepers as well as the kept." Thus, it is unlikely that a man who has served time in both Vietnam and prison will be prepared to settle into useful citizenship.

At the San Francisco county jail, where an estimated 35 percent of the population are Vietnam veterans, Twice Born Men helps veterans enter non-methadone drug programs, nongovernment programs, aids them in schooling, jobs, and participation in various VA programs. Twice Born Men had more trouble getting approval from the VA for their activities than it did from the prison. In San Francisco, the largest number of veterans' offenses are for drugs and crimes against persons. McCloskey believes that instead of incarceration, there should be programs that deal with why a veteran is in prison. The reasons, he feels, are generally traceable to Vietnam.

There are no statistics that give the number of veterans who went from jails or reformatories to the military, but indications are that it is high. Often a judge would give a man his choice: the army or jail. The Marine Corps took men who were unacceptable to the other branches of the service, possibly on the assumption that a kid in trouble at home makes a wilder tiger in the field.

Some 43 percent of Namvets in federal prisons have not even been discharged from military service.

A man's discharge is a shaky basis for predicting how he will get along back home. In federal prisons 12.2 percent of Namvets have honorable discharges, 17.4 general, 13.9 medical, and 16.6 have other-than-honorable. A discharge doesn't necessarily tell the story of a man's military loyalty or endurance: 43.2 percent of those with other-than-honorable discharges completed at least twenty-four months of service. Nor is the discharge a barometer of a man's pleasures: 69.9 percent of those with other-than-honorable discharges do not take drugs, while for honorably discharged men the percentage is only 55.7.

The men who carried the combat load in Vietnam did not return to wealthy families or secure jobs or peaceful prospects of years in college. They came back to working-class lives, a lean job market, the same dirty cities; only now they had some years of absence to make up. There were habits, friends, and roots to reestablish. But the taste of war was in their mouths and in their hearts they felt that they had been used. So they found their way into our prisons. Judges and juries, who are generally older, middle-class people, have little understanding or sympathy for long-haired, freaky kids who reputedly smoke dope and live in communes; and if a young man is a Vietnam veteran it merely adds to their suspicions. Jack McCloskey believes that courts are generally prejudiced against a man if he is a Namvet. If he is a war hero, a guy who returned to write-ups in the local paper, the judge is incredulous—how could a man with a record like yours do a thing like that? The answer lies not in the heroics or the medals, but in the dirty, senseless war they fought.

There are by last count 2,005 Vietnam-veteran self-help projects. Most of them are still unable to operate within prisons; partially because of the difficulty of getting in, and partially because the drive to find imprisoned veterans is still quite new. A survey on incarcerated veterans by the Veterans Service Center of Southwestern Illinois has elicited data from departments of correction in twelve states (fourteen others have filed "No Response"). The figures range from 3,847 in Texas to forty-one in North Dakota. Georgia reports a total of 2,048 (1,347 Vietnam veterans) with 36.6 percent having Bad Papers. Of these, 22.7 percent have committed crimes against persons, and 47.1 percent crimes against property.

The Veterans Service Center is planning prison programs that include working with parolees and men on probation and setting up halfway houses.

In Utah the Office of Veterans Affairs at the Department of Social Services runs a day-release program at minimum-security state prisons for some two hundred veterans who go out to school and vocational training that is paid for by their GI benefits. Men in medium-security institutions take classes in prison. The program is a year old. So far, more than 80 percent of the men have found jobs. Since April 1973, according to Adlert Robinson at the Office of Veterans Affairs, *none* have returned to prison. He adds that most of the men were in for such drug-related crimes as robbery. Halfway houses have been established for a prisoner's last six months of sentence. These allow a man to attend school or get job training and live outside. The regional VA cooperates in this project.

According to Jack McCloskey, the effectiveness of VA help depends on the quality of the regional VA. The San Francisco VA is attempting to close the gap between the bureaucracy and the Namvet by allowing a younger psychologist to work with Twice Born Men and to take part in what is popularly known as "outreach"—finding the troubled veteran before he drops in off the street to say he's about to kill his wife.

Don Kemp, a twenty-seven-year-old Namvet, holder of a general discharge with honorable conditions, has been convicted of the first-degree premeditated murder of his wife. It is an event he says he does not remember because of drink, drugs, and his psychological condition at the time. He is serving a life sentence at Waupun State Prison in Wisconsin. He wrote the following after he returned from Vietnam:

"Life has been a super drag, since I got back from Nam. I looked all over hell for a goddamned job but no one is hiring machine gunners. Unemployment compensation couldn't keep me in dope for more than a day. So I tried to rip off a drugstore. I don't know what happened after that, but I woke up in a hospital room, surrounded by steel mesh. Some dude told me they brought me in, drunk on my ass, and some shit about marching three pigs, at gunpoint, into the cop shop, announcing that I had attacked and captured two enemy F.O.'s and their radioman. Shit like this happens all the time. A drag. I can't keep a chick, because they all think I'm crazy. They all think it is weird that, when we want to ball, I can't get a hand-on unless we go behind some car wash. Sometimes, I figure, what the hell, I can dig up some chick who works in a car wash. But that didn't work either. I have thought about jerking off, but I can't hack long relationships. . . . I kept having wet dreams about Alice Cooper being ripped off by J. Edgar. I could dig Alice Cooper, but every place I looked I saw J. Edgar. I got cracked for causing a public disturbance, once. I was trucking through the alley, when some son of a bitch turned on the shit with a pneumatic jackhammer. I don't know what happened after that, but I woke up in a VA Hospital, strapped to a bed. Some shrink said some bullshit about me attacking some construction worker, with a shovel. At least I still get free dope from the VA Hospital. Since then, it has been getting worse all the time. I put in 30 days, for kicking in a juke box, which was playing a Freddy and the Dreamers album. Two years probation for patrolling the KK River, at 2:00 in the morning, with a .22 rifle. Fucking pigs tried to run me out of town, for selling dope, but I beat that. So here I am, trucking town, wired out of my skull, with a .38 cobra, $600 worth of junk, and no hard-on."

> The Marines seemed to assume that a kid in trouble at home makes a wilder tiger in the field.

In sharp contrast to public VA and military reports on the low incidence of Vietnam veterans' readjustment problems are the unpublished VA studies that show what the government knows: of approximately 2.6 million men who served in Vietnam, one in five has "serious and prolonged readjustment problems" and "to a lesser degree," these problems "were experienced by all" of the returnees. Dr. Stenger wrote last summer that because only a small percentage of these men have sought or received mental health psychosocial services, "The consequence includes major economic and social cost to society stemming from the failure of these veterans to make effective readjustment as well as the personal adverse psychological effects on the veterans and their families."

Who will pay? The figures mount up from the beginning: $50,000–$60,000 to send a man to Vietnam for a year; $22,000 to keep him in a VA hospital for a year; $8,000 and up to keep him in prison for a year. The taxpayer pays in dollars. The families pay in agony. The veteran pays with his life. Note Stenger's phrase, "failure to adjust." Does it imply blaming the veteran? Men got over two world wars and Korea to carry on our traditions. What's the matter with these men? We tend to blame our victims: people are poor because they won't work, blacks are uneducated because they are lazy. Now we have a new victim, the Vietnam veteran. It is convenient to blame him for his failure to live and go to school on $250 a month or to land a job in a glutted market or even just to *like us better.*

Asked last year how he thought returnees' "serious and prolonged" readjustment problems might be solved, Dr. Stenger pontificated: "I assume that in the great American tradition they will function independently and make their own way in

society." Today thousands of men wander the Thorazine world of hospital halls or stare out from behind bars at the world they fought to stay alive to live in.

Rick Libertine leaves Milwaukee a lot—he sticks on his cap, sticks out his thumb, and goes. Kicked out of school in the tenth grade, on parole and in trouble, Rick could have gone to jail for five years. When they told him the army was only three, "a three-year, live-in job," he joined the next morning. In Vietnam as a medic, he spent four months in the field with an armored unit. He was shot down on helicopter missions eleven times in Laos during June and July 1971. Back home with a General Discharge 46A ("apathetic outlook on life"), he couldn't get a job so he traveled about, was arrested for hash, went to the Kansas City (Mo.) House of Corrections, where he was harassed by guards until he agreed to be injected with malaria as part of a medical experiment program. He was given $45 and fifteen days' good time.

While hitchhiking, Rick sees many accidents; once he was walking near a six-truck collision and he patched up the victims before the police got there. He got in trouble for doing it.

Potential employers say he's either overqualified or underqualified, so he keeps moving, takes what he needs with him. If you're driving you might see him; you'll know him by his black medical bag.

Follow the smog stream east of Los Angeles to the San Gabriel Valley, "Prison Valley." During winter at the Men's Correctional Institution at Chino, the Santa Ana sweeps the grounds; inmates work at maintenance, in the dairy, at installing the new radar security system that will guard them. As you drive by the prisoners look up at you, angry, bored, sullen.

At Chino there is a unique program run by outside men who train inmates to be professional deep-sea divers.

One diver is Glen Harmon, a wiry man who looks older than his twenty-six years, and who dropped out of college and went to Vietnam in 1965. He is a shy and quiet man with a Southern Baptist background; when we first sit down he says he doesn't believe he has much to say. Like many other Namvets he is reluctant to name the medals he received and suggests I write to his mother for his military record. He remembers battles with pain, like Hill 875 in November 1967:

"We had come up the hill in four lines. We regrouped inside the perimeter. We were discussing what to do when two of our planes dropped two 500-pound bombs right in the center of our perimeter. All our officers were killed, most everyone was wounded. All the medicine was gone after the first hour. On the third day we ran out of food and water. Most of the wounded lay there for four days. You could hear 'em screaming all night and all day for water. We lost a lot of planes trying to get them out and we could hear Americans firing trying to get up on the ridge to help us. Most guys thought they were going to die. On the fifth day they broke through the lines and on the sixth day we charged the hill. Out of four hundred men, sixty or seventy were left.

"Once a person is resigned to die it changes his character. My friends dying bothered me a lot more than the idea of my dying. I had two real close friends in Nam, I put their bodies in bags. Now I don't like people getting too close."

Discharged honorably, Glen came back to California, worked in the post office, was hospitalized with malaria he contracted in Vietnam. He worked as a cook, ran a restaurant, got bored, and sold it. One night he went fishing with a couple of other guys, got drunk, held up a couple of bars, and

I hold two real friends in Nam, I put their bodies in bags. Now I don't like people getting too close.

then drove through town "shooting off guns." They were caught the same night.

"Nam gave me a cynical taste for doing things a little exciting. I didn't care what was happening when I robbed. I didn't care to look to the future."

After plea bargaining, Glen's sentence was reduced from armed robbery to grand theft and he was given a sentence of six months to ten years. Sent first to Vacaville, he has been at Chino since December 1971. If he gets a job, he will be paroled sometime this year.

Most men at Chino are not fortunate enough to be in a school that will send them out to a good job. David Franklin Holmes III, a thirty-three-year-old black man and an ex-Marine, is lead man in the main kitchen, works eight and one-half hours, six days a week. He earns $18.50 a month.

He is a large, handsome man. He talks quietly, and when he smiles he makes the large parole board meeting room where we are sitting seem peaceful and safe.

In Vietnam David spent most of his time in the jungle. "A lot of guys flipped out—couldn't take the monsoon and the rats. Those rats would get into bed with you at night, looking for a warm place. We had a lot of pets. We had to have something. Some guys had gorillas; they'd keep them in the tent, inspector would come by and there'd be an 800-pound gorilla standing there! A friend of mine took his gorilla out with him on patrol.

"In Nam you never knew who was the enemy. The same guy who cut your hair was the guy you shot in the night. One night I woke up in the dark. There was a Vietnamese right at the foot of my bed, ready to slit throats. I yelled, he ran, the last man in the tent grabbed him, cut his head off with a machete.

"A whole bunch of us went in together and a whole bunch of us didn't come back together. I guess someone had to be lucky. I ask, Why me? Especially now being here in the pen. A lot of men in the pen wouldn't probably be here if they hadn't gone to war. It just puts you in the killer mood to see your buddy lying there dead.

"When a guy comes back it's difficult for people to be around him. They keep wondering, will he flip out? When I came back I didn't want to talk to anybody, I just wanted to forget. I stayed to myself."

Back in North Carolina, David received an honorable medical discharge. He went to San Diego, where he got in trouble with the law on a variety of charges that he convincingly denies. He was sentenced to from six to fifteen years. He attributes his troubles to having associated with the wrong people.

He did time at Vacaville, where he worked in the archives. "I read part of a medical jacket that got in there probably by mistake. A guy got $2,500 for giving them a piece of his heart. They wanted to see if that part could live under different conditions. You see people up there walking around who look like mushrooms—they shoot them with Prolixin, Thorazine. They're weird, they've got no conversation; you see them go outside in the caged area and fall on the grass and fall asleep."

At Chino there is a program called Prison Preventers. Members go out to speak about themselves and prison. One of them is James Moore, Jr., twenty-nine, an ex-navy hospital corpsman who served with the Marines in Vietnam, 1965–66.

James spent a MASH-like year in field hospitals in Vietnam. "The staff was competent but supply was nil. We used to have to hop planes to Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines to *steal* stuff!"

James spent his second year aboard the carrier Kitty Hawk, where he developed colitis and psychological problems. "After

Nam I began to be bitter about the military establishment. Like sometimes we'd patch up a Cong, the American advisors would come and say they were going to take him to prison, put him in the chopper, and after they'd taken off we'd see the stretcher fall out. We were just as barbaric as they were and it happened all the time."

Once out of service, James worked as a guard at the prison at San Luis Obispo. His father, who had been a guard for twenty years, and his wife, who was worried about stability with two children, talked him into it. "I dislike it. Seeing people locked up affected me; most of the staff were negative and in '67 there was still a fair amount of 'knuckle therapy.' I couldn't bring myself to say I wanted to be a nurse, though. I'd hate my work all day, take it out on my wife at night. I'd go into kind of psychological rages, I'd never know what was going to happen. I went to the county medical association, told them I might end up killing my wife—that I couldn't handle things. They sent me to see a sociologist. I saw him once and then he went on holiday."

After a month's separation from his wife he returned to look for her. "Everything exploded, I was out of reality. I shot her seven times with a 30-30. I don't remember it."

James pled guilty to second-degree murder, was sentenced to five to life.

No open road leads to the New York Detention Center they call the Tombs. It looms beside the courthouse in lower Manhattan where streets bustle with the hustle of small businesses that live off big businessmen and city men who stream downtown to work. In order to get in you speak through a slot in the heavy door; you state your name and purpose and if you don't speak English you tend to shout. The officers on the ground floor are only recently armed because the new fear is the fear of people on the outside breaking in.

A few years ago the people on the inside tore the metal legs off the tables, broke the windowpanes between the bars, set fire to everything that would burn, threw soap on the floors so they were slippery as glass, and held guards as hostages for several days. The riot released the secrets of the Tombs—men who slept on floors without blankets, mice in the food, the agonies of going cold turkey, marks left on bodies by driven, sometimes sadistic guards, bodies hanging in cells, months and sometimes years spent with nothing to do.

On the eleventh floor, where some of the men who were held hostage have never been able to return, is the library. It is part of an attempt to create education programs for some six hundred men who are detained here, awaiting trial, sentence, or transfer. Outside in the hall hangs a formal painting of an old man in a cabin, done in the days when only a "talented person" could avail himself of art supplies. Inside the library, bright murals with pictures of men with Afros and beautiful women tell more than words about today's prisoner. Steven Atkinson is an artist at the Tombs. He paints colorful doll-like figures, pictures you would like to hang in a child's room.

Steve is a tall black man who speaks almost inaudibly because of a hearing problem. He wears glasses, clean denim overalls, and a dark-blue sweater, the sleeves of which are too short. He was drafted in 1967, had to leave his job at Grey Advertising where he was working in public relations. In Vietnam he was wounded, hospitalized for three months, and had three operations for shrapnel wounds. His face still swells when it rains, he is partially deaf, and sometimes he blacks out. He received a medical discharge with all benefits.

"I didn't like being in Vietnam. I feel I don't have enemies there, all my enemies are here. If I can't go down South to school, why should I go over there and fight somebody who never did anything to me? In some of the villages they had signs: 'Go Home Blacks, Your Fight Is Over There.' I'd like to go back to Vietnam and live. Why not move the people from the ghettos over there?"

> Vietnam gave me a taste for doing things a little exciting. I didn't care what was happening when I robbed.

Back in New York, Steve couldn't get back his old job. He went to work in the mailroom at a stock brokerage house. "I didn't have any trouble getting a job when I said I'll take anything."

He got VA checks for a couple of months after Vietnam but "lost contact" after he moved. Now he receives nothing.

He wanted to get back into advertising so he took a menial job with an advertising firm. He had a wife and child to support and he owed money. His wife was attacked in their building, cut in the neck, and Steve was convinced his "creditors" were warning him to pay back the money he owed. "I decided to get the dudes their money. I knew nothing more about robbing than I'd seen on television. Went down to the Hotel Drake, went up to someone who was going in the door, they didn't have any, and they called the police. I was running, heard a whistle and the police jumped out of the car. I came straight to the Tombs.

"I was out on bail when they came to my house with another robbery they said I did in June. Every time I was supposed to go to court it was postponed because they were looking for another robbery to pin on me. When I got to court I got another robbery —the day I was supposed to have done it I was in *court*. My wife was pregnant.

"The second robbery was supposed to have been done by a person 5'11" with a scar on the right side of the face. I'm 6'4" and my scar's on the left side. They claim I did three robberies; I only did one."

Steve has been sentenced from one to twelve years. "I'll be going upstate. My wife is on welfare now because she can't work with the new baby. I've only seen her once since November. The world doesn't stop on the outside and it's an awful long time for a woman to wait."

Cross the East River and head out through Queens to smaller, tighter towns, and rolling countryside. Wherever you go in America there are prisons—federal prisons, state prisons, county jails, city jails, workhouses, work camps. They are full of the old and the young and thousands of them are young men who fought for something in Southeast Asia sometime during the past decade. Some of them left jail for the jungle; some of them reversed the process; still others have done both. Double time, double jeopardy: a Namvet with a record. A guy who got hooked in the bush and who robbed in the street back home. A guy who lost the friends with whom he ate, drank, smoked dope, slept, and cried, who came back and blew his wife away. A guy who pinned his medal on a corpse, came home with a bad paper and stuck a gun in a bartender's face. A guy who stitched up what the booby trap left on and came home to hear he didn't qualify, who wanders now from petty offense to petty offense, from jail to jail.

Some of these men are out on parole, some are doing heavy time. They are not in "white-collar prisons" with draft resisters and government aides. They shouldn't be where they are, but they're our newest minority, so that's where we put them, along with all the others.

If you drive on upstate, and you pass the guy with battered combat boots and a thumb out, you probably won't pick him up —no one says you should, the law says he shouldn't be there anyway. But if you do, chances are you'll hear a story.

When the World War II Vets came home there were bands, kisses, jobs and education for the asking.

Last year their sons came home from a war which was in many ways far worse. And they're getting cold shoulders, slammed doors, few jobs and less money for education, subsistence or anything else.

It's the basic things that hurt . . . the lack of money for rent or education or even food. But it's the little things that finally break you . . . like the late check that the VA says is due to some computer foul-up or the lack of transportation money to get to job interviews. And you don't want a public dole.

Our forgotten men can't wait. They cannot wait until it gets straightened out in Washington. That's why we've set up the Veteran's Emergency Fund. We won't be around next year asking for your money. We're just what we're called: an Emergency Fund. Set up right now to provide emergency subsistence to the Vietnam Vet while he gets on his own two feet again. Funding will be disbursed in the form of outright grants or short-term no-interest loans and will be administered by the non-profit Kharma Foundation.

OVER THERE THEY GOT A HELPING HAND

OVER HERE THEY'RE GETTING THE FINGER

Send them a message. A dollar or two or maybe five from you could be just the message one of these guys needs at this crucial moment: somebody out there still cares!

Whether you were a hawk or a dove on the war . . . you can't turn your back on the guys that went over there and fought it!

Send whatever you can today. For the returned Vet, the Vietnam emergency is not over.

To: Vietnam Veterans' Emergency Fund
Kharma Foundation
1414 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019

I'm enclosing a check made payable to the Kharma Foundation – as a donation to the Vietnam Veterans' Emergency Fund. Please put me on the mailing list of your quarterly Vietnam Vet Newsletter—The Voice of the Veteran.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ 774

A Penthouse Social Service Ad

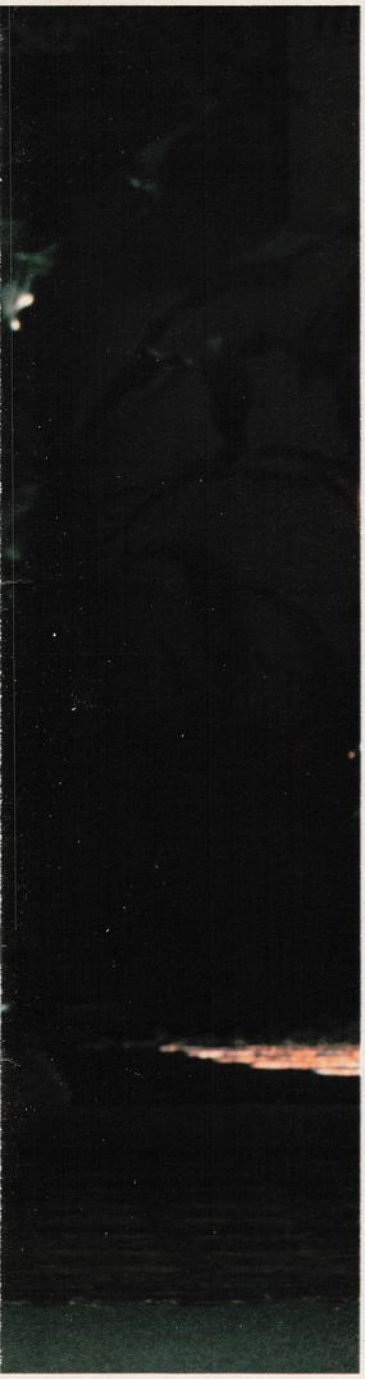
BARBIE

"I get off best of all on aggressive men.
That's what man is... the aggressor—
and that's what I like."

LADY OF THE LAKES

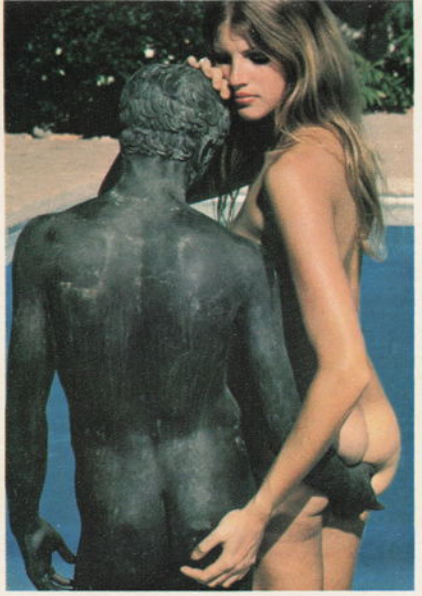
"Making love in the water is a fantastic experience. The sea goes on and on—it's never ending. The warm waters splash and cover you with love, and the last thing you remember is that incredible blueness coming apart...."
Sun and sand, earth and water are the basic ingredients of life for Barbie Lewis, whose affair with water began as a child

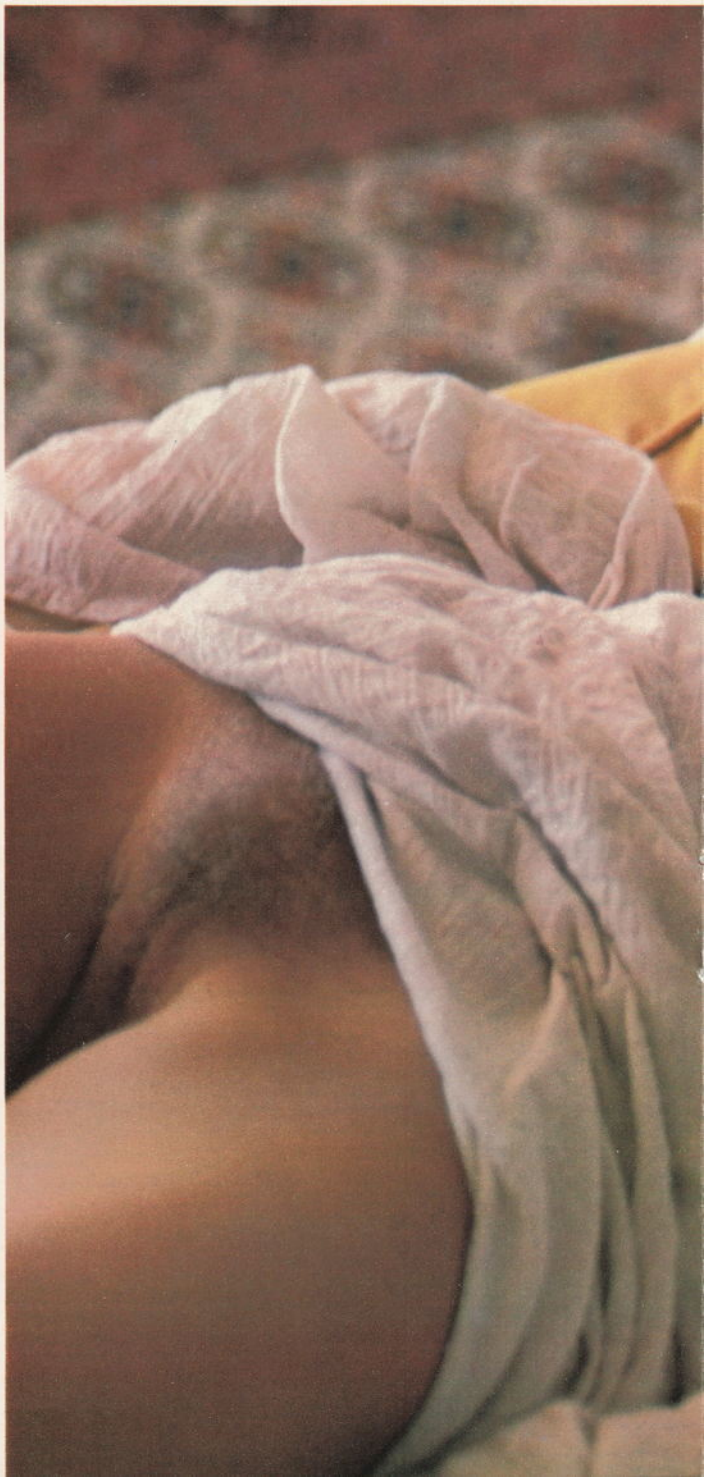
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE BROOKS



growing up in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. "When I was a kid, I used to spend all summer at a cabin by the lake—swimming, boating, fishing. They couldn't get me out of the water. By my early teens I was an accomplished swimmer, and in high school I won all the races I entered." Butterflying and freestyling her way to victory in pool after pool, Barbie accumulated more medals and ribbons than she could count and even cherished hopes of making the U.S. Olympic team. "But," she says ruefully, "that didn't happen and I never got a blue ribbon for making love in the water either." She's working on perfecting the technique anyway, she says. That may not be an Olympic event—yet—but it's close to what Barbie loves best. Her zeal for sun and water and the endless summer led her to St. Thomas, and the

privacy of those quiet Virgin Island beaches where she could skindive with absolutely nothing to impede her naked freedom. "It's so far-out, exploring under the ocean, knowing that it's existed like this—timeless and unchanged—for eons. Watching the sea creatures in their own element, I envy the smooth perfection of their movement, refined over all those millions of years of development. And for me, it's an incredible high to be naked, running, or sunning on a secluded beach—an exhibitionist for all of nature to see. I go wild just being near the surf. There's no greater feeling in all the world than the wind and the sun





against your bare skin—unless it's the feel of the man who's really closest to you. Nakedness is—for me at least—a total and complete release. When I strip off my clothes, I feel as graceful and free as an angelfish hovering weightless in crystal clear water. All my pent-up emotions seem to be released like a flood tide, and I feel like making love with my man forever."

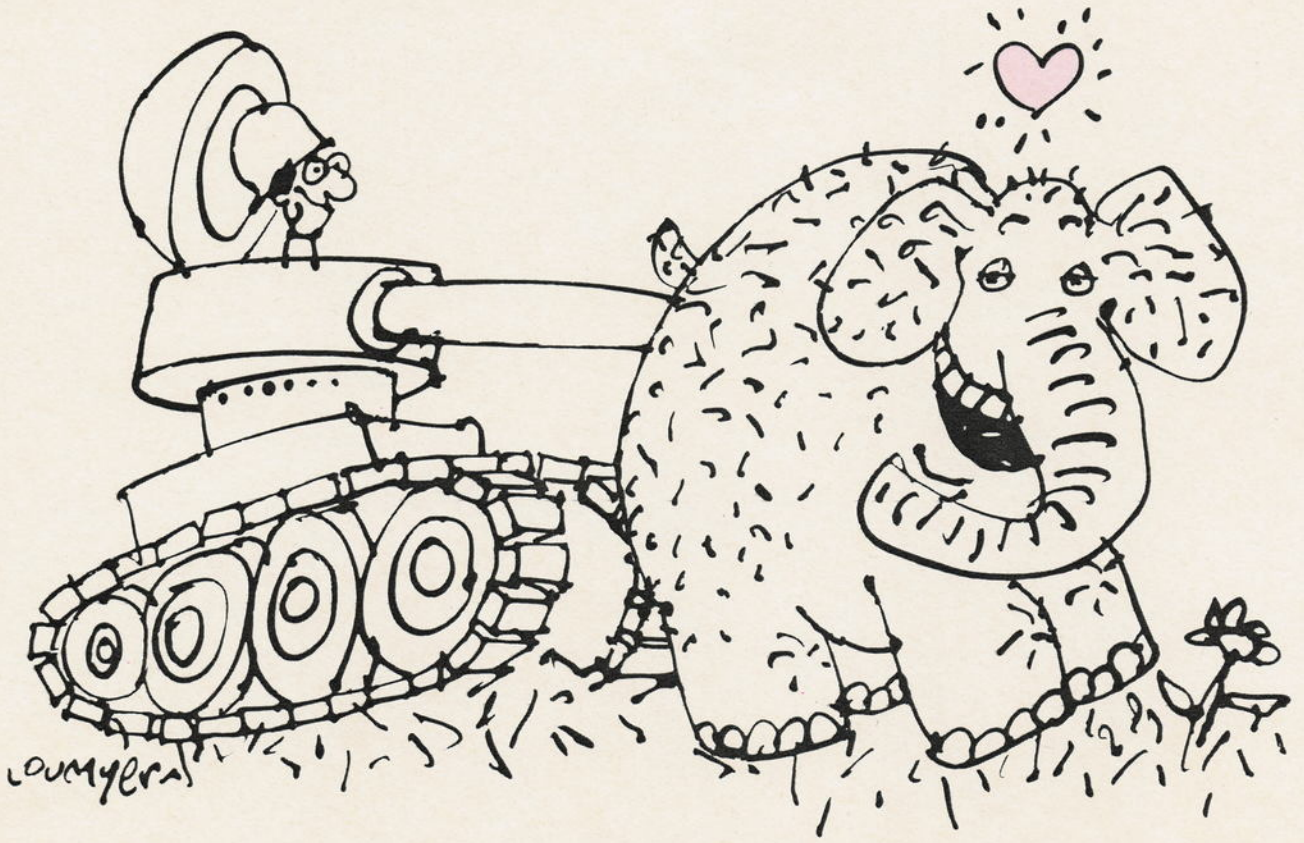
Now twenty-four years old, she's at her physical peak, a sensual creature whose sexuality, she feels, has much to do with her life in the water. "Swimming is so graceful, so sensual," she says. "Feeling your body gliding smoothly through the water, yielding to its pressure . . . is a real turn-on."

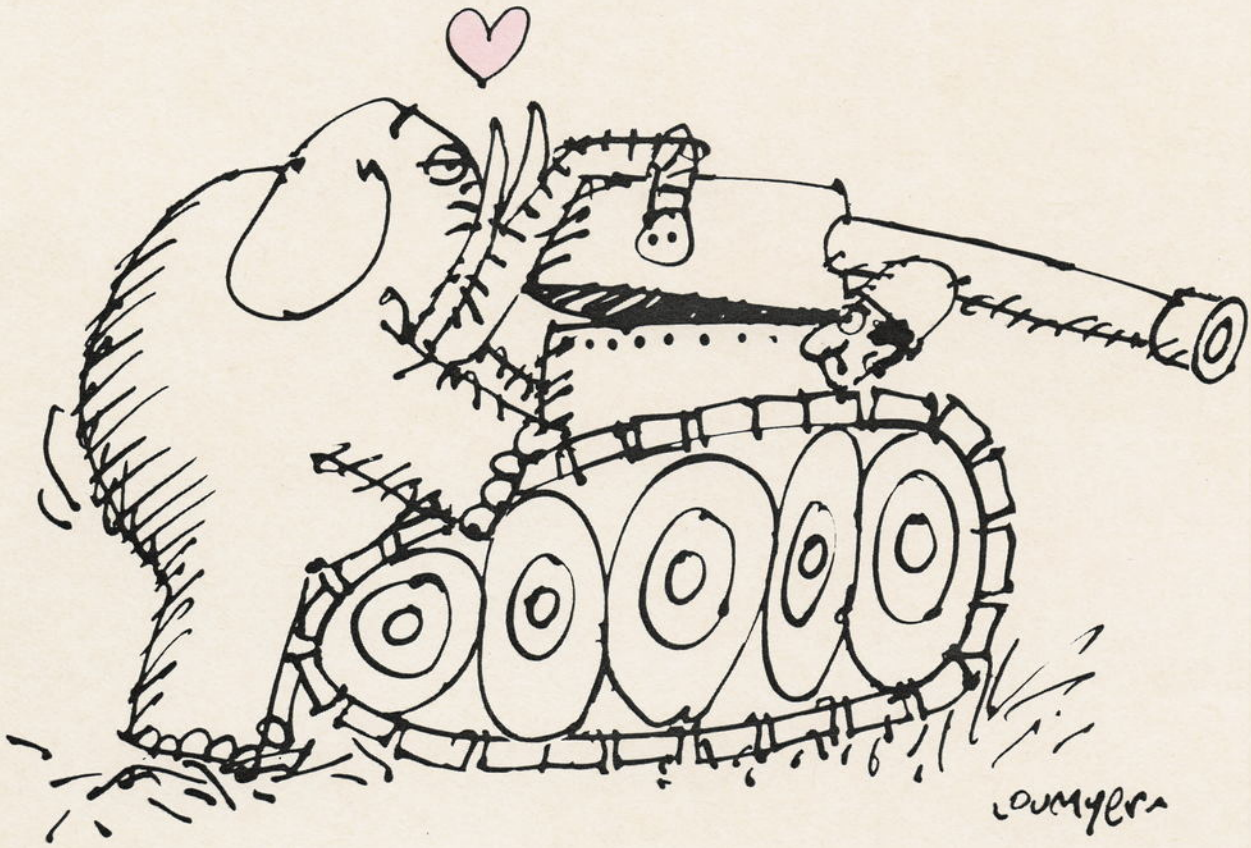
But for all the power packed into her 5′ 8″, 37-25-37 frame, she prefers the role of the softer sex. "Call me a romantic,"

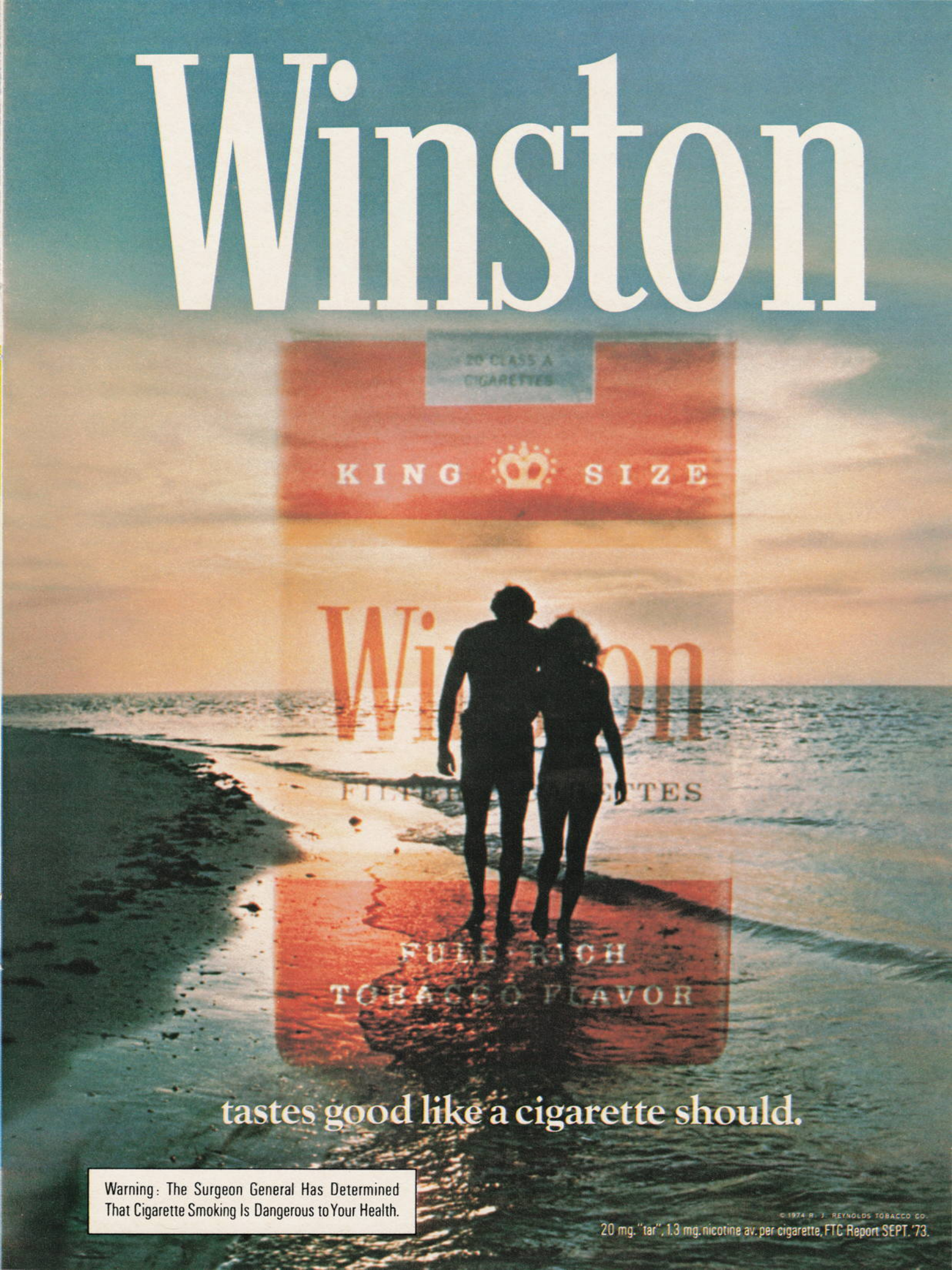
says Barbie, "but to me, the worst thing in life is letting sex become ordinary. That's like letting life become ordinary. I like a man who surprises me. I dig guys who are inventive, who come up with something new, and then go just that little bit further. I get off best of all on aggressive men. That's what man is—the aggressor—and that's what I like. So, I have different men. It just depends on the mood, the time, and the place. It's certainly possible that I'll find one man someday who'll be able to fulfill me completely, but that hasn't happened yet. I just keep swimming and moving on. I'm still in the race—and I love to win."
Barbie, you just can't lose.

Locations provided through the courtesy of the Holiday Inn of Frenchman's Reef, Dr. Virgil Tsuluca, and Fred Morrison.

MISS BARBIE LEWIS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



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KING SIZE
tastes good like a cigarette should.
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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

EITHER WAY YOU LOSE

BY PHILIP CIOFFARI

Remember the way her eyes looked—dark, frightened, and imploring when we made love—and the smile that played across her lips when I went inside her, a smile that contradicted the fright in her eyes but told me, although I didn't know this then, that there was some secret part of her that I would never touch.

And I remember, too, that first time I saw her, watching her through the half-open door as she stood in the outer office listening to McCann, a senior partner in the firm I was working for. McCann was giving her instructions in that loud officious way he had. She stood attentively before him, nodding now and then at what he had to say, her short dark hair brushed carefully back over her ears. She looked as if she'd do anything in the world just to please him. Later, after I had gotten to know her, I criticized her for being so unsure of herself.

"What do you mean?" she wanted to know.

"It's just that you seem so accommodating sometimes," I said with a trace of resentment in my voice. "You're ready to do whatever someone else wants you to do."

"Oh, I don't know," she said vaguely.

Maybe she didn't. Or maybe she knew all along that the I'll-be-whatever-you-want-me-to-be impression she gave was just a front for some far more subtle and dangerous will of her own. Thinking back on it now, I know my resentment was just another form of jealousy. I guess I was afraid even then that she could be manipulated by any man who was strong enough to force his will.

But that first time in the office she was only a mild curiosity to me. No more than a momentary distraction from the paperwork before me, the tedium of preparing another case during the dull, slow hours of the afternoon. When a few minutes later she stood in the doorway behind McCann, I smiled at her without much warmth.

"This is Karen Hunter," McCann said. "Our new office manager." And then to Karen, with just the slightest edge in his voice because McCann and I never got on together, "Dave Marcus. Our trial man."

Before I could force my smile into some polite words of welcome, McCann had whisked her away and I could hear him down at the next office saying, "Roy, this is Karen—"

I had never liked short hair on girls. There was something offensively unnatural about it, boyish, that really put me off. All the girls I'd been involved with, including my wife, fit into a neat, definable pattern, one characteristic of which was long dark hair. That was my notion of "feminine." No blondes or asexual, tomboy types for me. I loved to turn a girl face down on a bed, spread her dark hair out against the white skin of her back and fuck her from behind.

From the back or side, especially when she was wearing jeans, Karen could have passed for a boy. Right after I slept with her the first time, I had a troubling dream in which she *was* a boy. For a while it bothered me. In the office I scrutinized her face as she worked at her desk, and in the moments after sex I studied her body and tried to understand my desire for her. Her features were small and even, rather androgynous. Her face had an athletic quality about it. She never wore makeup. She was as thin-hipped as a boy. Her most womanly asset were her breasts, large, perfectly formed, and full—almost out of place with the rest of her.

The homosexual nuances nagged at me for two or three weeks. But although I'd like to think so, I'm not a man of principle. There's never been a time in my life when I wouldn't cast aside a principle or scruple to get the woman I wanted.

The first conversation we had, apart from routine office business, occurred about a month after she came. It was a Friday afternoon, after the rest of the office had cleared out, and she was still working at her desk. I asked her for a cigarette and we talked comfortably for a few minutes about unimportant things. In those days I was an inordinately serious person without much sense of humor. Having just come through a divorce, I was still bogged down in the dismal emotions connected with a failed marriage—disillusionment and all the rest of it. I was still pondering questions like: can one person fulfill another over an entire lifetime? Is it better to opt for a series of brief, intense love affairs than settle for one mediocre long-term marriage?

Karen didn't seem to be in any hurry to get home, so I exposed her to this private debate that had been going on inside me for several months. At one point I asked her rather bluntly—tactlessly, perhaps, or was it?—what she thought of marriage. An absurd question. One that I would never ask now. But as I said, I was too serious then, bordering on the morose, and very naive.

"It's got its good points," she replied in the flippant noncommittal way that disturbed me at first. Later I came to envy it.

"But is it worth it?" I pressed. "Is it worth the loss of all that fire that comes with falling in love, madly in love?"

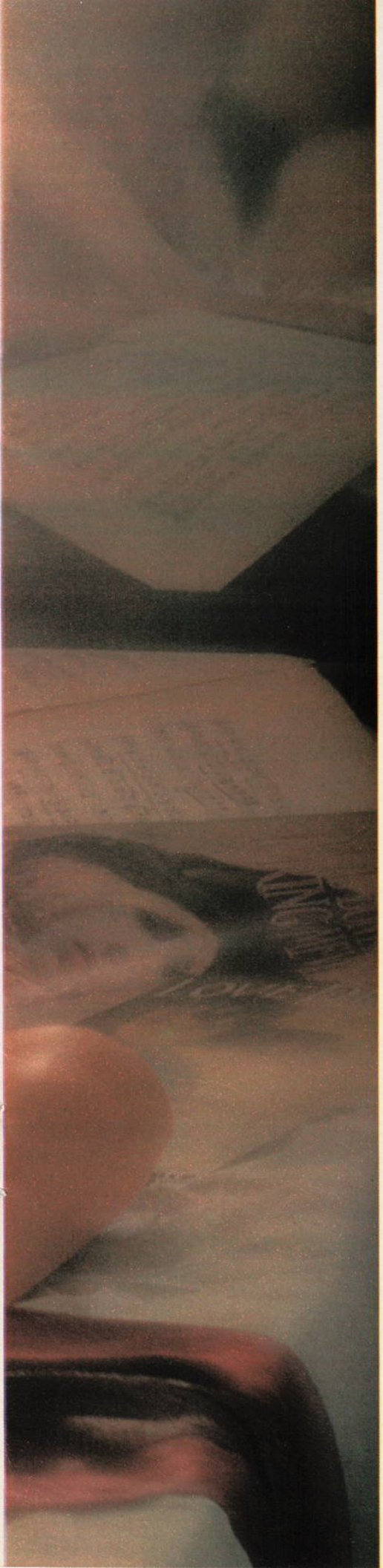
For a moment her dark eyes narrowed as she concentrated on rubbing her cigarette out against the metallic bottom of the ashtray. "It would be awful," she said slowly, "drifting from relationship to relationship and ending up at fifty with nothing." Then her fingers dropped the cigarette carelessly into the tray and she looked up at me smiling, her eyes alive with some private joke that seemed to exclude me. "Of course," she said with just the slightest hint of playfulness, "either way you lose."

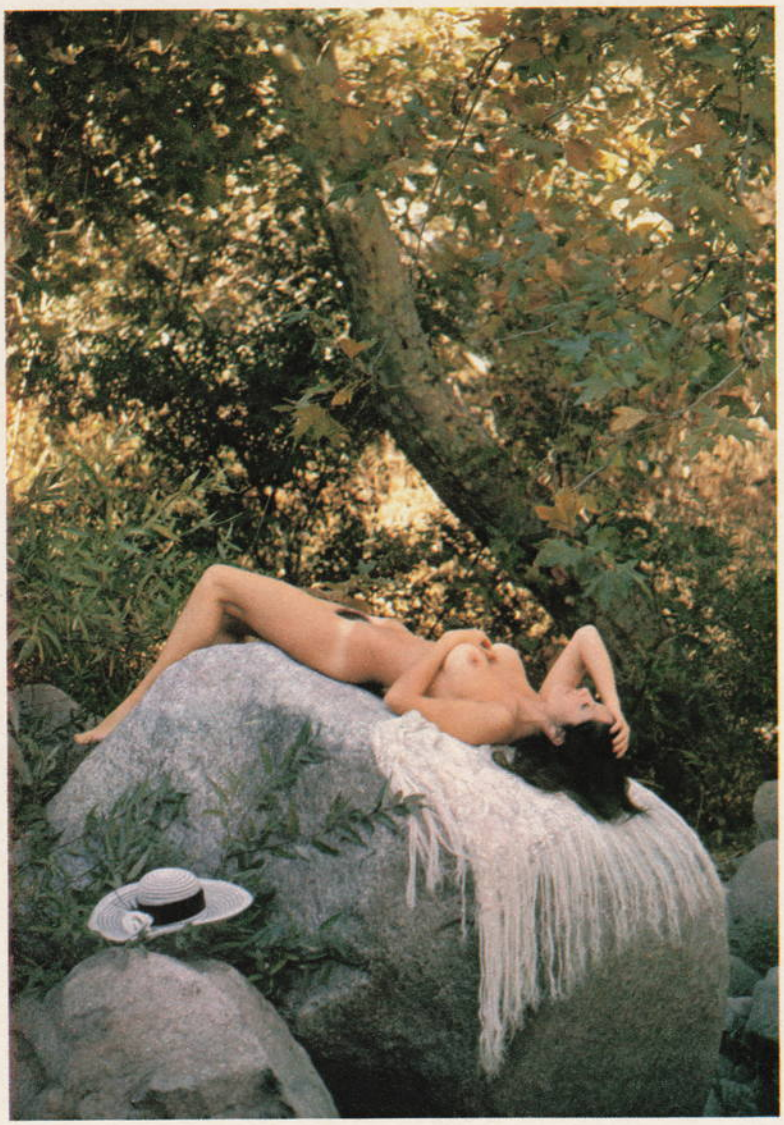
Friday afternoons seemed to be a good time for her. Her husband—he was a lawyer too—didn't get home much before eight on Friday nights, so she always had a few hours to kill. "Besides," she said on one of those Friday evenings as we sat in Tony's Paradise Inn, a neighborhood bar across from the office, "you can't just go right home after a whole week's work. You need a few hours to adjust to the weekend."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

She had ended up hating her first three lovers, but this time, he thought, would be different.

Illustration by Gilbert Stone





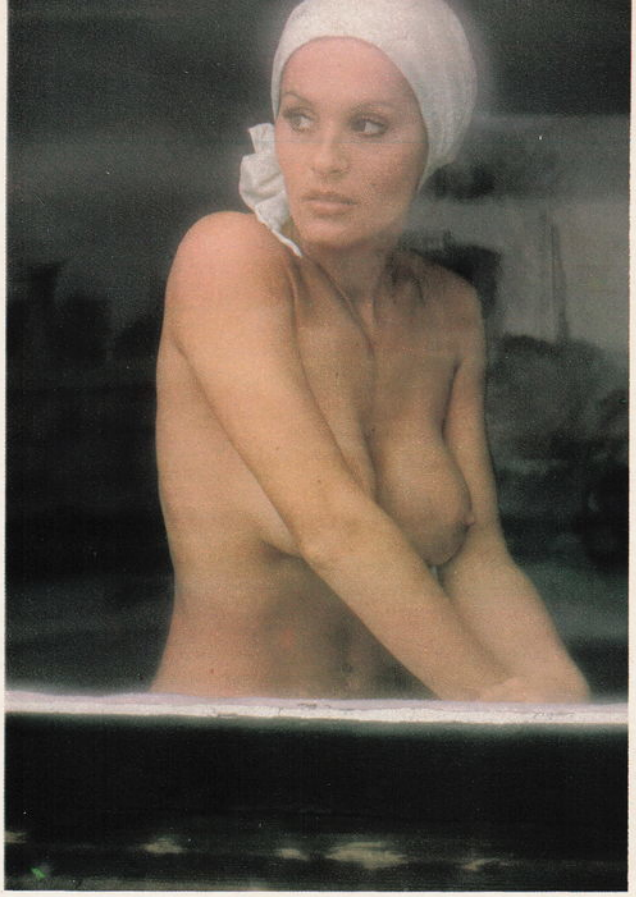
CAROLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM PERIOR

"I'm a quiet person, an outdoor girl," says twenty-three-year-old Carole Cameron, a native Californian whose tastes run a little contrary to the well-known and wide-open pleasures of the West. But Carole, a singularly independent woman whose attributes (36-24-36) would seem to deny her any chance at the quiet life, means what she says. All of which may sound a little odd from a former Miss Universe contestant who has spent most of her life as a photographic model.

But as she explains: "I simply have a deep appreciation for quiet beauty, physical and material, and it's easy to live with things you love. That's why I'm so much of a homebody." (A homebody is a body to be home with.)

Carole is a quiet girl, as reflected in her moods and pursuits and even in her passions. She likes to sew and work with plants, and she loves to love. "When I want my man," she says, "I want him to be gentle and soft. Some women adore rough stuff—they want to be attacked and ravished—but

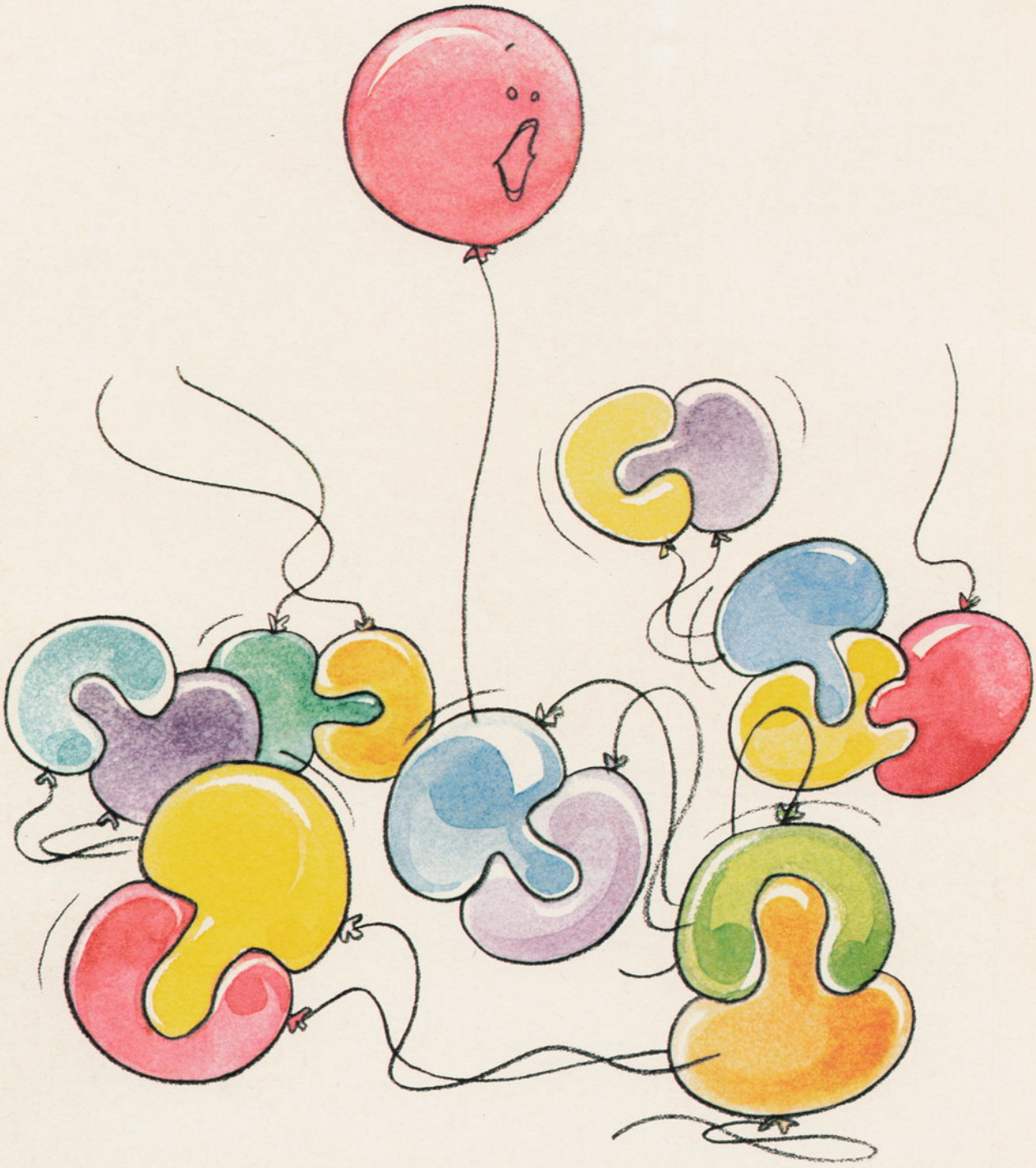


I appreciate a man who treats me like a lady, in and out of bed. Soft music in the background, a glass of wine, and the glow of candlelight make an evening of lovemaking something to savor."

Carole is equally specific about her career, training herself to be a professional actress. She attends classes daily at a Los Angeles theater workshop, and says that the "best thing that could happen to me at this moment would be to find the right opportunity to play the right part." The next best thing would be for her to find the right man, and Miss Cameron knows just what she's looking for. "I need a good-looking, masculine gentleman who can teach me and lead me into what's happening in life. Because I'm such a homebody, I need my man to grab me up and whisk me off into the world—but I need a lasting relationship, not a whirlwind affair. For me, love and sex are synonymous. They cannot be separated if sex is to have its full meaning as the total expression of love." That's not to say that Carole doesn't have her choice of leading men. She just hasn't auditioned the right one for the role.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMMINGS



"Anyone for coffee?"

James Purdy, whom the poet Dame Edith Sitwell once called "one of the greatest living writers of fiction in our language," has been both the center and cause of literary controversies as well as the hero of an ever-increasing cult of readers for nearly twenty years. From his underground classic, *Malcolm*, to his recent novel, *I Am Elijah Thrush*, he has been damned as obscene, insane, and depraved by some critics, and hailed by others as being "prodigiously funny," a "genius," and "sublime." All these descriptions are appropriate since, more than any other modern writer, Purdy is the chronicler of the American soul.

"Meeting Purdy is like reading his books," commented *Penthouse* interviewer Fred Barron. "He carries himself with the distinguished, cordial formality of a Southern gentleman, and in the mildest of tones proceeds to say the most disastrous, devastating things. If he were not speaking the truth, his words would be horrifying; but he is, so they are catastrophic."

"My writing," said Purdy, "is concerned with the soul, with the unknown forces of the psyche, so it is therefore dismissed by the slaves of the advertising media as 'irrelevant,' 'precious,' or 'insane.' The really insane writing, the really depraved writing, is that of the jelly-bean artists in prose and poetry pushed by the little czars of the New York literary establishment and forced down the throats of readers all over America. What the so-called critics and reviewers for the monopoly press want is predigested slogans, clichés, and descriptions of 'events,' when the real events are invisible and cannot be described in immediate terms."

His writing, translated into twenty-two languages, has always been popular in Europe, but it was not until the publication of *Jeremy's Version* in 1970, the first in a trilogy about life in small midwestern towns, that his popularity outgrew cult proportions in the U.S. Now, his earlier works such as *The Color of Darkness*, *Cabot Wright Begins*, and *The Nephew* have been reprinted.

James Purdy was born in rural Ohio in 1923, and at the age of sixteen he went to Chicago, "which was the beginning of a long series of disasters." He attended the University of Chicago, dropping out to join the air force during the war. "I was probably the world's worst soldier," he confessed, "but it was there that I got my material for *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*," an intense, brutal nightmare of homosexual love.

After the war, Purdy traveled extensively, teaching English in Mexico and Cuba, and Spanish in Wisconsin, writing constantly, but remaining unpublished. It took ten years for the publication of his story "Eventide," which he wrote in his twenties. "No one would touch the story," he explained, "because it was about blacks and they were out in the Forties. No one was interested in them in those days, so the literary establishment didn't want to touch it. Now blacks have arrived and everyone is interested in them. Everyone but me. I'm not interested in people who are respectable."

It was not until 1956 when Dame Edith Sitwell championed his work that he was published commercially. Then, in short order, he received a Guggenheim Fellowship for creative writing, an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and a grant from the Ford Foundation. As a writer, however, he refused to play the publicity games expected of him—"to appear naked on a television talk show and eat a plate of vomit or something utterly depraved"—and he again found himself, as he had always been, an outsider: a heretic in a world that worships sterile technocracy, a Cassandra at a banquet; and conversely, a prophet of joy at our national wake.

"The only free people," Purdy maintains, "are those who have no allegiance to anything but themselves and their invisible spiritual world. Prayer, fasting, withdrawal are almost the only methods to live through the tyranny and poisoned insanity given to us by our government and our media."

Purdy has just finished the second volume of his trilogy *Sleepers in Moon-Crowded Valleys*, entitled *The House of the Solitary Maggot* (to be published later this year by Doubleday) and according to Barron, "It is his most powerful work yet. It is a profound tragedy of classic proportions that stands above current fiction like *Oedipus Rex* above a bedroom farce."

Ed Gallucci

JAMES PURDY

Penthouse: You said recently that you don't like being called a writer. Why is that?

Purdy: Well, I don't mind it, but you see, in America you have no profession unless you make money, so the only "writers" are people like John O'Hara or Jacqueline Susann or John Updike. They're considered writers because the money just piles in on them. You know, it's all like the supermarkets, where only the most mediocre products are pushed. You'll only find the worst canned peaches on their shelves—the ones with the most poisons in them—and the public, of course, is brainwashed by advertising. Everything in America is sold. If they can't sell you, you don't exist. We're a nation of anesthetic whores. The public is a whore and the writers are whores. America is really over, everything is collapsing, and all that remains is the memory of great things like Lincoln and Melville. Everything is meretricious.

Penthouse: You don't see this as a time of change now?

Purdy: I think it's a time of collapse. Total collapse. I think that the government is a fraud and a murderer on a mass scale, and I think that the press—which is completely megalomaniacal—has been the greatest of whores. It thinks and says it is the safeguard of liberty, when it really has prostituted and sold everything. It has never disseminated the truth. Never. Where was the press when our government planned the Vietnam War? Remember that one? Now the press thinks it's opposed to the government, but they're both tarred by the same stick: they're both totally corrupt, and I think most American people have just been ruined by the two of them.

Penthouse: So where is one to turn?

Purdy: Well, I think that's just up to the individual. You should try to free yourself as much as possible from what these two giant corpses tell you to do.

Penthouse: What about the popular social and political movements that are trying to fight these monsters by freeing themselves: the Black Movement, the Women's Movement, the Gay Movement?

Purdy: I distrust them because I think everything in the United States is an ad, and I think that the people you hear about in these movements are really ads rather than realities.

Penthouse: But don't you feel that people who are being exploited as individuals should join together in a group to fight it?

Purdy: Yes, yes I do, because people are always being exploited. But I think, finally, that the movement itself becomes exploitation because it plays up to the media, which hates everything and is interested in nothing. People want a *thing* to save them, but you've got to save yourself. A group can't save you if you can't save yourself. These movements are not doing anything spiritual, and they won't last until they have that. Now they're just part of television, which creates more hate and violence. They've become part of the media. It's really terrible.

Penthouse: Do you think the arts can help bring people to a new spirituality, or have artists sold out as well?

Purdy: Yes, either unconsciously or consciously. They're telling the great corporations that control everything exactly what they want to hear. The artist wants money. He wants to be on television. He wants to be shown naked, he wants to be shown having sexual intercourse and all that. Corporations want to destroy the artist's integrity, and he just goes along. He's completely depraved.

Penthouse: All artists?

Purdy: Most of them.

Penthouse: And where does that leave the others?

Purdy: Out in the cold.

Penthouse: But your writing is becoming more and more popular. . . .

Purdy: That's all against the current.

Penthouse: But that's exactly what we're interested in: people who are working against the current.

Purdy: Well eventually, if you just keep writing, they half-recognize you. But the establishment—the New York establishment—has always hated me. In the first place, I was never able to be published. When I write a book, my publishers publish it in the dead of night. They go out in this deserted garden and they make sure that no one's around, and then they dig an eighty-foot pit and put it in there. And then they forget all about it.

Penthouse: Do you feel you should appear every night on TV talk shows?

Purdy: Never. You know, what publishers really want is to have you there naked and to stick something up your ass. That's what they would really like, because what they want is to destroy your integrity. I think they would like all their writers to appear naked on television and be sexually molested in front of millions. Or eat a plate of vomit, or something utterly depraved. Because television is the *Psychopathia Sexualis* of our day. In the old days it happened in dark parlors. Today it's done in public, in front of millions. People don't have to go to pornographic movies: they just have to turn on their television. Everything on it is pornography—scatology, especially. All those orifices are being manipulated: with deodorants, with this and that. Every orifice is being manipulated and I'm afraid that everyone watching it is being ruined. It's obscene.

Penthouse: But how is it that your works go into paperback and are published in different languages all over the world?

Purdy: Well that's no thanks to publishers. It's because someone reads the books and likes them. There's a long list of czars who decide on what kind of writing should be published. There's the *New Yorker*, there's the *New York Times*, there's the *Saturday Review*, there is the utterly despicable *Paris Review*. All those little czars decide what kind of lies will be told in the form of fiction and poetry. Evidently there's a meeting to decide what book will go on the cover of the *New York Times*, and then this big iron bar is just shoved up the ass of the American public. They're told, "This is the book! This is the great book!" And these are pathetic tenth-rate novels like *Lolita* or *Catcher in the Rye* and so forth. And when you read them, they read like they were written by a ten-year-old girl for a five-year-old girl. It would be very good if the *New York Times* went out of business along with *Newsweek*, *Time*, and the *New York Review of Books*. Then we would have a whole list of other papers that would come in and take their place, but at least we'd be through with them.

Penthouse: So when people get power they're going to misuse it?

Purdy: Always.

Penthouse: Is this something you accept?

Purdy: I don't think there is anything you can do about it. You can't either accept it or reject it. It's like bad weather: there's nothing you can do about it.

Penthouse: Well, what do you think are the essential things that must be brought out in a work of fiction?

Purdy: I don't think a writer has that much of a consciousness. You just have this story you want to tell—that's your life, that's your coun-

"When I write a book, my publishers publish it in the dead of night. They go out in this deserted garden and they dig an eighty-foot pit and put it in . . . then they forget all about it."

try too, really—and you tell it. But the American literary establishment has never liked its important writers. They mistreated Whitman, they buried Melville alive, they ignored Thoreau in his own day. But the worse the writer, the more the cymbals crash and the drums beat.

Penthouse: The story you have to tell is your life, your country. But you say America is dying. Can a writer cut his roots and move elsewhere?

Purdy: I don't think so. Of course Joyce did, but every minute he was gone he just thought of Ireland, so he never really left.

Penthouse: What are your roots? Where were you born?

Purdy: The town I was born in doesn't even exist anymore. I went back there a few years ago and there is no such place. It was in the country, right near Findlay, Ohio. I was very upset when I went back because nearly all those little villages had vanished. All there is left are hideous turnpikes, and you can't find the country. The country's gone. I went back to my father's funeral and I was horrified because where he lived—he had lived out on a farm—there were all these cement buildings. I don't know what they housed. Maybe more cement.

Penthouse: What was growing up like?

Purdy: Well, it was exciting. I don't know how happy it was. My parents were divorced when I was quite young, so I lived with my grandmother for a while, and with my father in different towns, and I lived with my mother and also with my aunt who lived on a farm. My grandmother also lived on a farm. I liked that very much.

Penthouse: Did you feel uprooted moving from home to home?

Purdy: Yes, very much. I still do. I don't really feel comfortable living anywhere. I feel very ghostly now. All my family, practically, are dead, and so many of my friends in the last few years have killed themselves. Some of them were younger than I am. So you begin to feel like a ghost.

Penthouse: You feel rootless. . . .

Purdy: No, not rootless, because I remember how my mother and father talked, which was the American language. So I had that. Hardly any writer from the *New York Times* can speak the American language. They speak like they just came out of a tin baked on television.

Penthouse: So you are an American writer.

Purdy: Yes. I am the only American writer left I think. The others are all on Madison Avenue, in the media, and they think—the poor things—because they opposed the Vietnam War a little, because they got a few callouses on their little feet or they weren't earning millions—that they're so brave. Why, everyone was against the Vietnam War: probably even the government. Why didn't they burn themselves up like Buddhists or something? It was all insincerity. But the war will be forgotten soon anyway, because the thing about America is that no one has any memory. All there is is just what's being shoved up or shoved down at the moment. It really can't be called capitalism anymore. I don't know what it is. Capitalism was a kind of simpleminded fraud, but what's going on now is something much more vicious. Capitalism has even turned against itself. For example, in Chicago the great queen of society was Mrs. Potter Palmer. She had this beautiful mansion in the most execrable taste, but it was great, you know, because that was the world in that period. But realtors, real-estate interests, tore it down. It should have been left: it was one of the few monuments Chicago had to that period. It was called the Gilded Age—around 1870 to 1880. And they wouldn't let it stand. That's what I mean: it's shoved up and shoved down, because America doesn't want any memory. New York is a city without any memory. You know, if you don't go into a neighborhood for a year, you don't know where you are because all the buildings you knew are gone and there are these other things up in their place.

Penthouse: The idea of memory—of people who try to or have to remember—is a theme that runs through all of your work.

Purdy: Yes: all you have is your memory, because the present is tenuous and there is no future. So if you're a writer, you really have only your memory which—in our culture—is what they want to destroy. Marijuana, drugs, alcohol, automobiles are all methods of destroying your memory.

Penthouse: What's worth remembering?

Purdy: What you saw and did in your soul.

"I'm not a gay writer. I'm just a monster. Gay writers are too conservative for me. The only really gay writer was Hemingway."

Ed Galluci

Memory is the soul: it's the psyche. There really is only the soul for a writer. And America—the America we have now—wants to destroy the soul and body both.

Penthouse: How can a writer protect himself?

Purdy: You have to be completely unavailable and also fight! Because they really are vicious. And they use all kinds of smears. They used to say my work was homosexual, and therefore it had no validity, which is like saying if a Negro prepares food, the food is dirty. It's the same racism that runs through American life. Then they decided that it wasn't homosexual, but it was irrelevant and so on. They always give a dog a bad name and hang him. But this is the philistine mind which is common to all cultures. It reaches its lowest, most pestiferous form in the *New York Times*, which is the world's worst newspaper, especially its book section. It's pathetic. It's run by imbeciles who have their little pets that they trot out. Whenever John Updike farts, it's all over everything, and they're trying to sell us that it's jasmine and roses. It's the same with the *New Yorker*.

Penthouse: But hasn't this always happened? The institutions are always against the artist until his work has become history.

Purdy: And then they like it for all the wrong reasons. Like Whitman. Whitman was treated like a leper. His book was not even allowed to go through the U.S. mail. Even then the government was as adamant against artists as it is today. No, I think this is inevitable. If you do find something new, no one is going to understand it.

Penthouse: So you see no real changes? You think that this generation with all its talk of openness and receptiveness is just the same as every other one?

Purdy: Let me give you an example. I think that the government and the media really want people to smoke dope. I think they like that, because the more marijuana you smoke, the more you're going to watch television. In the old days Bing Crosby advertised Lucky Strikes, and now we have Allen Ginsberg advertising marijuana. You see, marijuana smoking is just as reactionary and deadening as when your parents and grandparents got drunk on bathtub gin. There's no key to self-revelation and self-observation. Marijuana is totally square. It's an ad for Nixon, really—just another gimmick. And politics is, too. So many critics were brought up in the Thirties, in Marxism, which is one of the worst disciplines for a literary critic. I suppose you can be a Marxist if you're a genius and understand literary works, but it cripples the brain and your sense of values.

Penthouse: Really? How so?

Purdy: Because it's a formula. You can't apply a formula to a work of art, because it's new and it will resist that. So these old Marxist mossbacks always condemned my books because they were not "socially relevant." But you see they are, really. One of those critics said *Malcolm* was just a creampuff written by a fairy or something like that. That shows how kindly Marxists are. If you can't beat a man, you kick him in the testicles, and then you say he doesn't have any testicles after you've kicked him. But that's typical of New York critics. They pose as noble men but they're really vicious, like depraved, retired whores who have had syphilis for so long that everything inside of them is rotten. They're really very sick people. Some of them are supposed to be these great virile men and when you meet them, they're dried-up old mummies who couldn't have screwed a tiny little hole in the wall.

Penthouse: Do you consider yourself a gay writer?

Purdy: No. I'm just a monster. Gay writers are too conservative for me. Actually, I think the only really gay writer was Hemingway. "Gay" has become a household word now, so it's meaningless . . . to me anyway. It's the same thing with blacks. I was fascinated by them long before it was respectable. Now that they're respectable, I'm not so interested in them, because they've arrived, and when people have arrived they don't quite interest me so much. I'm always more interested in people who are not respectable. But society has discovered now, of course, that if a man loves a man it's not something preternatural and psychopathic, because there wouldn't be taboos against it if it were. Men do feel love toward one another and always have. It's like mothers feel toward their sons: that's why there's a taboo. If there were no feeling there would be no taboo. I think it's all part of hu-

man nature. Of course I think it's probably *easier* to do it to a woman from the point of view of nature, that's all. But this too, now, is part of the media, and the minute things get into the media you don't know whether they're real anymore, because the media is totally false. It's horrible.

Penthouse: Where do you get the courage to continue writing?

Purdy: Well, I think I'm a puritan. I come from a very long lineage of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who were too mean to give up. And my books are selling well, thanks to word of mouth. That's my publicity—someone will read one of my books, like it, and give it to someone else.

Penthouse: You first got your break in publishing when. . . .

Purdy: I never got a break.

Penthouse: Didn't Dame Edith Sitwell support your work?

Purdy: That was through a private edition. My friends published my stories privately and I sent those to Edith Sitwell.

Penthouse: Cold?

Purdy: Yes. I knew she'd never read them, but she did. She took them to her publisher and he liked them too, and they were published in England. Without that I'd never have been heard of. They created a kind of sensation there. They were considered very shocking, and they censored some of the words. Edith Sitwell was very angry about that. The most notable example was "motherfucker," which is now a household word. It wasn't then. Still, they published them, and then the Americans wanted them.

Penthouse: Did you see this as the beginning of your career as a writer?

Purdy: No. I had always written stories, for as long as I could remember, so I didn't think of it that way. I still don't. I've never thought of writing as being a profession or a career. I just wanted to write these stories. I still feel that way because I don't like being published.

Penthouse: Really?

Purdy: No. I think it's as if you decided to have a party for your friends but all these very coarse, wicked people came instead and they broke all the furniture and they vomited all over the house.

Penthouse: But it's your livelihood.

Purdy: No. I earn most of my living either by handouts or foundations or by other sources. The actual return from books is very low. I did have one windfall when the movies got one of my books, *Cabot Wright Begins.* But they never made it, and the government took nearly all the money. Still, it helped me, but I really haven't made a living off my writing.

Penthouse: Wasn't *Malcolm* a success? That's the book that probably started the Purdy cult in America. Dorothy Parker loved it, and Edward Albee made it into a play. . . .

Purdy: None of my books have ever been successes from the point of view of my publishers. I was really thrilled that Dorothy Parker was impressed with my writing because she didn't like anything. But my publishers didn't care. And that's one of the curious phenomena of America. You've got to reach eighty million or you're not here. Eight thousand a year? No, no, that will never do. It's got to be eighty million or you don't exist.

Penthouse: Do you think that people are afraid of intimacy?

Purdy: Yes.

Penthouse: So that's one reason why your work frightens them. But why are people so afraid of things that can touch them?

Purdy: Well, people want aspirins, you know. Aspirins, tranquilizers, or pornography. And when I say pornography, I'm talking about advertising. I think that's the real pornography. It's degrading because it presents the human body as a laughable object, or as a usable object—as an object itself. And I think that is depraved. There really is nothing necessarily pornographic if you showed a couple having sexual intercourse. But the way it's usually shown in America is just two people using one another. I don't like pornography, as distinguished from the erotic. But pornography is only a sign of parochialism, so I'm not in the least bit surprised at the rise of pornography. After all, New York is one of the most parochial cities in the world.

Penthouse: Yet it's the center. . . .

Purdy: Yes. And that's tragic.

Penthouse: Do people think it's the American cultural center *because* it's parochial?

Purdy: I think so. But, you know, Paris is parochial too, in many ways, because the establishment there was always opposed to the great innovations. Proust had to publish his own books in private, Flaubert was mistreated, and so on and so forth. So it's universal. But what irritates me so much about New Yorkers is the superior attitude they take. They always try to get you to sign something to defend a Russian writer who's being mistreated—and I'm sure that's true, there's no doubt about it—but look how the Americans mistreat their own writers. I mean, how dare they bewail the tyranny of Russia when we have the same thing over here. The only difference is that in America they'll only publish and praise what's tenth-rate whereas in Russia they only publish and praise what follows the party line.

"The *New York Times* is the world's worst newspaper, especially its book section. . . . It's run by imbeciles."

Ed Gallucci

Penthouse: So there's a party line of the elite here also?

Purdy: Yes. And they're not an elite at all. They're just snobs. Look at most of the writing today, the writing they support. It's not elite: it's completely dead. It's cellophane, antiseptic, anesthetic prose. It has nothing to do with the American language. They hate language. They want everything to read like an ad. Their fiction is an ad, advertising the current fashions of snobs.

Penthouse: Is there a school of writing like this, that's like ads? For example, I would put people like Vonnegut in this category.

Purdy: Yes. He's completely advertising. Before him was Salinger. He's an ad for toothpaste and luggage. And John Updike is an ad for golfing equipment.

Penthouse: But aren't there other writers who are trying to break away from this?

Purdy: I suppose there are, but I don't know who they are. Of course, you have older writers like Eudora Welty, but she's been kind of taken over by the *New Yorker* and made respectable by the *New York Times*. So she must have made her peace with the establishment. And then there's Nabokov, who's a complete ad for brassieres, panty hose, and old-fashioned pessaries.

Penthouse: Pessaries? What's that?

Purdy: That's what women used to put over the neck of the womb so they wouldn't become pregnant. They're out of date, like flypaper. But critics always like things that are sixty years out of date, providing they were bad originally. I once heard a man say that a critic is a man five hundred miles away from home.

Penthouse: What happens when the fashions change?

Purdy: Then all those novelists are forgotten overnight. And then the literary establishment denies it ever liked them. You know, you meet one of them and say, "You told me you liked that." And they say, "Oh darling, no I never praised . . . I said it was interesting. You've misquoted me." And I say, "You fucking liar. You said it was great." They're whores with no memory.

Penthouse: Why is it, then, that people seem to be looking and listening now more than ever before?

Purdy: Because they have nothing else to do. In the old days people had to work, I don't know what people are living on today. They must have rich daddies, because they aren't working. No one wants to work in America. It's the biggest nation of loafers and piss-offs the world has ever seen since the fall of Rome. We've become commodities—the biggest product in America is ourselves. We've allowed ourselves to be sold down eight hundred rivers and yet we say we're free. There is no freedom except that which you achieve for yourself through your work. Freedom can't be given to you like chewing gum. What we call freedom isn't freedom. It's just irresponsibility and loafing—which has its pleasures I guess, but it leads to a tremendous fear of reality. When I was a child, it was the Depression and there were tramps who came to the door all the time. They looked like hippies, but it was *real.* Their toes were really out of their shoes, and they really stank. They hadn't eaten and they hadn't combed their hair. It was the real thing, so they were kind of beautiful because everything in their bodies meant exactly what it showed. But now people imitate everybody. You see some millionairess on Park Avenue wearing a Mexican peon's dress, and this is the kind of thing you'd expect to see in a lunatic asylum, where people imitate Napoleon or Hitler.

Penthouse: Why are people afraid to be themselves?

Purdy: I don't think they have any selves left. But I suppose there *are* genuine human be-

ings there, because everyone is real if they dig deep enough. They just don't want to make the effort if they can dress up and watch television instead.

Penthouse: In your writing, there's no doubt but you have taken the effort and presented yourself fully. For whom are you writing?

Purdy: I write for the soul. Marxists are always saying you shouldn't write for yourself, but you see, if you really tell yourself the truth, you've told everybody. This doesn't come easily at all. It's all a matter of psychic energy, of getting in touch with what you're looking for. I think that the stories and the subjects come to me, because when I try to seek them, they elude me. It's as though I'm being fed the story. But there are times that I just sit and write but there's nothing there. Nothing comes.

Penthouse: It's like waiting for the muse.

Purdy: Yes. I believe in the muse. I think there are two kinds of writers: the muse-kind and the hacks. I'm speaking of novels. There are very few inspired novelists.

Penthouse: How much of writing is inspiration? Do you see yourself as a receptacle?

Purdy: Up to a point, but then the really muscular work begins, the sledgehammer work. Because after the voices have told you, you have to hammer it into a shape that's intelligible—first to yourself and then to others. You may have the most wonderful story in the world to tell and you're dying to tell it, but if you don't have the words and technique, no one can read it. It's the same with a musician or a painter. A painter may really know color and everything, but what good is it if he can't get it on canvas?

Penthouse: Have you studied technique?

Purdy: No. Technique is constant practice and a kind of bleeding inside. It's a hemorrhage, it's agony really, because the body resists the soul. It doesn't want to be tortured by putting some things down on paper. It would rather fly off. Most writing is just journalism: it doesn't come from the inside. It's hard work, but it doesn't have anything to do with the soul. These writers just go out and look at something and describe it.

Penthouse: You've spoken of your inspiration as coming from the outside and of yourself as "being fed." Do you believe in the supernatural?

Purdy: Yes. I've seen several ghosts. I don't like to see them. I resist them. After a reading I did at the Café La Mama I saw my brother, who's dead.

Penthouse: Did he tell you anything?

Purdy: He said, "Wonderful!"

Penthouse: Did these ghosts reveal anything about death?

Purdy: Well, I don't know if there is any such thing as death. I think when we die, consciousness just continues in a different way. People that are dead . . . I don't think they're dead. You know, they've discovered now that the aura can actually be photographed—that's the strange light around living things. They knew about auras in the middle ages and in antiquity: auras are the halos around the heads in religious icons. And now they have been photographed by people who don't even believe in the supernatural. Even leaves and animals have auras. After a leaf dies and falls to the ground they have photographed the aura around it.

Penthouse: Do you feel that an aura is energy that's being given off consistently?

Purdy: Yes, it's something like that. You see, modern man's insights have been crippled by mechanist-science, which is not science but a crippling of the human mind. The same is true of most religions. We don't really know much about consciousness. We have to work more and more to get in touch with our deeper consciousness.

Penthouse: And that can be done. . . .

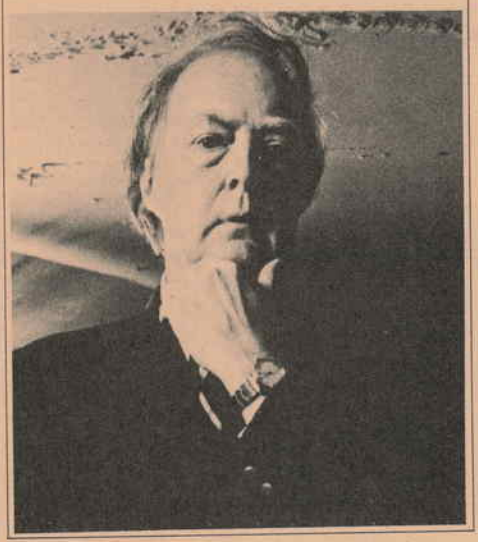
Purdy: . . . by meditation, silence, prayer.

Penthouse: Are you religious?

Purdy: I believe in the soul. I believe that the smallest thing is of stupefying importance, but I don't like churches. Any of them. I find religion too parochial, because we all go back much further than any religion. We think that the Jews and the Greeks were very ancient, but it's thought now that there were people here in America 50,000 years ago. Fifty thousand years ago, just think of that! What we call ancient history is really quite recent, and before man was Jewish or Greek he was something much older.

Penthouse: This is really what you are writing about.

"America is really over, everything is collapsing, and all that remains is the memory of great things like Lincoln and Melville."



Ed Gallucci

Purdy: Yes. I'm really writing about something rather ancient that predates Christianity and Judaism. It's very primitive. A friend calls it archetypal. My books are not *only* about America: they just happen to take place here.

Penthouse: That's true of Melville also.

Purdy: Yes. It's American, but it's so ancient. Like Ahab: he's very American in such an ancient situation. I think that consciousness is constant and eternal.

Penthouse: How do the ghosts you've seen differ from the muse?

Purdy: Well, ghosts are more frightening. Actually, the psychic energy can be frightening too, because it starts to tell you things that are quite upsetting. I know that I resisted for a while the denouement of *The House of the Solitary Maggot*. You know, I felt I couldn't have it end the way I did. It was too horrible. My grandmother originally told me the story on which it's based, and it was as though she came to me and said: "No, you have to write it the way it was." So I wrote it that way, but it was very painful. In fact, I got quite ill. I was sick in bed for a week while I was writing that book. My tongue got sore. Very sore. Very painful. It burned like it was burned from fire or flame.

Penthouse: Do you feel that the truth is always that painful?

Purdy: Well, I think it's not only painful, it's unacceptable. Because, you know, it's going to get us no matter how we run from it. It's coming to take us. There are people who think it's terrible that there are surgeons who open the body. Well, it *is* terrible, but doesn't it have to be done? People are really afraid to see anything inside. I try to get in touch with what I'm looking for, with what I'm thinking. . . . Writing is that.

Penthouse: Do you feel that you have to understand your subject from the inside out in order to write about it?

Purdy: Completely. Many writers go out and study someone or something without understanding it, and their books are so stupid! They describe everything! All the chairs, everything. You get worn out just by the surroundings, because it's all nothing. You've got to be more like a blotter or a sponge, because if you're really with people enough, you kind of suck them into you, and they become part of you. And that's what a writer must tell.

Penthouse: Writing from the inside looking out is more brutal in many ways than writing from the outside in, but it is more intense and there is far more love for people. . . .

Purdy: One doesn't dare to say that. It's a kind of blasphemy. You hope you can love, but love is difficult, and it's not like taking tranquilizers. Most people go get drunk and say they love everybody when they really hate themselves. Everything that's dissonant or arhythmic or violent hurts someone, beginning with ourselves. The thing I think we have to learn is to be creative instead of violent. When we're troubled we so often hurt someone and we hurt ourselves. We use violence and sometimes nonaction, which is so difficult in the midst of a problem—we want to go right out and do something—but sometimes *not* doing anything is very creative. It's surprising, you know, how if we could delay doing anything about a problem, sometimes it is gone a few hours later. It just doesn't exist. It existed in us, in our anger. I think that's also true of the minority movements. Even when they're for a good cause I think they create more violence and hate. They lash out and hurt innocent people so often. Like the hatred of men among so many in the women's movement. It's all terrible.

Penthouse: Is forgiveness possible? The brothers in both *Jeremy's Version* and in *Maggot* have a special way of forgiving each other which goes beyond contrition or repentance or even words. It's an understanding that goes beyond forgiveness: "I know you, you're my brother. . . ."

Purdy: ". . . and even if you harm me, because you're my brother, you can't really harm me."

Penthouse: Can that feeling exist between strangers, people who aren't real brothers?

Purdy: Yes. I think that was the great thing Christianity saw. And it's never been done, because the Christian church really isn't Christian. But I think that was a great leap forward. Christ said you must forgive, not seven times but seven times seventy, and that was a revolution in human thought. All men were brothers now. That was the last great event of human consciousness and they've never done anything with it since. ○+■

EITHER WAY YOU LOSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

The only thing she ever drank was Budweiser beer. When we left the bar about half-past seven there would always be five or six Bud bottles (with their labels peeled off—a habit she said she'd gotten into on her first date when she was sixteen and never been able to break) sitting on the black formica table next to my scotch glass. I liked that about her. I mean I've never liked daintiness and finesse in women. Painted nails, turquoise eyeliner, false lashes, delicate stomachs, and brandy Alexanders have always offended me. There is something good and vulgar about a girl who can swill beer. And what I liked about Karen was the contrast between her clean, cool good looks and a basic earthiness I could feel lay inside.

We spent most of the time in casual conversation—office gossip, local politics, new movies. Karen joked a lot. She had a good sense of satire, a very appealing kind of sneer. I found myself joking, too, adopting her brand of humor, trying to outwit her. Whenever I tried to be serious, she would turn the conversation around. She wouldn't let it become a society for mutual solace. I didn't talk about my marriage; she didn't talk about hers. It was just a few laughs sandwiched in between our obligations.

Ironically what we joked about was what was most important to both of us—love, romance, feeling—though in the midst of our contests of wit neither one of us would have admitted it. The only serious thing I can remember her saying on those Friday afternoons was that she had had three affairs since she'd gotten married, each of them brief and each going from mad infatuation on her part to a complete unreasoning hatred. She told me that on an afternoon in late March, while the rain dripped dully in the streets outside Tony's and a gray mist on the windows blurred the outside world.

> "Can you come for dinner next Friday? I want you to meet my husband."

I was staring at the labelless Bud bottles in front of us and feeling drunk. "I like you, you know."

She was fingering the beads of her necklace. "I know," she said. Noncommittal. A calm, emotionless face—just her dark eyes watching me. She dropped her necklace suddenly and laughed. "I like *you*," she said lightly, as if we were two kids in the third grade who had just exchanged marbles. "Can you come for dinner next Friday? I want you to meet Martin."

Their house was the kind you see in the magazine sections of the Sunday papers. A 17th-century Dutch Colonial, bought with Martin's mother's money. A stone exterior covered with ivy. A rose garden and a pool. A dark brooding cedar tree at least as old as the house. Inside, there were wide pine floors and beams. The dining room had an enormous stone fireplace.

By the time Martin got home we were on our fifth drink. He came like an intruder into his own cozy, oak-paneled living room. He was about thirty, a couple of years older than I; shorter than I was, but built more heavily. When he came in, Karen got up quickly and gave him a warm kiss, and for a moment, while they stood there with their arms around each other, I envied them, envied what I thought they had. Then Martin and I shook hands.

At dinner, Martin did most of the talking. He was a divorce lawyer with an office in the next town. Business was good. Damned good, he said. We talked about their house—what a *find* it was, what they were going to do to it when they had time. He kept looking over at Karen for corroboration. But she didn't say very much. Once, when there was an uncomfortably long lull in the conversation, she said to him, "Dave plays tennis, too."

"Good," Martin said with only polite interest. "Maybe we can get a game of doubles together when the weather gets warmer."

The next morning the phone rang at five-thirty. Karen's voice whispered into the receiver. "Were you asleep?"

"What makes you think that?" I said, attempting flippancy. There was still a black moonless sky beyond the window.

"I couldn't sleep," she said. There was a long pause as if that explained everything. Then she asked, "Are you free later on this morning?"

We met in the state park. I didn't ask her how she got out on a Saturday morning and she didn't explain. The first thing she said was, "I thought it would kill it when I brought you home, when I brought you into my world, but it didn't. I thought about you all night. I couldn't sleep at all."

Through the greenhouse windows we saw white and lavender lilies and long beds of violets. In the gardens jonquils grew along the walls and the grass glowed a dull silvery green. Karen had the collar of her suede jacket turned up against the wind. "I want to sleep with you," she said, staring out at the leafless trees across the lake.

"So you can hate me too," I said, half joking. "Like the others."

No flippancy now; no satire. Only a little girl's insistence. "I want to," she said. "I just want to."

The first time was in the guest room directly across the hall from the bedroom she shared with Martin. He was in Boston seeing a client; she wanted to be home in case he called.

The cedar tree outside the window blocked out the moonlight. She was a shadow in a room full of shadows. That night I didn't feel very much warmth or even passion for her. Her moans were soft and sporadic. She didn't move her body very much. And she didn't come.

A few weeks later, after we had been to bed a half-dozen times, I said something about it. She looked ashamed. "I never have," she said. "At least I don't think so."

"If you're not sure, then you haven't," I said, unable to keep the annoyance out of my voice. What had she and Martin been doing for five years? But I didn't care about Martin. I was annoyed because she didn't come with me.

"I think I can with you," she said—almost a promise. "I feel really good with you."

For a while there we were a threesome. I went over for dinner a few more times and once we all drove into the city to see a movie. Karen sat in the middle, one knee touching Martin, one touching me. On a Sunday afternoon in early May we played some tennis together. Because of Karen, I didn't want to bring one of the girls I'd been seeing, so for a little while we just volleyed back and forth, Karen and Martin on one side of the net, me on the other. Then when Karen got bored, Martin and I played a game. I won the first set; he won the next two. As a player he had the edge on me: better form, a stronger backhand, and a tough serve. And he took the game very seriously. When he made the final point, he said, "I guess that does it!" with a grim smile on his face as if something had been settled.

On the days I wasn't in court, Karen and I would spend long lunch hours at their house. It was closer to the office than my place, and there was the pool when the weather turned warm. We usually swam first and then went up to the guest room. With the branches of the cedar gently brushing against the side of the house as the wind stirred, we would grope toward each other in the midday suburban stillness, leaving the blue bedspread wrinkled and the clean sheets moist with stains. Karen began to relax a little. I thought I could feel the rhythms beating inside her when I entered her or when I went down on her.

The only thing that bothered me during those days was the possibility of Martin coming in on us. It didn't seem to bother Karen at all. "He never comes home during the day," she said whenever I brought it up.

Still I wasn't satisfied. "Doesn't it bother you?" I persisted. "Doing it here in his house."

"It's half *my* house," she said.

I can remember the first time I opened the gate to the pool. They had built a high redwood fence around it—so they could swim in the nude, Karen said—and when the gate swung inward, I jumped. There was Martin sitting beyond the far end of the pool in a deck chair. But, of course, it wasn't really Martin. It was an unclothed manikin he had picked up somewhere. With a pen he had colored in the nipples and scrawled pubic hair in the crotch. Martin had a strange sense of humor sometimes was all that Karen said about it.

One of my weaknesses in those days was that I let other people shape reality for me. Karen wasn't worried about Martin coming home, so why should I be? She didn't mind fucking in her own house, so why should it bother me? If she didn't think it was callous and irresponsible, then maybe it wasn't. All she had to do was turn on her innocent smile and look at me with that deep blackness of her eyes, which at times seemed governed by no law except the whims of her heart and cunt, and I forgot everything else. All my scruples were brushed away with the touch of her fingers. "It's okay," she said softly. "It's okay."

One blue afternoon in June, when garish roses dripped from the redwood fence and the smell of flowers filled the cool clean wind, we made it in the guest room, in the shimmering turquoise water of the pool, and again—Martin's manikin sitting across from us—in the white deck chair. The sun beat on my back; the wind rushed high up in the cedar branches. Beneath me, Karen's body was soft and warm in the sun. What I felt that day may not have been love, but I wouldn't trade it now for all the love in the world.

A few days later when we came in from the pool I didn't bother to get dressed right away. I sat in the dining room drinking wine while Karen got dressed and made lunch. I sensed Martin behind me before I heard him. Then the back door shuddered open and he was standing there, his eyes hard above the blackness of his beard, his face curiously controlled. "So that's it," he said.

The chair fell over behind me as I got up. Karen came running in from the kitchen. How do you fight somebody without any clothes on? But Martin didn't want to fight. He turned around abruptly and went out the back door. Karen just stood there for a moment with terror in her eyes. Then she ran out after him.

I was finished dressing when she came back in, her eyes distraught but not panicked. "It's all right," she said. "Martin's coming back in ten minutes. He just wants you gone."

About an hour after I got home, she called. "Martin wanted me to let you know I'm all right," she said in a carefully measured voice. Goddamned incredible, I thought. Either he was a far saner man than I'd ever be or he was a complete fool.

When I came home from the office early that evening, Karen was sitting on the front steps. She was wearing a pair of faded jeans and what looked like an old shirt of Martin's. "Hello," she said, as casually as if she were a neighbor just out for a breath of air.

She didn't tell me what had gone on between them that afternoon, except to say that what bothered Martin most was not that she had been fucking me but that she'd been doing it in *their* house. She smoked a lot that night as we sat in a neighborhood bar and drank sour draft beer while the jukebox played old Frank Sinatra records. Otherwise she was her usual self. "You're both a part of my life," she said. "It's as simple as that."

Soon after that she quit her job at the office. It was part of some concession she had made to Martin. The irony was that it made it easier for us to see each other. We met in my apartment in the afternoons whenever I was free. And she even began showing up at my place on Sunday mornings.

"How do you arrange it?" I asked in stunned disbelief the first Sunday she appeared in my bedroom. It seemed as though she had just walked out of one of my dreams.

"I told Martin I was going to church."

"And he believed you?"

"I don't know," she said, climbing into bed with me.

She was an easy lay. That was all. A pretty curiosity—a twenty-six-year-old woman who wanted to come but was afraid. She made no demands, created no problems. There was none of the petty bickering or dull routine that comes with marriage. She was a smooth brown body, an easy laugh, a cunt that wanted to play.

I wanted to play, too. So we used each other. In the middle of the summer I took a few weeks off, and we spent the days together, all day, from the moment Martin left for his office in the morning until he returned in the evening. We did the usual things—tennis, picnics, long walks in the woods. She was so eager for anything, everything, that she drew me away from myself, away from my moods. One day she suggested driving a hundred and fifty miles to a country inn she'd known as a kid. "They make fantastic turkey sandwiches," she said very seriously.

"It's a bit far for lunch, isn't it?"

"Don't you like turkey sandwiches?"

"I love them, but—"

"Come on then," she urged. "It's really a pretty drive once you get out of the suburbs."

On the way up we stopped at a waterfall she remembered from an early childhood trip and fucked in the wet shadows of the rocks, with the steady thunderous rush of the falls behind us. Coming home we stopped there again, but this time we made it on the precipice up above the falls. When I came I was watching the water falling in the sunlight, splashing silver before it struck the black pool far down below us.

Afterward I lay still for a long time, listening to the sound of the falls, afraid that if I moved or even blinked I would lose it, this moment, and it would be gone forever. For the first time I wanted her to feel exactly what I felt: the confusion of trees and water and silver sunlight and come.

"Maybe we should start back," Karen said. "It's getting late."

"No—not yet."

"Suddenly she would go tight, as if she had clamped shut inside, and I could think of nothing but forcing her to come."

Her jeans were pushed down around her knees. I pulled them off and settled between her legs. I kissed her cunt softly. Now I could no longer see the falls or the black pool. There was just the great roar of water over the rocks and the long splashing sound far away below us.

I ran my fingers across the flat of her stomach. I flattened my tongue and pressed hard all over her cunt—the sides and top and bottom, the edges and the corners, the deep fault in the center of her. I rubbed my fingers into the flesh of her thighs, kneading her flesh to the rhythm of my tongue—first in time, then out of time, an alternation, skipping a beat, so that she would have to wait first for the one and then the other, the absence building with each touch. Her moans came slowly, stirring from deep within her. I moved my tongue faster, darting, quickly there and then gone, so that she would miss it, so that she would come to expect missing it, the pain of loss swelling the pain of anticipation.

I had gone down on her before. Always she would loosen up, let herself go, and then suddenly she would go tight, as if she had clamped shut inside. And after a while I would give up and concentrate instead on my own pleasure. But this time I could think of nothing but *forcing* her to come. I licked her softly, my tongue sliding down into her long shaft, out of reach, unloosed in the darkness, aching with the strain. She gave a low moan, her body moaned this time and she stretched out her legs as if she wanted to be fucked all over them, wanted to turn them inside out. For several minutes her breath came in short gasps, then her body suddenly went limp and her breathing was cut off from whatever she'd been feeling.

I wasn't going to lose her this time. Not if it took all afternoon. So I began again, softer this time, trying for the right touch, the right pressure—so soft she could barely feel it. Pausing between each

touch of my tongue, I waited for her moans to begin again, for the gentle undulation of her stomach, for the faster pace of her breathing. I waited until she was caught in the rhythm again, and I tried to pull her, touch by touch, towards me. And then when she had let herself go a certain distance, I could feel her pull back as always, her breathing gone quiet again, her body still as death.

Again and again, I coaxed her along only to lose her, to have her fall back beyond where I could reach her. I lost all sense of time. I don't know how many hours I lay there between her legs, my face in her cunt, wet with the juice of her. From time to time I heard the rush of the falls; but mostly it was the sound of her breathing that I heard, sometimes close to me, sometimes far away.

I sucked the flesh of her thighs in small mouthfuls, licked the flesh, bit her lightly on the insides of her legs, underneath them, moving my mouth up onto her belly, into her hair, then playing at the edges of her hole, bites softer still, almost not bites at all but just the lightest touch of teeth. All the while I could feel a dark red pulse throbbing inside her. Even when I lost her, when she cut herself off, I knew that she had been carried one step further on, was that much closer to giving herself up completely.

In one long slow circle I moved my tongue inside her. Her cunt was pulled in tight, yearning and bracing itself at the same time. Then I slid my tongue in hard and deep, pulling back quickly, skimming the swollen part near the opening. I flicked my tongue over it. The swelling rose and fell, sometimes hard against my tongue, sometimes not there at all, buried under flesh and juice. Her cunt began to twitch and jerk. Her ass rubbed back and forth on the dry grass, the breath coming out of her in thick, dark waves, the juices flowing. And I knew she couldn't hold back any longer. Her hands gripped the earth for support; her whole body trembled. I could feel the pressure surging into her thighs where my hands were. Forces rippled through skin and veins, her moans were louder and unhesitating. There was one long beat of silence as she hovered at the very edge. Then in long licking and sucking motions I drew the red swollen center of her up towards me, drawing it all up from the depths of her, feeling the weight of it dragged up through recess after recess until it surfaced in ragged jerks—a long volcanic release, her body twisting from side to side, the juices running and molten, her breath gasping out of control.

I lay still, with my face in her cunt, feeling the rise and fall of her breathing, listening to the waterfall which had become suddenly real again. When her breathing slowed she reached down and pulled me up to her. For a moment her eyes seemed frightened. Then she kissed me and smiled—not her usual playful smile, but a deep contented smile from some newly discovered part of herself.

"I'm sure this time," she said looking up at me. And when we got back to the car and found that it was already past five, there was only a very remote concern in her voice when she asked, "What will I say to Martin?"

"Tell him you took a ride in the country and you got lost."

After that she was like a child with a new toy. She wanted to play with it, play with it all she could before the batteries ran out. We must have fucked in every part of the state park—in a field gone wild with dandelions, by the pond, in the cherry orchard, on a flat rock near the top of the mountain—narrowly missing being caught by forest rangers, by boy scouts, by old ladies out picking wildflowers. She began to come three and four times in a row. And she went down on me for the first time. Something, she said, she'd never done to Martin.

By this time her hair—she was letting it grow for me—fell to her shoulders. There was a day on the mountain when she stood silhouetted against the blue sky, her hair blowing back in the wind, her dark-tanned body swaying with the ease and grace of her newfound sensuality, and I knew she had come a long way. No more was she the manikin Martin had married. And somehow that made me jealous of her, as if her new awareness threatened me, made me less necessary to her. You see, she had taken me by surprise. There were things about her, about the things we did together, that crept up and took hold of me without my consciously noticing—the way her stomach rose and fell in gentle swells when I went down on her, the bronze color of her skin when she came out of the water, the soft feel of her ass in my crotch when I fucked her from behind, the strange satisfied smile after she came. It got so I couldn't look at another girl without thinking of Karen.

Only once toward the end of the summer did she talk about the conflicts in that part of herself she kept hidden from me. We were lying on my bed, with a gray Friday twilight out beyond the windows and the sound of children's voices coming from across the street.

"Sometimes I'm still afraid," she said as if she was ashamed of it.

"Of what?"

"This. Sex."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

She was sitting with her knees pulled up against her chin, her arms wrapped around her legs. "It's okay when I'm with you. But after I leave you . . . sometimes I get really frightened."

That fall I left the firm and took a job teaching trial law at the university. "I'll have to be there only three days a week," I told Karen. "We can spend Tuesdays and Thursdays together."

"That's great," she said sounding like she really meant it.

But then the next week she took a part-time job with an educational testing service, working all day on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I was naive enough to believe it was an accident—but then I have a way of seeing only what I want to. It was only when she began having trouble "getting out"—she rarely got out in the evenings anymore and she stopped coming by on Sunday mornings—that I admitted to myself how much she was pulling back.

"What's the matter?" I asked during one of our lunch hours in the park.

"Nothing," she said lightly. "I've just been really busy. That's all."

I wanted to believe her, so I let it drop. But when I didn't see her again for a whole week, I asked her again. This time she didn't brush it off.

"And the more she held back, the more aggressive I became, so that our sex was a kind of dry, tense parody of rape."

"Martin's threatened to leave me if I don't stop seeing you."

"Let him leave."

"I don't know," she said. She seemed almost somber, humorless—the way I was when I first met her. "I don't know what to do."

When we made love she would lie there passively, unresponsive up to the very moment of orgasm, when she would give herself up, as a last resort, reluctantly. And the more she held back, the more aggressive I became, so that our sex was a kind of dry, tense parody of rape.

"Do you come with Martin now?" I asked once after I had savagely made her come. "Is that it?"

"No," she said, shaking her head.

"Why then? *Why*?"

"I don't know."

I shook her hard at the shoulders. "*Why*?" She tried to turn her face away, but I forced her to look at me. "*Why*?"

"It's not just a simple affair anymore," she said. "I could handle that. It's something else now."

"Are you afraid?" I asked her. "Is that it? Are you afraid?"

"Sometimes," she said. "Sometimes I think you want too much of me. I thought I wanted the kind of intensity we had last summer. But I don't know anymore. I'm not sure."

Another week went by and I didn't hear from her. I called her house but there was no answer. By the second week, I was driving past her house two or three times a day looking for her car in the driveway. Sometimes, like an adolescent, I would park across the street and stare up at her windows. Then, one morning toward the end of that second week, when I drove by early on my way to the university I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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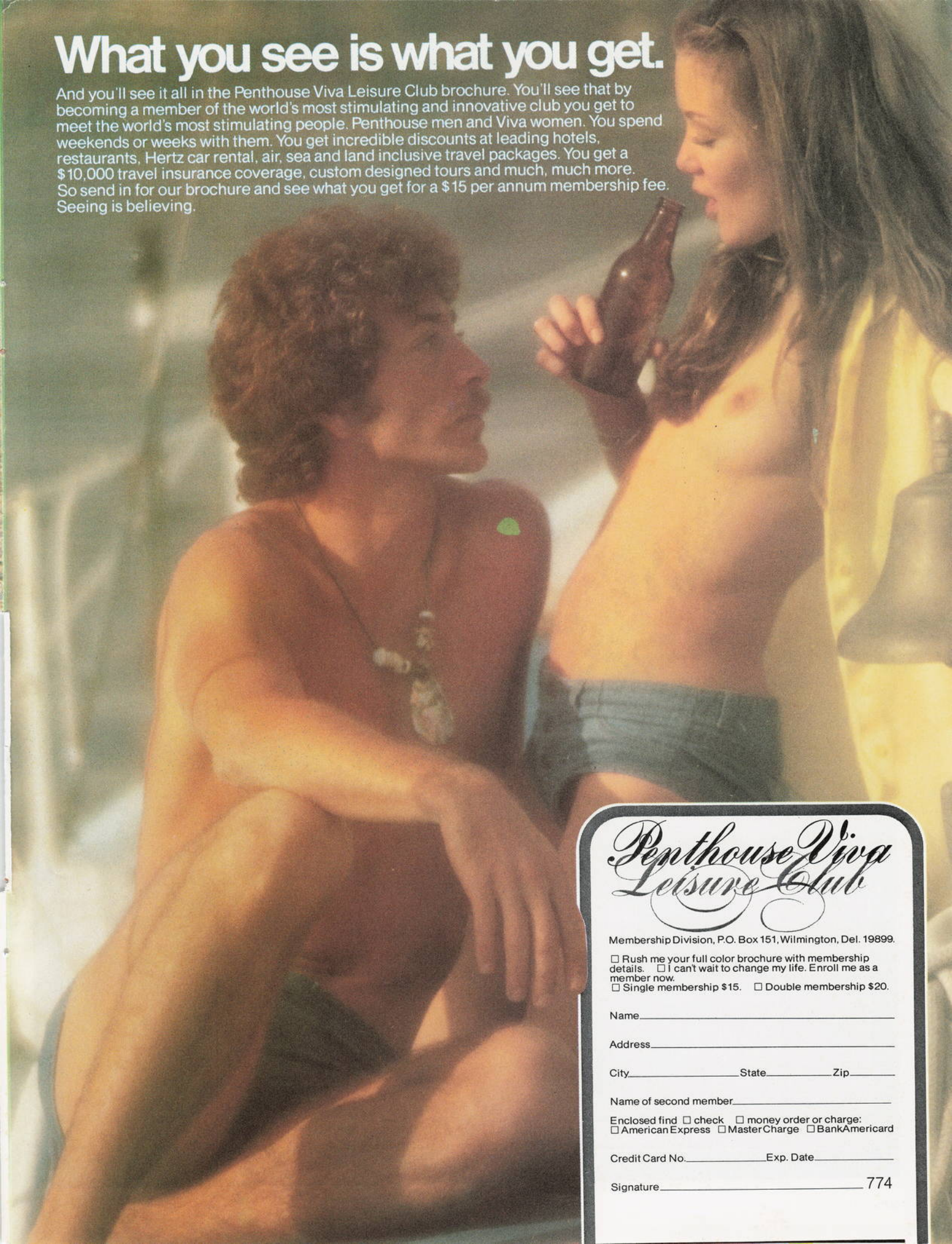

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I SEE THE LIGHT

In which a young journalist pushes a cream pie into the face of His Divine Fatness and gets his skull cracked open by two disciples

By Ken Kelley

Tuesday, August 7, 1973, was a good day for Pat Halley. He and his comrades on Detroit's stalwart underground newspaper, the *Fifth Estate*, were going down to the City-County Building on a very important mission—a divine mission, you could say. Guru Maharaj Ji, the corpulent teenage avatar, had asked to be presented with the key to the city, a propaganda stunt he'd pulled off in several other towns, and a liberal do-gooder on the council had agreed to sponsor him.

Arriving at the building's entrance, Halley found some of his cohorts already gathered outside, hoisting placards that demanded that the guru prove his divinity in a variety of creative ways: "No More Premature Orgasms!" "Free the Devil and All Political Prisoners!" "Make Mountains in Michigan!" and "No Pie in the Sky—We Want Pie Now!" Halley chuckled as he read this last sign, and strode purposefully to the elevator that would transport him to the thirteenth-floor council chambers. As he started his ascent, he checked the parcel he was holding one last time. A garland of neatly arranged though slightly wilting flowers he had scored the night before from a funeral parlor (appropriately, he would think later) rested on a pizza box, the bottom of which was cut out. Inside on a paper platter lay a snow-white gob of Gillette Foamy shaving cream, the kind of pie Soupy Sales would receive daily in his face on a local TV show when Halley was a kid and the guru was but a gleam in his father's accountant's eye.

Entering the semicircular auditorium, Halley saw that it was virtually packed with fastidiously attired members of the guru's Divine Light Mission (premies, as they call themselves), busily chatting away. Many had flowers of their own; all displayed wide-eyed grins as they fiddled with their ties or smoothed their granny dresses for the umpteenth time, eager that when their god finally appeared he would see a meticulous flock. Halley walked to the front, near the private elevator through which the guru would shortly emerge, and smiled vacantly in an attempt to blend in. I can be just as blissful as they are, he thought, and he struck up a conversation with a couple of premies. "OOH, I just can't *wait*, this is the first time I've ever seen him," cooed one. "There's so much *energy* here I can't *stand* it," clucked another. "Yeah, it's gonna be far out," offered Halley, glancing around to the upper tier of the chamber where a gaggle of his buddies had strategically grouped. Wow, he thought, I might not be able to do this, I might feel like a real creep. These people are so happy maybe this guy has something. Maybe when he comes in he'll be so friendly and *high-energy* that I'll feel like a real asshole. Maybe. . . .

Suddenly the door opened and a piercing yelp arose and Halley knew it was now or never. As he darted toward the rotund figure in a gray-checked Brooks Brothers suit and with a face like a half-baked hamburger bun, Halley knew—just *knew*—in the full flush of the adrenaline pumping through his arteries that he could do it. The guru looked at him askance, the disdainful glare from his bepuckered eyesockets commanding him to sit down and wait for the proper time, you stupid premie. . . . Halley stopped an arm's length away with a triumphant grin, and like an exhibitionist opening his trenchcoat he flipped off the flowers and *SPLOTT!!* whipped around, gave a violent jerk away from the horrified lurchings of one of the bodyguards and was halfway to freedom before most of the assemblage knew what had happened. Then shocked devotee tripped over shocked devotee in an attempt to ensnare the fleeing apostate, but like the precision clockwork of a well-timed defensive football maneuver, Halley's friends threw several crucial cross-body blocks, and he made it into the hallway. Halley flew double-step down thirteen flights, breathlessly pausing on the fourth floor for a recharge in case he had to fight his way through the lobby. But when he reached the ground floor, the normal, everyday civil-service clerks and parking-ticket-paying citizens were the only humans to greet him. *Faaarrr-OUT! I made it! I threw a pie in God's face!* thought Halley. He dashed across the street, laughing hysterically, and into the crowd of downtown shoppers, several of whom frowned suspiciously. But in a city with the highest yearly homicide rate in the world, the appearance of a goofy hippie is nothing to get too excited about.

Back at the *Fifth Estate* offices, an elated Halley recounted his exploits to the score of newsmen and well-wishers who swarmed in. A photographer friend who'd been alerted had captured the historic moment on film and sold it to the Associated Press, who teletyped it across the continent. All the local TV stations had shown up for the divine hoopla, and the scene was recreated that night in millions of homes. Not since Jesus drove the money changers from the temple had religious guerrilla theater worked so well. That night Pat Halley celebrated with some Colombian reefer and a bottle of Boone's Farm fine apple wine.

The news of the Detroit incident was not long in reaching Boston. At the local ashram of the Divine Light Mission, a dismayed premie named Tina Sanderson showed a copy of the Boston *Globe* story to another premie named Juteswar Misra. Misra is no ordinary premie. He is in fact a mahatma, Fakiranand by name, one of the super-elite clan of several in the Western world empowered by Guru Maharaj Ji with dispensing his secretive meditation technique that premies call simply The Knowledge. It involves four ancient yogic methods from the Baghavad

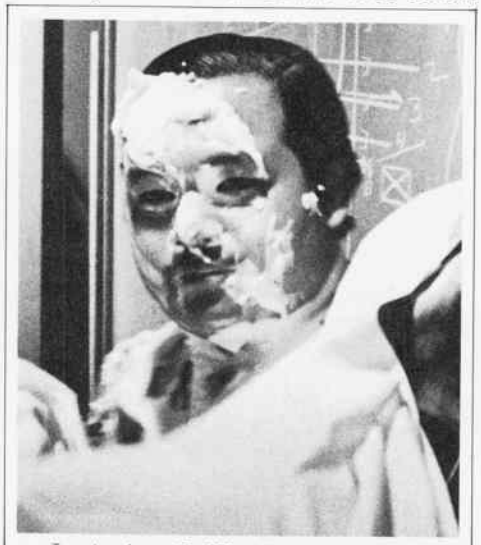
Gita, which when stripped of the sacrosanct hocus-pocus, entails pressing in the eyelids (Divine Light), fingering the outer canal of the ear (Divine Music), swallowing postnasal drip (Divine Nectar), and breathing deeply (Divine Word).

Mahatma Fakiranand is a very special mahatma, being one of the first premies elevated to that sacred state after the barely pubescent godhead (he's one day older than Donny Osmond) assumed the title of Perfect Master in 1969 upon the death of his father, the founder of the Divine Light Mission. Fakiranand is fondly referred to as Guru Maharaj Ji's "drunken puppy," because of his rather peculiar sense of devotion. The day after the Detroit incident Tina Sanderson was receiving The Knowledge from Fakiranand, and she was more than a little perturbed by his zeal. He made the twenty-odd premies-to-be clean their pockets of all their possessions, scooping the spare change into a paper bag which, along with many other paper bags he would collect from other Knowledge sessions, he would personally deliver to the feet of his master. Tina remembers being particularly disturbed by the fanatical display of adoration Fakiranand exhibited. "He made us bow twenty times to a picture of Guru Maharaj Ji, making us promise to renounce all other gurus and religious beliefs. There was a picture of Guru Maharaj Ji which had fallen to the floor. He got all agitated and scolded us for not rushing over to pick it up. Other premies later told me that he would berate them for even turning their backs on a picture of Maharaj Ji." Considering that in most ashrams the divine physiognomy is present on all walls, even Rose Mary Woods would have a hard time contorting her body in such a manner as to face all four sides simultaneously.

So the seriousness of the crime Pat Halley had committed was not lost upon Mahatma Fakiranand. Soliciting the help of Richard Fletcher, one of the corps of Divine Light Mission press agents, the two flew to Detroit and concocted a plan of revenge. Now Fletcher, too, is no ordinary premie. In the divine pecking order of reincarnated saints (every Divine Light Mission honcho is considered the living consciousness of either a Christian or Indian saint, depending on religious persuasion), he and his twin brother John are considered the reincarnation of St. Peter. "They have the most incredible experiences on meditation—they meditate four and five days nonstop, just twenty-four hours a day," says former political activist and premier premie Rennie Davis. "The whole house they're in just *feels* their vibration. Guru Maharaj Ji says they could really *realize* The Knowledge." No mere mortal has yet realized The Knowledge.

Landing in Detroit, the two went immediately to the local ashram, where they called the *Fifth Estate* office and asked for Halley. Fletcher, calling himself "Dave," first congratulated Halley on his "heroic act" and said that he was in town with a "Mr. Gamesh" who had been a follower of the guru's father for twenty years until he realized that the whole thing was a farce and had come to America to "expose" the guru as a fraud. Mr. Gamesh was anxious to reveal the secret Knowledge techniques, which were at the time still relatively unknown outside premie circles. And who better to byline such a scoop than the man who had just smeared the guru with shaving cream? Halley jumped at the bait. After several logistical mixups, the divine duo finally met up with Halley in an all-night Chinese restaurant down the street from the *Fifth Estate* offices. "They said the same things they had told me over the phone," Halley recalls. "They congratulated me and said what a great thing I had done, this guru was really evil, was really a bad person, and was really insincere. The Indian guy had an accent and he kept saying yes, yes, bad man, no good. They really conned me well."

Halley's friends warned him to be careful



Tuesday, August 7, 1973. Halley's pie is delivered.

and under no circumstances accompany the men alone. But they insisted on going "someplace quiet" and Halley could just taste an exposé. Halley climbed into their car and zipped off to his apartment a few miles away. "My roommates were there and the two men were still uncomfortable—they said the room was too noisy. So I asked my roommates to leave. They, too, warned me, saying there were a couple of things in the men's stories which didn't check out." As a precaution, Halley's roommates went outside to the parked car and copied down the license-plate numbers.

But Halley was not especially worried. He'd had some karate training, and the two were slight of build. "I thought I could knock their heads together without too much problem," he says. "We went in my room and talked for about forty-five minutes. We kept talking about religion and culture and the fact that this guru was a fraud. They told me I was doing an important thing in exposing someone who was hustling in the name of the Lord." Finally Halley urged the two to get on with the revelation.

"Mr. Gamesh said, 'This is a big moment in my life—you can't believe how great a moment this is.' He said to wait a few more minutes—he seemed really nervous." Finally, the moment was at hand. "Mr. Gamesh said, 'How're you feeling—pretty good?' I said yeah. He said, 'Okay,' and turned off the light so there was only candlelight in my room to illuminate it. Then he told me that it was just a few simple techniques, but that you had to *experience* them to understand them." (Premies constantly emphasize that facet of Knowledge—you have to *experience* it to understand it, no words can convey the power. Knowledge, they say, is like a banana or apple or grapefruit—you have to *taste* it to know it, there's no way to explain it.)

Halley then sat in the middle of the room in a lotus position, as instructed, with "Dave" in front of him. Mr. Gamesh walked behind him and told him to close his eyes tight. "Now what?" asked an eager Halley. "Just sit there and I'll show you something," replied Mr. Gamesh, a/k/a Juteswar Misra, a/k/a Mahatma Fakiranand. "I sat there and I heard Mr. Gamesh rummaging around his coat someplace, and he pulled out some kind of metal object: I heard a chain dragging across metal. I thought, 'Oh wow, this is some kind of trick, this is some kind of electronic device the Divine Light Mission uses to make their followers hear things.' I thought, 'What a gas. They'll show me this thing and I'm going to see these lights and we would laugh and say see, that's all it is.' I had my eyes closed and suddenly I saw stars and started blacking out.

Halley had just received the first of six hard smashes to the head with what was probably a blackjack. The first blow, directly on the top of his skull, was of such impact that it numbed him and put him in a state of shock. "After the first blow they started moving real fast," he remembers. "I was so buzzed out even at that point I thought, 'Now they're going to bring me out of it and I'll be all right.' That's the divine light, you know—you get hit in the head and see stars. But then I thought, 'What a weird dude—you don't have to hit me to show me.' I kept seeing these big red stars. Then Gamesh started hitting me again, three, four, five, six times. He kept hitting me all over the head. I couldn't really feel it, but I could hear it like *boom! smash!* then I heard the blood splattering on the walls, and I could hear them breathing close and heavy. I finally realized what was going on and I screamed with all my might. I started fighting, too, and kicked one guy in the face. Then the other guy started running." Both assailants ran down to their parked car and fled. Halley staggered to his neighbors' door, his whole head a bloody ball of torn flesh, and was whisked to a hospital. The doctors who sutured his wounds with fifty-five stitches told Halley that had he arrived ten minutes later he would himself be another statistic in Murder City's record string of violent deaths, perhaps to be reincarnated as a squashed ant. Besides the several garish scars now etched permanently on Halley's head, he will carry a plastic plate for the rest of his days on the top of his

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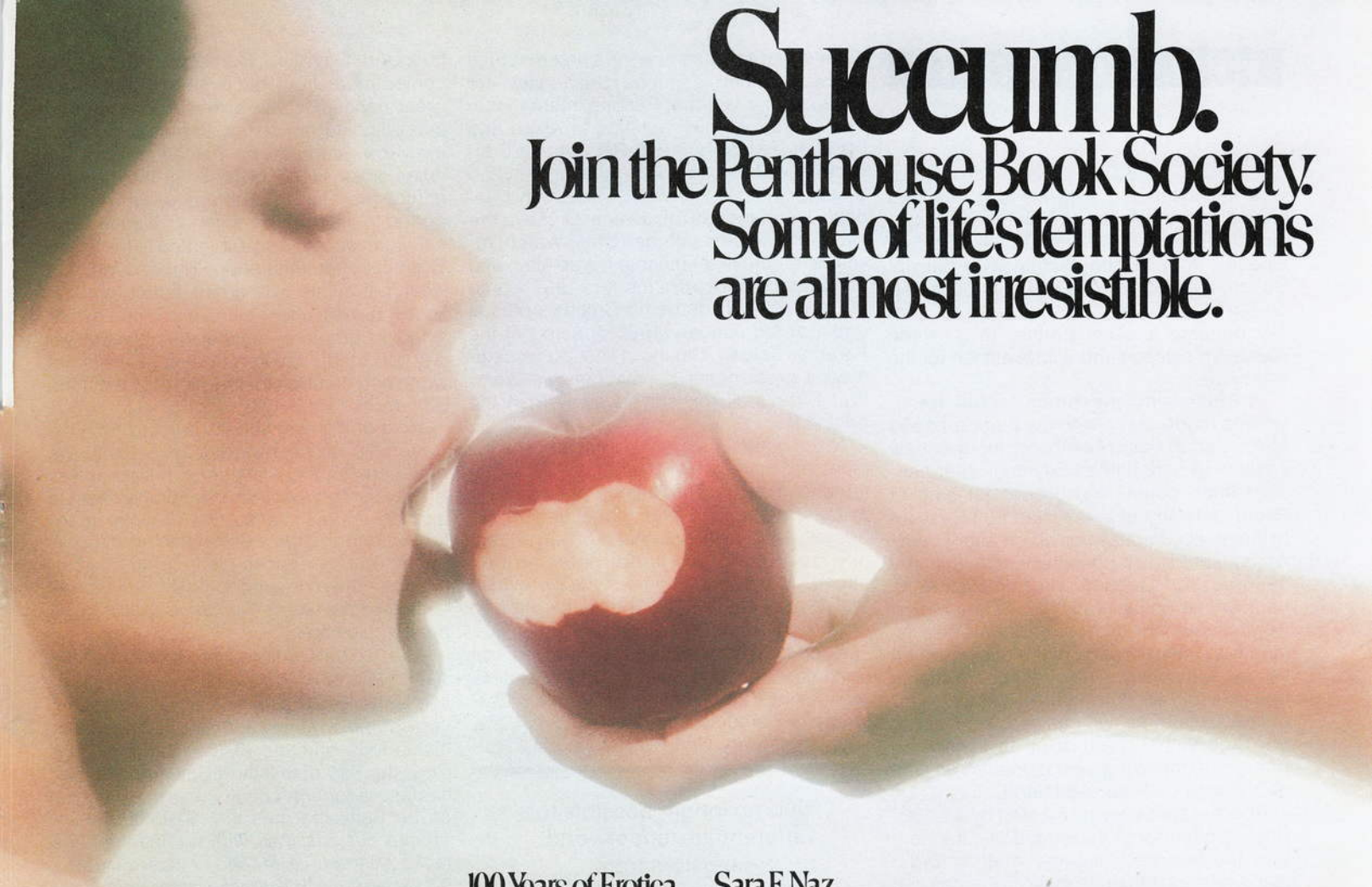

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RICHARD M. NIXON

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was the syndicate kingpin and financial wizard, Meyer Lansky. Working through two wheeler-dealers, Wallace Groves and Lou Chesler, and in conjunction with corrupt Bahamian officials, one of whom collected $1.8 million in "fees" for his services, Lansky became a silent partner in all three gambling saloons and a spokesman for the syndicate.

In 1965, with the boom in full force, Groves made plans with the Florida-based Mary Carter Paint Company for two new casinos. A man named Seymour Alter handled such details as the crucial sale of Paradise Island (a small island off Nassau) to the paint company, for which Alter claims he collected a handsome fee. A January 1966 Justice Department memo saw the handwriting on the wall: "Mary Carter Paint Company will be in control of Paradise Island with the exception of the casino which Groves will control. The atmosphere seems ripe for a Lansky skim." In 1967, Mary Carter opened one of its two casinos, the Nassau Bay Club, with Richard Nixon as an honored guest. The following year it opened its second casino on Paradise Island.

After the shock waves created by the 1967 Royal Commission investigations, the central question had become whether organized crime's influence in the Bahamas had vanished or merely become less visible. As late as 1970 there was solid evidence of Meyer Lansky's presence. In a June 1972 indictment in Miami of Lansky and his associate Dino Cellini, government prosecutors alleged that in 1968 Lansky maintained at least some control over running junkets (an integral part of a casino operation) to the Paradise Island casino. In late 1969 the Mary Carter Paint Company—by now called Resorts International—reluctantly released Dino Cellini's brother, Eddie, from his post at the casino. Even after his dismissal, intelligence reports by the Dade County sheriff's office placed both Cellinis at Resorts International's Miami office, where they checked credits and booked junkets. As late as 1970, newspapers were quoting government investigators as believing that the "resourceful Lansky is still managing to get his cut from the Bahamas."

On January 21, 1974, Denny Walsh of the *New York Times* disclosed that Seymour Alter had been the man responsible for hosting Richard Nixon in 1962 on the first of his many visits to the Bahamas. Walsh also wrote that Alter was being investigated for possible "skimming" of funds from the Paradise Island casino through Bebe Rebozo's Key Biscayne Bank, a bank with which Alter had very close ties. Walsh also reported that the chairman of the board of Resorts International had donated $100,000 to Nixon's 1968 campaign and had raised at least that much again from friends. Some details of the Nixon-Resorts International connection had surfaced previously—for instance, the fact that Resorts International had offered various facilities to Nixon and his staff during the 1968 Republican Convention in Miami Beach. Although it had been previously known that Nixon and Rebozo were friends of James Crosby, the head of Resorts International, Walsh revealed for the first time that it was Alter who introduced Rebozo to Crosby in 1967, which led in turn to Nixon being Crosby's official guest at the January 1968 opening of the Paradise Island Casino. (Though considered a great poker player from his World War II days, Nixon stayed away from the casino.)

Nixon needs a "clean" explanation for his close proximity to the Bahamas-Resorts International setup. The Resort's casinos were at least conceived and formulated, if not operated, while the influence of Meyer Lansky on Bahamian gambling remained strong. At present, Seymour Alter provides that explanation. He has no visible links to organized crime. Yet questions remain.

Alter has known his way around the Bahamas for a long time. In 1965 it was his "consulting" ability that enabled Mary Carter to buy Paradise Island for its casino, at a time when Mary Carter's partner was Wallace Groves's Bahamas Amusement Ltd. The certificate of exemption to run the Paradise Island Casino had been obtained for $750,000 from the Bahamian Club, a small gaming room in Nassau. *Life* magazine, in its February 3, 1967, issue stated: "Under the Bahamian Club's present management Lansky and Company pull the managerial strings and are slated to run the Paradise Island Casino when it opens."

> "It is no longer possible to differentiate 'underworld' gangsters from 'upperworld' businessmen and government officials."

While there are other additions to be made to the Nixon-Bahamas-mob network —such as Lou Chesler's $14,000 contribution to Nixon's 1960 campaign—it brings us no closer to the bottom line. They do, of course, reinforce the belief among government investigators and other observers that the mathematical probability of coincidence as the answer is slim indeed.

The activities of Charles (Bebe) Rebozo, the closest of Nixon's friends, have been put under intense public scrutiny as a result of Watergate, but they still remain an enigma. The accepted legends portray Rebozo as a millionaire banker who stays aloof from politics but is willing to lend support, financial and otherwise, to Richard Nixon and his family.

In fact, his willingness to help finance Nixon's San Clemente estate and purchase a home for Julie Nixon Eisenhower and her husband David in Bethesda, Maryland, comes more from benevolence than from great riches. Rebozo's personal wealth is, according to his own statements, surprisingly low—certainly no match for that of another close friend of Nixon's, the Aerosol millionaire Robert Abplanalp, who is reported to have $250 million. In a June 1967 net-worth accounting submitted to the Small Business Administration, Rebozo put his wealth at a little over a half-million dollars. By 1970, even after selling some real estate to the government—and receiving, as *Newsday* reported, "favored treatment"—his net worth had climbed to only just over a million dollars.

Most of that wealth was derived from his ownership of the Key Biscayne Bank, the only bank on the prosperous island of Key Biscayne. This bank, with its limited assets and lack of financial activity (it ranks dead-last among Florida's 607 banks in the percentage of its deposits lent out to customers), has been described by a federal bank examiner as "so conservative that it is almost not a bank."

And yet the Key Biscayne Bank is the little bank that could.

It is the Key Biscayne Bank that has lent large sums of money and handled accounts for various officials of the company that owns the Paradise Island Casino in the Bahamas—a foreign country. It is the Key Biscayne Bank that has lent $195,000 to an Atlanta businessman with no financial ties to the Miami area, a loan collateralized by 900 shares of IBM stock—stock stolen by the Mafia expressly to meet the needs of the transaction.

Washington Post reporter Ron Kessler has disclosed that Rebozo cashed 300 shares of the stolen stock after an insurance company investigator had informed Rebozo that the stock was stolen. The investigator, who testified under oath about his warning, had also written a report about his interview with Rebozo in which he stated: "This would appear to me to be a shady deal, and I suspect that Mr. Rebozo is aware of this and did not want to become involved. . . ."

Rebozo, who denies knowing the stock was stolen before he sold it, was saved from further involvement in the case when in 1971 the Justice Department quietly settled out of court the case against the eight mob defendants who stole the stock. Rebozo would have had to testify under oath had the case, which had been under investigation for over a year, actually come to trial.

Furthermore, a civil case involving the stolen stock and Rebozo's bank was terminated after a one-day trial by U.S. District Court Judge James King. King, who was appointed to the bench by President Nixon in 1970, shut off discussion of the procedures normally used by banks to determine if negotiable stock (which the IBM stock was) is owned by a loan applicant (which it wasn't in this case). In 1963 and 1964, Judge King, at that time a lawyer, was also a director of the Miami National Bank. This was a time during which, according to a

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government indictment, the Miami National was used by Meyer Lansky to transfer and hide illicit funds.

Besides handling personal savings accounts and certificates of deposit for Richard Nixon, the Key Biscayne Bank found it good business to handle accounts for the Committee to Re-elect the President and to allow a $100,000 contribution from Howard Hughes to sit in one of its safe-deposit boxes for three years. It is these activities of Rebozo, as an unauthorized fund-raiser and political troubleshooter, that have cast doubt not only on his financial practices and those of his bank but also on his assertion that his political relationships have always only been "social."

It is the controversial $100,000 Hughes contribution—so controversial, indeed, that Hughes's emissary, Richard Danner, was eventually convinced by Rebozo to take the money back—which triggered interest into the early roots of the Nixon-Rebozo relationship. Curiously enough, it is Richard Danner who seems to hold the key to much of that early history.

For twenty years, Mr. Nixon and his biographers have always maintained that he never showed up in Florida or met Bebe Rebozo until George Smathers introduced them in 1951. However, in the summer of 1972, I learned from ex-FBI agent John Madala that Nixon had come down to Florida for "numerous" pleasure excursions during the "late 1940's," and that on those excursions Nixon went fishing first with Tatum "Chubby" Wofford, a Florida hotel owner and real-estate speculator, and later with Rebozo. Madala indicated that his old friend Richard Danner had helped make the necessary arrangements. (Danner and Madala had worked together in the Miami FBI office during the Forties.)

In a September 1972 interview in his plush Las Vegas office, Danner confirmed Madala's story and told me about one of Nixon's Miami visits.

This was in 1948, at a time when Nixon was involved in prosecuting the Alger Hiss case. According to Danner, George Smathers, who had introduced Danner to Nixon in Washington in 1947, called from Washington to tell Danner, "Dick is on the verge of a physical breakdown. We're all concerned about him." So Smathers put Nixon on the train and Danner met him at the other end in Miami. (Danner remembers that he thought Nixon looked like a "Northern hick" coming off the train in his heavy overcoat.) After a week in Vero Beach, where Danner had a car dealership, the two headed for a Miami osteopath. Danner called Rebozo, telling him, "Bebe, get your boat and meet us at the doctor's office." Rebozo did as instructed, and the three then went out on his yacht.

According to both Madala and Danner, Nixon's first Florida yachting companion was Wofford, but the "wild man" (Danner's description of Wofford) had personal problems and moved to Georgia. Wofford had other problems, too. His Wofford Hotel, according to testimony given in hearings before the celebrated Kefauver Committee on Organized Crime in 1950–51, served as headquarters for major New York syndicate figures, who owned part of the hotel in conjunction with their local representative, Abe Allenberg. (Richard Danner was a friend of Allenberg's and had worked for him in 1946 at the Miami Beach Hotel Owner's Association.)

The Kefauver hearings, which opened in Miami, painted an alarming picture of nationally known gangsters working in harmony with Florida public officials. (Danner, as city manager of Miami from 1946 to 1948, found himself caught in the middle of a gangland dispute over control of the city police and was dismissed from office.)

It is essential to Nixon's later image that these visits to Florida during the 1940's be kept secret, for no one knows exactly what is in the Pandora's Box that contains the true story of his relationships with Danner, Wofford, and Rebozo.

Most experts have found it difficult to separate the worlds of organized crime and gambling; and unfortunately Danner, Nixon, and Rebozo have made no attempt to clear up their cloudy connections with organized crime and gambling in the 1940's. In fact, it was Danner who in 1952 accompanied Nixon on a quick jaunt to a mob-operated casino in Cuba, and it is his closeness to Nixon that cements Danner's position as the head of Howard Hughes's Sands Casino in Las Vegas. As for Rebozo, in 1968 he chose from among the scores of construction firms available in Miami the one headed by former Cleveland mobster "Big Al" Polizzi to build his shopping center in Miami's Cuban community.

"Most of the money Nixon borrowed to finance his Fisher Island purchases came from a bank connected to organized crime."

The trail of the Hughes $100,000—which includes meetings between Danner and Nixon—has served only to tighten the web of connections among Nixon, Danner, and Rebozo. While Danner has admitted under oath that it was he who introduced Nixon to Rebozo, the nearest he has been able to place the time of that first meeting is "about 1950." (The date contradicts what he told this writer in September 1972 before Nixon's troubles began.) Nixon's early trips to Florida for rest and recreation engendered friendships and associations that later in his career—at a time when he was at his political and financial nadir—were to be of crucial importance to his recovery.

SOME DEALS NIXON COULDN'T REFUSE

Some of Richard Nixon's shrewdest Florida real-estate ventures have found him in strange company. For this he can thank his good friend and banker Bebe Rebozo. Rebozo, who has had a hand in all of Nixon's real-estate investments, is, as we shall see, as adroit a real-estate speculator as he is a banker.

Between 1962 and 1967, Nixon bought stock in Fisher Island Inc., a closely held corporation that owned 90 percent of the land on Fisher Island, an undeveloped and unconnected piece of land just off the tip of Miami Beach. Everything about Fisher Island Inc. and Nixon's involvement with it is characterized by an uncomfortable coziness. Membership in this investment syndicate—which numbers less than twenty-five—is tightly controlled and most of the stockholders know each other very well indeed.

For Nixon's Fisher Island investment, hospitality was the byword. Rebozo, president of Fisher Island Inc., arranged for his good friend Nixon to buy 199,891 shares of stock at $1 a share. Nixon sold 14,000 of those shares at $1 a share to Pat Buchanan and Rose Mary Woods, his trusted longtime aides, and in May 1969 he sold his remaining 185,819 shares *back* to Fisher Island Inc. for $2 a share, realizing a nifty 100 percent capital gain.

To finance his Fisher Island purchases, Nixon borrowed $41,000 from Rebozo's bank and $24,000 from another Miami bank (the Merchants Bank) controlled by fellow Fisher Island investors, and he turned to the City National Bank of Miami for a loan of $100,000 to finance the bulk of his Fisher stock purchases. (The White House has not revealed the exact date of the loan, but several reliable sources indicate that most of Nixon's Fisher purchases occurred in 1966 and 1967. It can be assumed that the loan coincided with the timing of those purchases.)

There is no reason to assume that City National Bank was not part of the friendly Fisher tradition. After all, there was ample financial assistance available from fellow investors like Rebozo, so surely Nixon must have felt comfortable in turning to City National for his largest Fisher-related loan. There is only one problem with that assumption. His name is Max Orovitz, a prominent trustee and director of the City National Bank during the mid and late 1960's, a man who despite his respectable trappings—or some would say *because* of those trappings—finds his name inextricably linked to Meyer Lansky's. And so, in fact, the largest of Nixon's Fisher-related borrowing came not from fellow-investors, but from a bank connected to organized crime.

Max Orovitz's troubles began in the early 1960's with a real-estate company of which he was a principal owner, the General Development Corporation (GDC). Orovitz had a supposedly respectable company—like the Mackle brothers whose Key Biscayne Inn has always opened its doors to their good friends Richard Nixon and Bebe Rebozo—but GDC also had gangsters "Trigger" Mike Coppola and Lansky-associate Lou Chesler as its principals. Worse for

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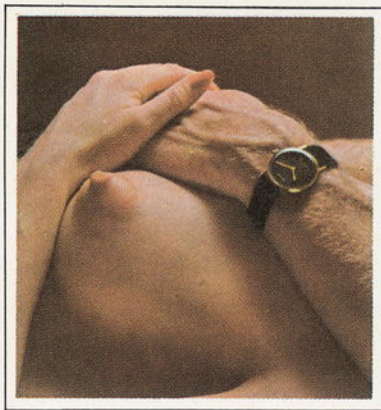

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Orovitz was the fact that in 1961 he committed an elaborate securities fraud involving GDC stock and some fancy Swiss-bank maneuvers. (His 1968 conviction was part of U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau's war on organized crime.)

Orovitz hasn't been able to rid himself of some of the friends of his GDC days. In 1963 Meyer Lansky and his key lieutenants planned the installation of gambling casinos in the Bahamas in Orovitz's office, and Orovitz was later put on the payroll as a "consultant," of the company that controlled the first casino on the island.

In 1967 the Royal Commission of Inquiry examined Orovitz's role in handling stateside money transfers and manipulations for the Lucayan Beach Casino, including some large transactions between Orovitz and Lansky couriers that produced unauthorized signatures on checks after they were cashed, giving rise to the suspicion that tainted money was being laundered. At the time of the transactions, Orovitz was using the mob-controlled Bank of Miami Beach. A Justice Department memo was later to offer "proof of a collection account in the Bank of Miami Beach with Max Orovitz taking millions of dollars out of the account for the benefit of Lansky and Chesler."

Orovitz began to feel the heat, and in 1965 he transferred the casino accounts to the City National Bank of Miami, of which he, together with another Lansky associate, had become a director. Orovitz and the casino accounts remained at the City National at the time it granted Richard Nixon his $100,000 loan.

By 1970 Orovitz set his sights on Israel, and when Meyer Lansky took refuge in Tel Aviv that year, federal investigators—who consider Orovitz a "respectable associate of Lansky"—were not surprised to see Lansky, the aging but still active financial wizard, take up residence at the Orovitz-owned Dan Hotel in Tel Aviv.

By 1970, according to his December 1973 financial statement, President Nixon had paid back his $100,000 loan to the City National—and in one lump sum we're told.

One clue to the City National loan is real-estate broker Nat Ratner, who handled the 1957 sale of Fisher Island to Rebozo's syndicate. Ratner later handled plans for the island's development, owned Fisher stock (at the same time that Nixon did), and helped Rebozo distribute pieces of Fisher stock as favors to friends.

But it is Ratner's large stock holdings in the Bank of Miami Beach that is most interesting. As we have previously seen, this bank, originally set up to service Cuban casinos operated by organized crime, continued to perform laundering services through the Sixties and was still considered mob-connected when Ratner unsuccessfully tried to take it over in 1965. (The Bank of Miami Beach was considered a sister bank of the Miami National Bank in those days, sharing many of the same directors and performing many of the same services.)

Nobody has been willing to talk about the circumstances surrounding the City National's $100,000 loan to Nixon. And while the president has been forced by the pressures of Watergate to reveal an obligation he expected to remain a secret, he still finds the cozy hospitality of Fisher Island Inc. rewarding, long after the sale of his stock.

Take his 1967 purchase of two empty lots in the Cape Florida section of Key Biscayne—one has to give him credit for the uncanny ability to turn a simple real-estate deal into a hatful of magic tricks. As we have seen in the Fisher Island investment—and as any good magician will tell you—there's more here than meets the eye.

In October 1968, Nixon valued his two Cape Florida lots at $51,382, reasonably close to the price of $53,100 indicated by the tax stamps. But in a 1969 financial statement the same asset was valued at $37,600 by Nixon. To further confuse matters, the president failed to register the deed for one of the two lots until June 1971, four years after its purchase, and a few days after an outstanding mortgage on the lot owed to Max Orovitz's City National Bank was satisfied. Finally, in his "fullest" disclosure of December 1973, Nixon revealed that the price he had paid was $38,080 and that his daughter Tricia had a hidden investment of $20,000 in the two lots. This, of course, would have made her a greater than 50 percent partner, but when it came time to divide up the profits—the lots were sold in December 1972 for $150,000 to Robert Abplanalp's attorney—Tricia got the short end and only 40 percent of the profits.

"It is essential to Nixon's image that his visits to Florida during the 1940's be kept secret."

Nixon bought the lots from the Cape Florida Development Co., which was headed by Donald Berg and whose original principals included Bebe Rebozo. Berg, a business and personal associate of Meyer Lansky's front-man Lou Chesler, was found to be "unsavory" by the Secret Service, who then asked the president to stop frequenting Berg's Key Biscayne restaurant. In 1966 Rebozo and Berg had obtained the land from the World Wide Realty Company, considered by federal investigators to be a "real-estate front" in Lansky's financial empire. Headed by Arthur Desser, a close friend of Jimmy Hoffa's, World Wide had close financial interlockings with the Miami National Bank at the time it was skimming money for Lansky. And among the mob-connected principals of World Wide was the Teamsters Pension Fund "consultant" Allen Dorfman, who came into his 25,000 shares in the company at about the time the Pension Fund loaned Desser and World Wide $5.8 million. During the 1960's Dorfman and World Wide Realty had been owners of the building in which both Miami National and World Wide had their offices.

Amidst all of this Florida wheeling and dealing, World Wide Realty was unable to file required financial statements to the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington; and in 1971, after five years of either late or missing financial statements, the SEC filed a complaint against the company. Under the terms of the consent decree, reached six months later, World Wide was required to submit the missing statements and to comply satisfactorily with SEC requirements in the future. As of March 1974, World Wide had not met the terms of that decree and further investigation has revealed other irregularities and possible violations. For example, neither of the large Teamster Pension Fund loans to the company are reflected in World Wide's financial statements—an apparent violation of SEC regulations.

Nixon went to unusual lengths to cover up his financial connection to World Wide Realty. He chose to record only one of the two lots he purchased in 1967—the one that had been sold to Cape Florida Development by World Wide Realty free of mortgage or lien. (The recording of a parcel of real estate is the legal instrument that conveys title to the land into the hands of the buyer.)

The other lot, also purchased by Cape Florida Development from World Wide Realty, and subject to a mortgage retained by World Wide, was also still subject to a mortgage held by City National Bank when purchased by Nixon in 1967. Nixon chose not to record this lot for four years—a highly unorthodox transaction that would have left him liable to losing ownership of the lot and his investment if the Cape Florida Development Company had had financial trouble. Nixon waited until June 1971, a few days after the mortgage was satisfied and any tainted financial connections gone, to record the lot.

Today, mortgages on the two lots are held by Rebozo's bank. That's not surprising since its been an "all in the family" transaction all along. The only real question is, who's in the family?

BACK IN CALIFORNIA

Mixing it up with wheeler-dealers in those Miami real-estate ventures was not exactly a new experience for Nixon. In 1961 he had purchased one tract and part of another in the Trousdale Estates development in Beverly Hills. That land was encumbered at the time to the Central States Pension Fund, which had loaned the developers over $6.7 million. To protect the interest of the Pension Fund, the trustees of the Fund exercised tight control over how the lots were sold. The trust deeds that the Fund held as security for the loans contained complicated provisions to insure that control. Nevertheless, Nixon managed to get his lots at a discount—in fact he paid only $35,000 for land that had a

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mortgage of $42,000 on it.

Southern California is where Nixon started, and his leading financial angel there has been C. Arnholt Smith, a San Diego millionaire. For twenty-seven years the political and financial empires of Nixon and Smith followed parallel paths. But today Smith finds his empire in shambles, and —not surprisingly—he attributes his problems to Watergate and his closeness to Nixon. With Smith's collapse, the extent of his dealings down through the years with organized crime has come to the surface.

Smith joined the Nixon bandwagon early in the game—Pat Nixon gratefully remembers "Arnie" as "one of our first supporters" —and he lost no time in introducing the then congressman to some members of his entourage. One frequent stop was a downtown delicatessen run by Lew Lipton, a convicted bookmaker and a man with extensive connections in the Southern California underworld. Twenty-five years later, Lipton still cherishes a photo of Nixon frequenting his restaurant.

For Lew Lipton, the road to fortune was Smith's billion-dollar United States National Bank, where he was made a senior vice-president and loan officer. (The United States National collapsed in September 1973, resulting in the largest bank failure in U.S. history.) In an article detailing Smith's various dealings with organized crime, including loans by the United States National to the underworld, the *New York Times* noted that "Smith brought him [Lipton] into the bank for the loans and accounts Mr. Lipton would hopefully be able to create through his connections."

Investigative free-lance reporter Lowell Bergman has also traced the strange passage of over $10 million in Pension Fund money through the U.S. National via Lipton.

The most obvious example of Smith's connections with the underworld revolve around his business and his personal relationship with John Alessio. Alessio's empire was originally rooted in Tijuana, Mexico—in the Caliente racetrack and a lucrative and legal bookmaking operation—but its funds spilled across the border and into real estate and hotels. According to Denny Walsh in the *New York Times*, American gangsters found Alessio's operation a convenient "lay-off book." The *Times* also felt that "Alessio's bookmaking operation would not have survived without the cooperation of the underworld." While Smith and his bank had propelled Alessio from rags to riches, it was Alessio's problems that were the start of Smith's downfall.

About the time Smith's Westgate-California Corporation merged with the Alessio Corporation, federal agents began a close scrutiny of Alessio's crime connections and his fast shuffling of money. By 1970 the IRS had put together a tax-evasion case against Alessio. He had contributed $26,000 to the Nixon campaign in 1968, but bigger guns were needed. Smith himself took a trip to Washington to talk to Nixon directly. There was a lot hanging in the balance: the tax-evasion case, Smith's under-the-counter stake at Caliente, and the fact that the Organized Crime Strike Force's investigation of Alessio was also zeroing in on Smith for illegal contributions to Nixon's 1968 campaign. White House strong-arm tactics, including—according to *Life* magazine —efforts to circumvent the IRS Commissioner and personally obtain Alessio's tax records, were rebuffed by IRS Special Agent Dave Stutz. John Alessio eventually ended up serving two years in prison for income tax evasion.

It was only three years later that Smith himself began to feel the squeeze: the largest tax lien in IRS history ($22.7 million), a suit by the Securities and Exchange Commission, and continuing criminal investigations by the FBI and a federal grand jury.

Smith, the man who brought a million dollars to the 1968 campaign and who watched that year's election results with the president in his Waldorf Astoria suite, was himself caught in the Watergate developments. His $250,000 contribution in 1972 had been returned, and his guardian angel in Washington was himself in desperate straits.

Thus, federal investigators were not surprised when Smith turned to a key mob attorney and financial organizer, John Donnelley, to save his dwindling empire. For Smith, his connection with organized crime was the last layer to be stripped away in his long cover-up.

"Neither Nixon nor Rebozo have attempted to clear up their cloudy connections with organized crime and gambling."

WAR ON ORGANIZED CRIME

In retrospect, one of the first "inoperative" statements made by President Nixon was his April 24, 1969, call for a "war on organized crime." While his message was received with eager enthusiasm by dedicated federal investigators and prosecutors around the country, their superiors at the highest echelons of the Justice Department had other priorities—harassment of the political opposition, the press, and minorities. On one hand, there was the 1972 conviction in New York of Allen Dorfman for loan kickbacks (the prosecutor being Assistant U.S. Attorney Richard Ben-Veniste, who has since earned fame as a Watergate prosecutor); and, on the other, there was the revelation that over half of the Justice Department's 1,600 indictments in organized crime cases from 1969 through 1973 would be thrown out due to "improper procedures" followed by Attorney John Mitchell in obtaining court-approved authorization for electronic surveillance.

Mitchell's successor, Richard Kleindienst, was reluctant to take up the call against organized crime. In addition to the Teamster-related prosecutions killed by Kleindienst, there was his December 1972 commutation of the sentence of Mafia-kingpin Angelo "Gyp" de Carlo after he had served only two years of a twelve-year sentence. Although de Carlo, who was released for reasons of health, died ten months later, the FBI maintained that once out of jail he continued to engage in his same old business of organized crime. And while various investigative inquiries failed to nail down any illegal intervention in the case, the application for commutation took officials of the Justice Department's organized crime section by surprise and prompted Senator Henry Jackson, head of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, to remark, "Something smells."

One final legacy of Kleindienst's Attorney Generalship in the war on organized crime is his role in a $100,000 bribe offer to stop the prosecution of several underworld figures caught in a stock-fraud case. In sworn testimony, Kleindienst admitted to being offered the $100,000 bribe (which would be paid in the form of a contribution to Nixon's 1972 campaign) by an aide of Senator Hiram Fong, a Republican from Hawaii. Kleindienst said he refused the offer but also said that it took him an entire week to realize it was a bribe!

During cross-examination, the prosecutor asked Kleindienst, "If you had regarded the conversation as something regarding a bribe offer, you would have immediately reported it, would you not?"

"Yes sir," replied Kleindienst, "I would have."

Kleindienst admitted that he reported the bribe a full week later, upon learning from J. Edgar Hoover that federal agents were investigating the case.

One would expect the Attorney General to be more alert. But what is most troubling are reports aired in the *Washington Post* shortly after the indictments in the fraud case (and ten months before Kleindienst's testimony on the bribe). Those reports quoted "sources at the U.S. Attorney's office in New York" and indicated that after the meeting between Kleindienst and Fong's aide, "Kleindienst immediately contacted Justice's Criminal Division and an FBI agent was assigned to infiltrate the group of alleged conspirators."

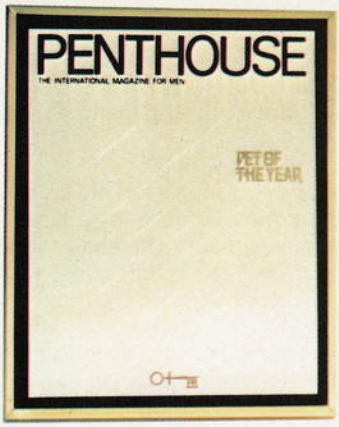
Kleindienst's confusion about recognizing and reporting a criminal act bears a striking resemblance to actions of other Nixon team members—even the boss himself—in regards to their knowledge of and participation in the Watergate break-in and subsequent cover-up.

History may or may not prove that Richard Nixon has fulfilled Ralph Salerno's prediction that organized crime would one day put a man in the White House. Yet Nixon has left one inescapable political legacy—the unparalleled panoply of organized criminal activity and offenses committed by his White House during his years in office.

Dearest,

Six Babette and Six staring at myself in this "Pet of the Year" mirror. It's a groovy reflection and I adore the guy who gave it to me. It's really a dynamite gift. She'll love it, I promise.

Affectionately,
Babette



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EITHER WAY YOU LOSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

found her car was sitting back near the garage. I waited down the street until a cab came and picked up Martin. Then I got out of the car and walked up their driveway to the back door. Through the window I could see Karen clearing dishes from the kitchen table. I stopped for a moment by the pool. The gate had been left open and there was gray canvas now where the water had been. Martin's manikin was slumped over in its chair. Suddenly I was banging hard on the door and Karen's face appeared behind the glass panel, questioning at first and then surprised.

"Dave, what are you doing here?" There was nervousness in her voice—maybe anger too. I went on past her up the steps and into the kitchen. She closed the door and came up after me.

"Where were you?"

"Away," she said simply.

"I've been trying to get in touch with you."

"Martin and I were in Bermuda."

"I've been trying to get in touch with you for two weeks," I said.

She didn't say anything. She watched me and tried to gauge how angry I was. Then she said quietly: "Listen, Dave, I don't want to talk here. It makes me nervous. Let's go out."

"No," I said. "I don't want to go out."

I grabbed her roughly and began to kiss her. She stood still, without responding but without turning her face away either. I reached down inside her pants.

"No, Dave!" She said. "Not here. Please!"

She tried to squirm away but I held her firmly. I shoved my hand further down inside her pants until I felt her hair and then the soft insides of her cunt. She moaned. More with resignation than pleasure. "Please," she said without struggling.

I took her upstairs to the guest room. She followed me like a child, a manikin, and when I pulled her down onto the bed her face was sadly distant and submissive. She lay back with her arms thrown out like she was being crucified. I wanted to fuck the life back into her eyes . . . into her touch. And I kept at her with short jabbing thrusts until her cunt began to heave against her will and her breath came in short cry-gasps that she couldn't hold back. When she came, she cried out, "*Oh God no! No!*"—and it was a prayer.

I knelt over her and ran my fingers over her tits and down her belly as if I owned her body, as if it were mine to use. "Can Martin do that for you? Can he?"

"No," she said without looking at me. "No."

But still I wasn't satisfied. "*Can he?*"

"No," she said again.

I turned her over and shoved my hand roughly up into the crack of her ass. "Do you have any cream?"

"Why?"

"Because I need it."

"It hurts that way." Her voice was almost pathetic.

"I just need some cream."

A moment and then, "On the dresser. By the mirror."

It was some kind of handcream. I unscrewed the lid and put some on me. I knelt over her again and spread her legs apart and rubbed some cream into her crack, feeling for her hole and wedging some up in there too. She moaned gently while I massaged her. A dry October wind brought the smell of cedar into the room, and the memory of summer made me want her more. I was crying inside with the wanting. I had to have her in a way that would make her mine—a love that would sear through all feeling, all time.

With my thumbs I pulled apart the firm flesh of her cheeks. At the first touch of my cock she moaned, and she moaned again when it pushed on through the cream. Her tight asshole was like a sheath, unwilling, holding out on me. I forced my cock down into that private darkness and she screamed out. Her ass writhed away from my cock, trying to close back over what she kept hidden there from me—the bottom, the pit of her. But I forced it down deeper. There was a terrible moan, and I felt her whole body tear, the ripping of flesh from flesh.

Her hands clawed at the sheets. "Oh Christ!" she cried. "Oh Christ!" And then she began to cry out with choked flurried gasps, out of time with the probe of the cock inside her. A search beyond all searching. The head was freer now, adrift in a bottomless river as I leaned up and back, my hands flat on the curves of her ass. I wanted to burn myself into her memory as she was already burned into mine. I wanted to be up her ass forever so that she would never be able to forget me.

Feel it! Feel it you crazy bitch the way I do! I leaned all the way forward. I strained to drive down into her so far that it hurt. My hair was pressed up into her crack, rubbing there, dry against the sweat of her. Then the sweat ran between us in one flow. I let myself fall forward so that I covered her. I reached under and felt her nipples and then the full tits themselves. I slid my hands down her belly, not able to hold enough of her. I dug my nails into her. I bit her across the back. *Feel me!*

Jamming deeper. *Feel me!*

Her moans and sobs were louder now. The strain of my cock against her muscle—the rim of her hole still tight, choking. Inside her darkness like an oreless mine. *Give me!*

Humping her slowly . . . then steadily. Using her. Using her ass the way she used me. Fucking out every memory of her playful smile, her casual laugh, her indifference. *Fuck you, Karen! Fuck you, you tight-assed bitch.* I plunged deeper, to the very bottom of her, groveling for her love in the deepest filthiest part of her. And then I came in long, ragged spurts, writhing inside her in one last desperate attempt to make her feel me.

Karen began to cry. It began as a few muffled sniffles, but then it broke out in loud uncontrolled sobs, almost a wail. She put her fist in her mouth like a child to try and stop the noise; it only made the sound more desperate and pitiful.

"Don't leave me, Karen," I whispered into her sobs. "*Please.*"

I hung on for the rest of the winter, seeing her when I could, on her terms. Mostly we met for lunch, in one brightly lit restaurant or another, where there was no fear of our getting very close. Once I managed to finger-fuck her on a riverbank out behind one of the restaurants, and I guess she succumbed to that only because she was afraid of drawing attention from the houses across the river. At Christmas I gave her a ten-foot cactus for her living room.

"To remind you of what we had," I said.

For a moment she laughed her old laugh, casual and playful, a laugh that understood what we were all about.

"I'm not going to let you forget me," I promised her.

But it was she who haunted me. In dreams. In fantasies. I kept trying to create each of the new girls I met in her image. I was looking for her, for her eyes, her laugh, the feel of her skin. Then one Friday afternoon at Tony's—this was one of the few things we have managed to preserve—she told me she was pregnant.

I didn't say anything for a long while. I didn't even look at her. I'd figured there was nothing else that could come between us, that could push us further apart than we were. But I'd been fooled again. "I didn't know you wanted a baby," was all I could think of to say.

"I didn't know either. When I found out I was pregnant, I got really upset. I wanted to have an abortion right away. But when I saw how happy Martin was, I began to want it too."

Martin again. He was no fool. He knew her better than I did. Martin had played it right after all, had given her as much rope as she needed; and he knew when she had come to the end of it, when it was time to pull her back.

In the semidarkness her voice said: "What we had, Dave . . . it couldn't have lasted. It would have burned out, and then we'd have been left with nothing."

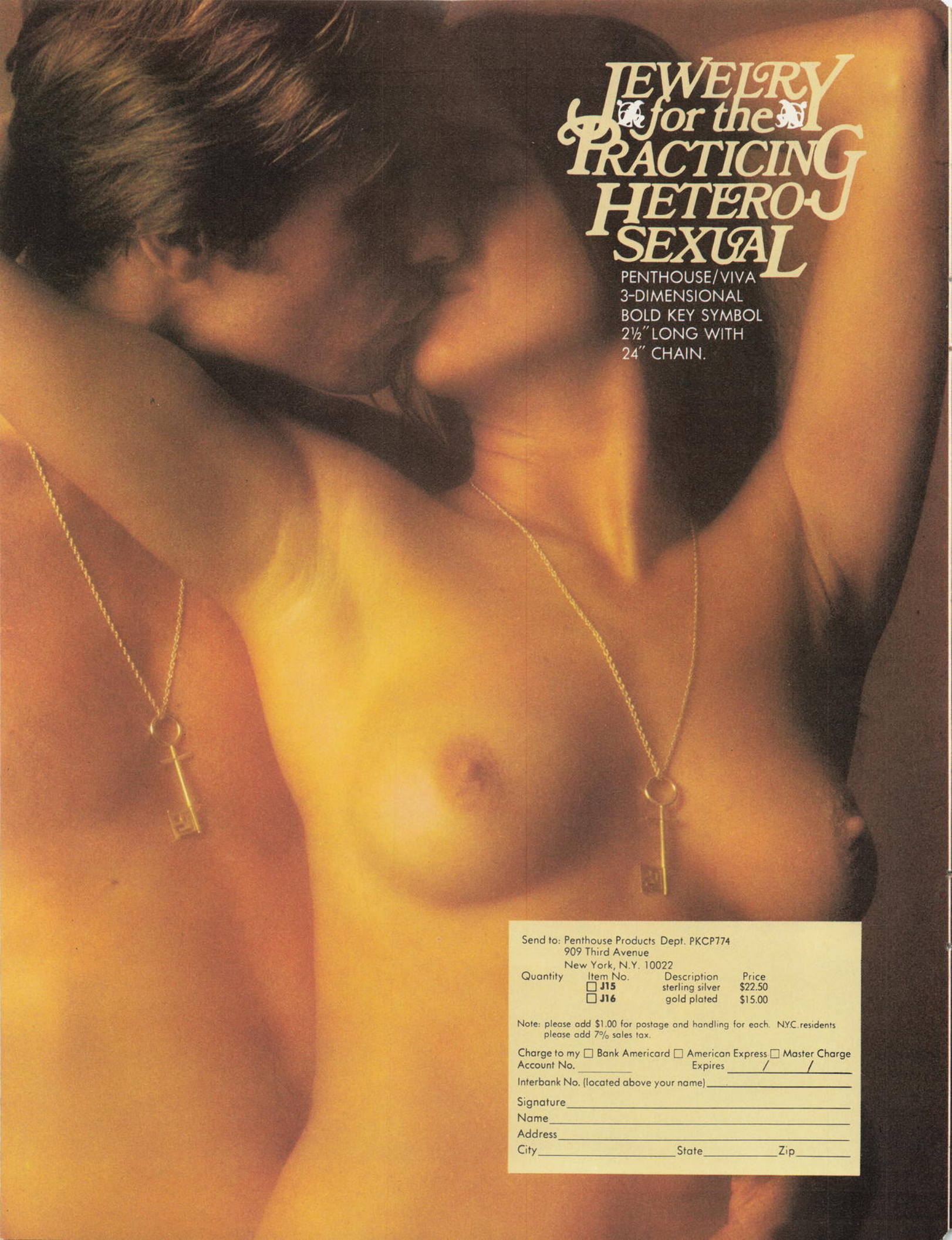
"You don't *know*," I said. "You don't know that."

When we left it was almost dark. The street lights came on as we stood there on the sidewalk and there were lights in the houses up on the hill. Karen's hair was short again—the way it had been when I first met her. There was no more eagerness in her eyes, just a brooding darkness.

"I hope you rot in boredom," I said.

When I reached the corner I looked back. The red neon sign of the Paradise Inn had been turned on. It blinked on and off, casting a sullen orange glow over the sidewalk where she had been.

"It makes a nice change from whalemeat..."



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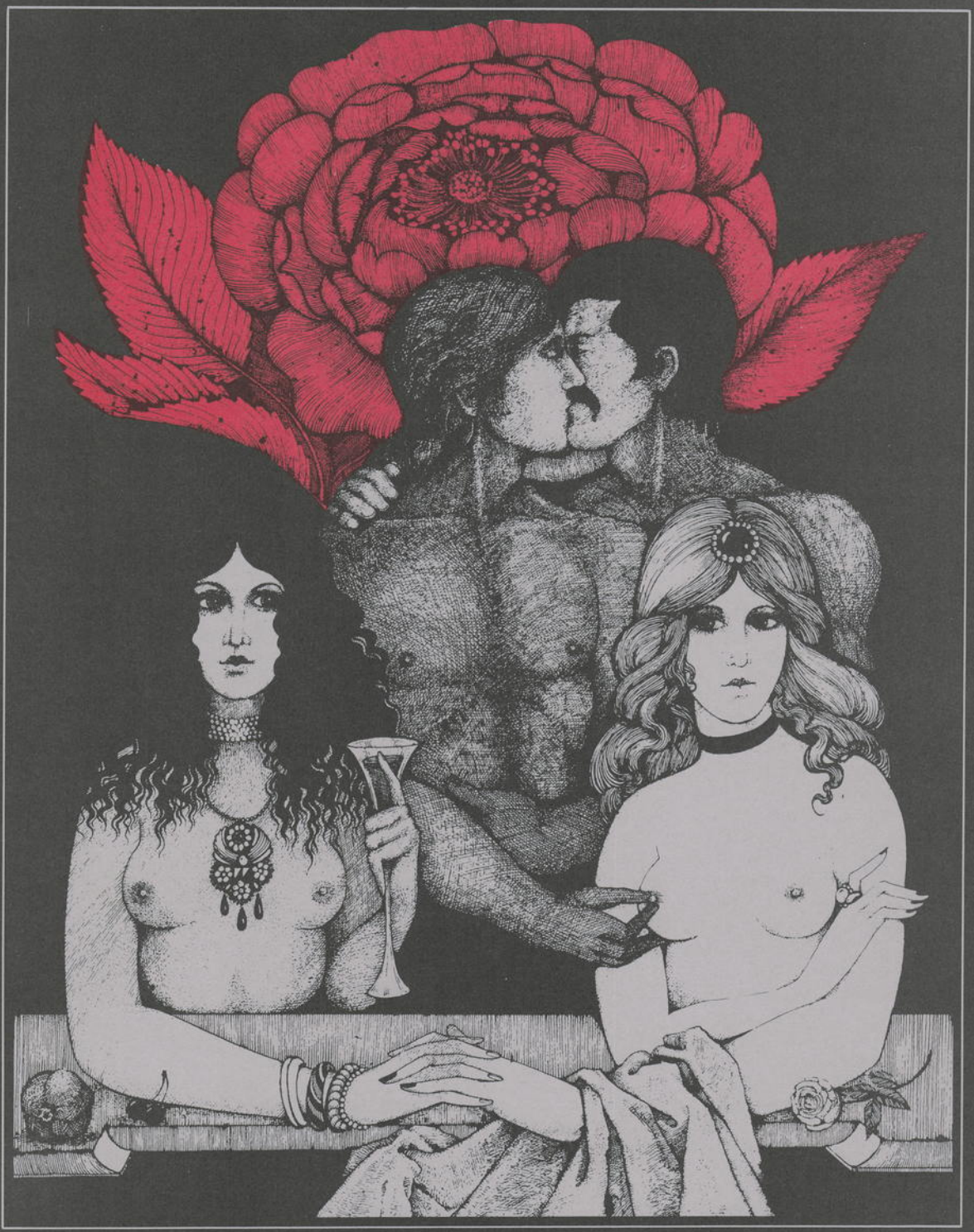
Bisexuality



Bill Greer

MAKING IT BY FAKING IT

BY JOHN STEINBECK, JR.

I have often found the role of an instant sociologist-anthropologist to be a great front in the profession-crazy West. I was once acquitted of drug possession by using the social-science gambit. The court had been convened to decide the connection between me and a suitcase containing twenty pounds of marijuana. Since I had written the first article about marijuana use by U.S. troops in Vietnam, my defense was simple: "Who me? I'm a sociologist. I need it for my research on the abuse of *Cannabis sativa*, your Honor." They didn't give the stuff back, but they did let me go. It was enough.

I'm not in legal jeopardy now, I hope, but I have recently discovered an important social phenomenon which makes me reach for my old credentials and do homage to the spirits of Charles Darwin and Sir Richard Burton. I have located and identified the pseudo-bisexual. Its natural function seems to be the preservation of the species by surreptitiously stimulating heterosexual encounters. The pseudo-bisexual has existed for eons, but since the form changes slyly it can only be captured in contemporary situations.

To understand the course of my research it must be understood that I'm an outgoing person who is generally ready for anything that doesn't severely attack my neuroses. I also have a fairly solid orientation in sexuality, but it has been years since a hippie habit led me through a long engagement with multiple sex routines. It was thus to my great surprise, when I started my most recent travels, that I found myself propelled into a vat of sex far and away more imaginative than any of my prurient masturbatory fantasies.

Upon arrival in England, I found London to be a jewel indeed, but set in a silver sea of shining bodies. I have never sought out orgies, since they give me a death rush. I also find something repugnant in trying to hide a lack of warmth and grace under a mountain of flesh. So, when I fell into this Anglican sex-warp, I was delighted to find that what was coming down on me was not a swamp act celebrating a fear of death but rather a common lurch for identity. The burgeoning scene led to a lot of exposure, and it was here in London that I first witnessed the astounding sexual leap of the pseudo-bisexual.

I was at a party one summer evening getting professionally drunk with my friend and colleague Rosie Crucifixation. We were chatting about the minor discoveries of the day when an acquaintance of hers waddled over and sat down. He was introduced to me as Sir Rational Fasting. The gentleman immediately engaged Miss Crucifixation in a searching conversation about a lovely friend of ours, Constance Bliss. It was clear that Sir Rational had more than a passing curiosity about the size of Constance's knickers and whether or not he might fit into them. But Rosie, who is a bit mischievous, toyed with Sir Rational's ardor by saying, "Yes, Bliss is sweet. She's my lover, you know. We're bisexual. My God, aren't you?" Well, Sir Rational, who did want to fit in, was quick with a "Why certainly, absolutely . . . what? Are you kidding? Why, don't be absurd . . . of course I am!"

His line was fast but a little unconvincing, and he knew it. A few moments later he tried to lighten the slack by cooly asking me if I would like to dance. As the moment was so rich with fraud, I could not refuse.

As we waltzed onto the floor I became entranced with the majesty of this awesome display of natural selection. I'm not a bad mimic myself, but this guy wasn't in it for theater. Sir Rational had a distinct goal in mind—how to find bliss with Constance! When he was sure that Rosie was watching, he penetrated my lips with a wet and passionate kiss. Perhaps this would put out the word that he was indeed the right sort and help dilute an unwanted heterosexual reputation. He dripped honeyed words of affection in my ear, that is when his tongue wasn't blocking it. He tried desperately to build some believable base to get through to Constance via me. But alas, Sir Rational had picked the wrong horse. I have yet to know the full vibrance of bisexuality, so I could recommend him to Constance for valiant effort only.

The evening ended mercifully in drunken confusion. I went home bemused, but after a few drinks in the privacy of my study the matter looked a little more insidious. The event was loaded with political ramifications. Though I tend to reject conspiracy theories as an emotional waste of time, I was worried. I have learned a great deal about myself through the efforts of the Feminist and the Gay Liberation Movements. Was Sir Rational actually part of a reactionary plot to suck credibility from these freedom fighters and create havoc and suspicion amongst the cadre? I had seen such things done in Vietnam with withering efficiency. Confused, I passed out into a dreamless sleep.

The next morning I woke with a psychedelic hangover. But humor filled my world, and I had sober access to areas of consciousness that would otherwise have been shut tight.

Later that day, while strolling in the garden, I had a vision. I picked up a rose. As I contemplated the thorn, I was plunged into the deepest layers of the collective unconscious. In that place where all the symbols and experiences of animate life are recorded, I saw the origins of this sexual enigma. It was as if Virgil or Oscar Wilde were giving me a tour through the period between the emergence of the na-

ked ape and the birth of the first dandy.

I arrived back in history on a beautiful Thursday evening several thousands years after the dawn of the human story. Giddy with the day, a unique man stuck a stray parrot feather in his hair. I don't know why he did it since there was no pool for him to peer into. Perhaps he just wanted to fly.

When he returned to the communal lair, he was instantly jumped on and sexually molested. His mates, both male and female, played with him for hours. His name was Elmer the Shy. (He was known as an inventor of sorts, since his bashfulness had prompted him to create the first woolly underwear in the region.) By dawn, his mammoth hair britches had been rent and boiled for soup. Elmer himself had almost been devoured by excited mouths that went up and down his body in a most lascivious fashion. Elmer had been mistaken for a bird of paradise and fertility. He only survived the incident because his yellow and magenta tassle was pulled off and he was recognized by Grandmother, who was busy humping his scalp. In those days almost everyone was bisexual, though they didn't call it that. One just fucked anything that moved. Elmer, however, was an exception. He liked girls more than anything else—a prejudice considered bizarre and dirty. He was rarely successful.

Over the next few days Elmer recuperated with a queer smile on his face. His shyness had merely been a fear of rejection, and when the others realized that this colorful prize was Elmer, his reputation as a canny inventor and revolutionary lover was secure. His popularity soared. In a moment of pure silliness, this ancient had stumbled on something much farther out than mere clothing. He was the first person to *imitate* the plumage of another creature with tangible results in bed! Before this people had relied on instinctive trips like grunting around the fire. Flashing one's breasts or buttocks was also in vogue.

After a few days Elmer was up and around, looking for new stuff to brighten his act. He was in such demand that cave ladies would gang up on pushy males who wanted to control the action. Knowing that he was free to specialize, Elmer started flirting with dubious sincerity. Should the blokes blame anybody for being left out, he thought, let it be the girls. Of course, he had to jerk off the odd fellow every so often to prevent a jealous pogrom.

After a while Elmer had to admit that he rather enjoyed rolling in the grass with a young boy. Nonetheless, he still dressed his lover to look like an innocent girl, but something was growing on him.

Elmer's imagination seemed unlimited as he set about perfecting his sartorial splendor. When things finally got organized, the new Plumage Guild became as important as the Hunter's Association. Armed with bangles and newfound confidence, Elmer became the precursor of fashion. His discovery bore fruit and had the procreative effect of creating more hunters. Symbiotically, a proportional increase in food left more time for primping feathers and making love on a full belly.

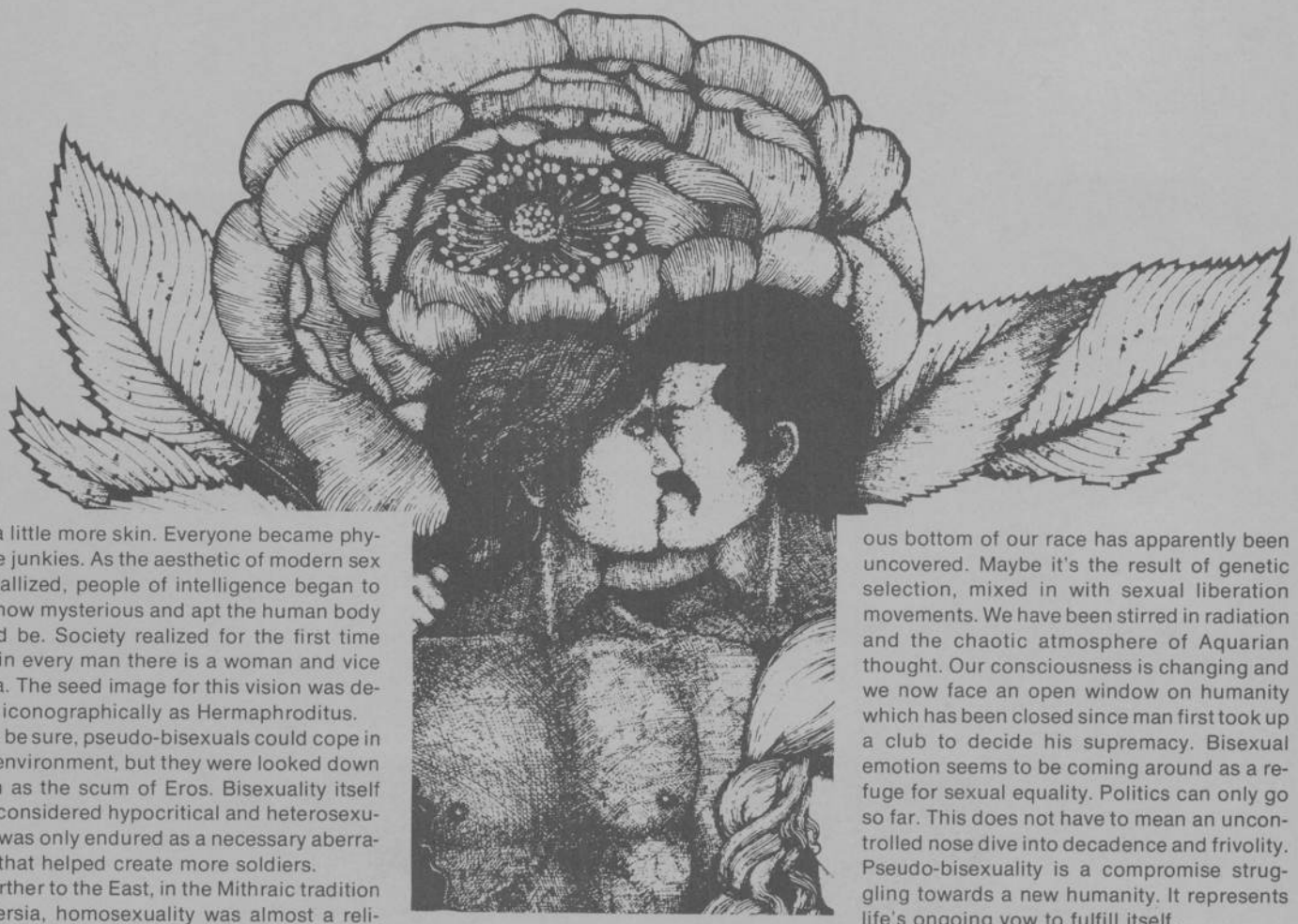
Eventually, everyone adopted plumage for a variety of personal reasons. The hunters started wearing the natural adornments of the creatures they sought—it was merely a question of what could attract lunch. Bright vegetable dyes grew trendy and so did flowers, bones, and furs. Man had found a preoccupation that gets stranger and deadlier even as hunting for food and cave drawing declines. Elmer had discovered the primal tools for narcissism, for self-adoration, and the conscious seduction of prey or mate. What's the difference, really?

Despite his contribution to sexuality, it should be noted that this great innovator met a bad end. He never graduated to the new bisexuality. His lusty costumes became outrageous and his sense of clashing colors was far ahead of its time. As in all epochs, no culture can stand this kind of assault and a minor reform movement burned Elmer head down over a bonfire. Such is love, I suppose. The sacrifice was immense, but at least man would never seriously return to the grunt-grope. Plumage of one sort or another was now absolutely required in order to score.

By the time my vision brought me to the beginning of recqrded history, the techniques of plumage confusion had been dazzlingly refined by the Aztecs and the Egyptians. The cinema of the soul had been vastly changed. Previously, our world had been a rather pure organism-environment relationship carried on without much fore- or after-thought. But with the bud of sweet artifice, we walked out of simplicity into the hustle of love.

As my journey carried me through the pre-Hellenistic period in Greece, there was a sudden inversion in the idea of how sexual plumage worked. To be sure, feathers, horns, and things of that sort were extremely useful to enhance the hunt or to frighten the enemy in wartime. But the growth of style and intellect brought us to a police society. Casual invention became secondary in importance to bright ideas. Now, attractive attitudes rose supreme. The warm safety of the cave was replaced by concept and plumage was internalized. The Doric "come on" was developed and sex was again revolutionized.

The New Eroticism was advanced and simple. A colorful mental display (*i.e.*, a dirty mind) was as effective as the first rattle of shells had ever been. People also wanted to



see a little more skin. Everyone became physique junkies. As the aesthetic of modern sex crystallized, people of intelligence began to feel how mysterious and apt the human body could be. Society realized for the first time that in every man there is a woman and vice versa. The seed image for this vision was deified iconographically as Hermaphroditus.

To be sure, pseudo-bisexuals could cope in this environment, but they were looked down upon as the scum of Eros. Bisexuality itself was considered hypocritical and heterosexuality was only endured as a necessary aberration that helped create more soldiers.

Farther to the East, in the Mithraic tradition of Persia, homosexuality was almost a religious duty. Gestation and birth were considered so vile that some religious ceremonies often involved tying a woman in labor to a tree with her legs closed. She would eventually burst open and die giving mystical delight to the pundits of the notorious Bull cult. The basic notion was that the birth of all thoughts and things brought about suffering, darkness, and duality. For them Creation had been a primordial mistake. There was clearly little room for the pseudo-bisexual to flourish here. If discovered, one could not retreat to heterosexuality for the fear of being considered a "lord of the flies." Though the esoteric teachings were profound and subtle, the precision of the Mithraic priests obviously suffered from overdemonstrating a point. The sect died out.

War could be cited as the reason for this age's preoccupation with homosexuality. The inevitable affection for a combat buddy is timeless. However, the practice has its defects and these early versions were innately much too rigid. The civilizations that romped in this fashion eventually disappeared.

Life is inevitably more insistent on its own development than to allow for sexual fascism—no matter what the form. After all, if everyone got overblissed with cunnilingus or getting screwed in the ass, we would soon be extinct. The selection of Life's disguise is often formed with plodding cunningness and pure slapstick comedy. Witness the ass of the striped baboon who, when outrun by a predator, stops and flares its bright scarlet rump to heaven, trying with all its might to look like a convincing flower.

This nasty metaphor is well suited to my discoveries with the small exception that pseudo-bisexuals are flashing false credentials in order to chase rather than avoid.

But just then I was abruptly wrenched out of my visionary stupor by a sudden pain in my groin. I awoke to find myself back in the garden with the rose stem squeezed between my legs. I must confess a small feeling of frustration, since I had hoped to witness Henry Miller in action during the Twenties.

I had seen a great deal and, whether it was astral travel or only a dream, a veil had been drawn illuminating the living present and future possibilities. Last night's confusing experience became quite clear.

Sir Rational was obviously not a spy or even a corruption. His fraud was for love, not disaffection. The Seventies have provided the first reasonable space for the pseudo-bisexual to go through his changes. We are on the brink of a development comparable to the "great feather find" of Elmer's day. The androgynous bottom of our race has apparently been uncovered. Maybe it's the result of genetic selection, mixed in with sexual liberation movements. We have been stirred in radiation and the chaotic atmosphere of Aquarian thought. Our consciousness is changing and we now face an open window on humanity which has been closed since man first took up a club to decide his supremacy. Bisexual emotion seems to be coming around as a refuge for sexual equality. Politics can only go so far. This does not have to mean an uncontrolled nose dive into decadence and frivolity. Pseudo-bisexuality is a compromise struggling towards a new humanity. It represents life's ongoing vow to fulfill itself.

If sexual philosophies are to be useful, they require a very light touch. Bisexuality will never be everyone's cup of tea, but anyone might benefit from the model. Interpretations can be a wonderful tool for isolating problems, but if the interpretation becomes too concrete or revered it often is the source of new oppressions.

The pseudo-bisexual in flux is closely involved with the heterosexual's demand for survival, but it grows toward an empathetic understanding of loneliness—which used to be the domain of the homosexual. A tone of compassion comes out of this solitary understanding that life is rough and solace is required in empty space.

If one had something to lose, the pseudo-bisexual's moment could be seen as a total rip-off. For him, it may feel like an unwilling and even painful growth towards a new life. It is true that nothing is guaranteed, but mysteriously the vow is kept and all contradictions are resolved.

Chung Tzu once explained: "In the beginning was One. From One there came two, and from two we got three. Three gave birth to five, and five to seven. If we go on like this, even the most clever mathematician will never know where to end it up. Better go back to One." It was enough.

COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

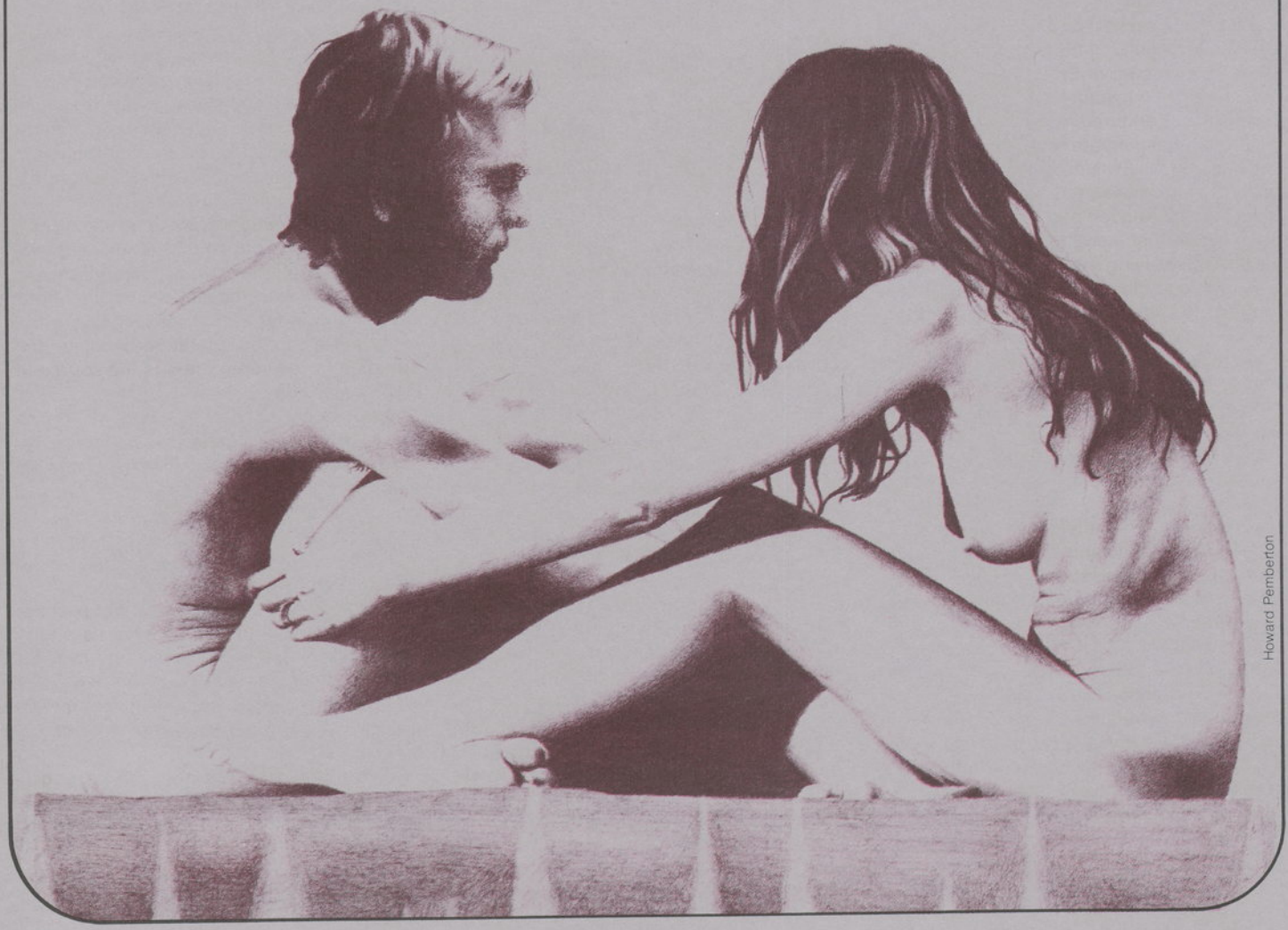
David D., age 38, 5′11″, 175 pounds. Dark brown hair, brown eyes. David is a commercial airlines pilot.

Sasha N., age 27, 5′4″, 120 pounds. Brown hair, green eyes. Sasha is an illustrator of children's books.

DAVID'S STORY:

What annoys me about Sasha is that she insists on clinging to a completely different conception than mine of what a sexual relationship is all about. There's no doubt that she sees it as a preliminary to marriage—you know, like the stack around the airport before coming in to land. She just doesn't understand—and I don't think enough women do understand—that she's very beautiful, and she's got a lovely body, and I really enjoy taking her to bed, but the last thing I'm about to do is make it legal. Just because you ball somebody once, does that mean you've got to ball them forever?

We first met on the bus, of all places, when I was on my way to New York's Kennedy Airport



Howard Pemberton

last summer. Sasha was sitting next to me and wanted to open the window because it was getting stuffy. She couldn't, so I gave her a hand, and that's how we got talking. She was going to the airport to meet her grandmother, who was flying in from Chicago. The plane was late, so I bought her a couple of drinks at the airport bar. I think we both thought each other very attractive. She's a lovely girl, there's no doubt about that, and I think I was fascinated by her being so hip. She was wearing a long print dress, and her hair was long and parted down the middle, and best of all she had really tremendous boobs.

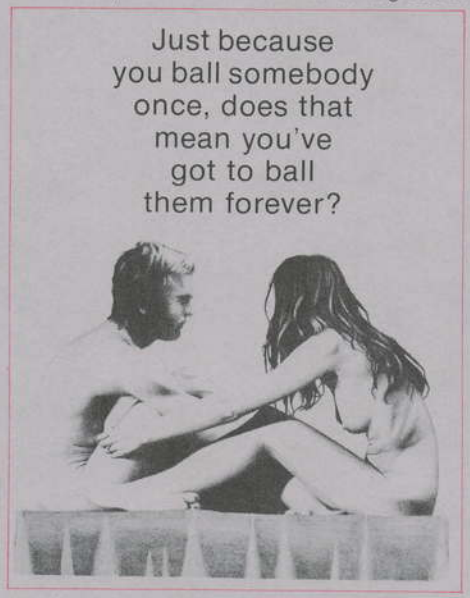
Anyway, the upshot was that I arranged to meet her in the city the following week when I returned from the coast. I took her out to dinner at a cozy little place I know. She looked absolutely great. She wore a small white dress and she had her aviator glasses on. Really great. When we got into the taxi to go back to her place for a nightcap, I kissed her and put my hand on her thigh, and then up her dress. To my absolute amazement I found that she wasn't wearing any panties. I didn't say anything, but took full advantage of the situation, and by the time we got back to her apartment, she was ready. She just couldn't wait for it. Her pussy was so juicy it made squelching noises as she ran upstairs. When we got into the flat, she pulled her dress over her head—she was absolutely naked underneath—and dropped onto the floor on a heap of pillows and held her arms out for me. I struggled out of my shirt, tie, trousers, and shoes, and got on top of her. She wrapped her legs around my back and she was shaking and shuddering and moaning and going through the whole bit. It took her a long time to come, but then I know plenty of ways of holding myself back so we came more or less together, which isn't bad for a first fuck.

After that we had a glass or two of wine and then we went at it again—a bit less strenuous this time—and I wound up spending the night in her bed. When I woke up the next morning, I felt something wet on me. I looked down and saw she was licking my stomach and my legs. I said none of that, then raised her up and laid her on her back and we screwed one more time. She was so full of energy that I was literally drained by the time I had to leave, and all she'd given me to eat was this health-food breakfast.

For a while we met whenever I had a few days off between flights. We usually had a fantastic evening. I'd go over to her apartment, and because she worked at home she was almost always there, and we'd fuck. Then I'd take her out somewhere for a show and a meal, and then we'd go back and fuck some more. I felt ten years younger. I don't think I've ever fucked so much in such a short space of time as I have with Sasha. Sometimes I even wonder whether she's a nymphomaniac or something like that. . . .

The trouble between us really started when she mentioned marriage for the first time. We'd just finished balling and were lying in bed. She said, "Are we ever going to do anything different?" I said, "Of course." And I turned her over so she was lying on her stomach and I opened her legs up. I pushed myself up her and gave her an idea of just how different sex could be. She loved it, especially when I got my hand under her and started to roll her clitoris between my fingers. Then when she was ready to come, I gave it a hard pinch, and she literally screamed with pleasure. I still hadn't come by then, so she grabbed my cock and finished me off. It went all over her hands and I think she wanted to put her fingers in her mouth, but there are limits.

After all that she said, "That wasn't what I meant by different." I said, "It was different enough, wasn't it?" She asked if I was ever going to change—how did she put it?—was I ever going to understand what she wanted out of our relationship. I asked if she was talking about



marriage. She said, "Well, we've come this far together." She said that she and I were very different, but that she'd seen possibilities in me, and that she thought we were coming closer together, and if we got any closer, well then what about marriage?

Naturally I exploded. I said, "*Possibilities*? You saw *possibilities* in me? What the fuck do you think I am—a candidate for the job of sharpening your pencils?" She said I didn't understand. She said that I was trapped by society and that she thought she could rescue me.

That night was the only time I have ever hit a woman. I slapped her face. I slapped her breasts. Then I took her over my knee and spanked her bare bottom until it was bright red. She didn't cry. I thought she wanted to, but she didn't let it out. I was furious. I got dressed and left, and I didn't think I'd ever see her again.

But I did, of course, and much sooner than I imagined. I was packing my things for a flight the next morning when the phone rang. It was her. She asked me how long I would be at my place, and when I said an hour, she said that would be long enough. She was there in twenty minutes, looking rather tired, as though she hadn't slept. The first thing she did was march into my bedroom, lift up her dress, open her legs up and say, "Make love to me, please. Now." Well, if you'd seen her, you'd know damn well that no man in his right mind could refuse. I got undressed and pushed into her very gently and spoke a few words to her, you know, to make her feel that I wasn't angry with her any longer. The sensation was very good, doing it slowly like that. When I shot my wad, I almost had a seizure in the balls. I don't know whether she'd come or not, because she lay there afterwards and looked pretty listless.

We still see each other regularly, but to tell you the truth, I sometimes wonder why we do. We don't talk much these days, and we don't seem to have all that much fun together. Part of it is this thing about marriage always hanging in the air. The trouble is, if she were just a normal girl, just an ordinary lay, I wouldn't care about her. But there's more to it than that. Sometimes I see what she means when she said that I had possibilities. It was extremely annoying at the time, but I've got enough understanding in my head to appreciate that she's into her own world which I haven't fully gotten into yet.

But just think what it would mean if I were to marry her. It couldn't possibly work. Imagine being at a cocktail party and having her as a wife. I can just imagine her saying something very far-out or radical to one of my friends' wives. It just wouldn't work out at all. The trouble is, what the hell do we do now?

SASHA'S STORY:

The trouble with David is I never know where I stand. I'm pretty sure I'm the only girl in his life. We've been seeing each other regularly for over a year, but he never seems to want to *progress*. I mean, I'm not trying to bully him into marriage because I'm really not that sort of girl. I'm into women's lib and all that stuff, but we're not getting any younger and a person has to settle down sometime. We can't drift around forever and marriage does seem an obvious solution. He doesn't want to be tied down, but all men say that. He's really terrifically domesticated and I know he'd make a super father and love having kids. Sometimes I take him to my sister's house and he *drools* over her little girl, and once or twice I've said, you know, "Wouldn't you like to have a daughter like Louise," but he just pretends not to understand. He's *thirty-eight*, for God's sake, so it's insane to think he can go on being the eternal eligible bachelor forever. He really needs to grow up.

Sometimes he's such an awful male chauvinist I almost despair. When I first knew him he used to spend all his time hanging out at the

singles' bars on First Avenue chasing girls. At least I've got him to stop doing that. But he still needs to learn to respect women more. A friend of mine goes to an encounter group and she took her boyfriend there and he came out a changed man. So I want to take David to one but he says it's just a group-grope for people who can't get it any other way and he won't come. It's probably that he's afraid to, really. He has a terrific insecurity thing because his mother ran off and left him when he was a child. His father brought him up, so he has to go around making women need him—it's what psychologists call the Don Juan syndrome. Of course, when I suggest he face up to these truths about himself he just laughs it off, but I'm sure I can make him understand eventually.

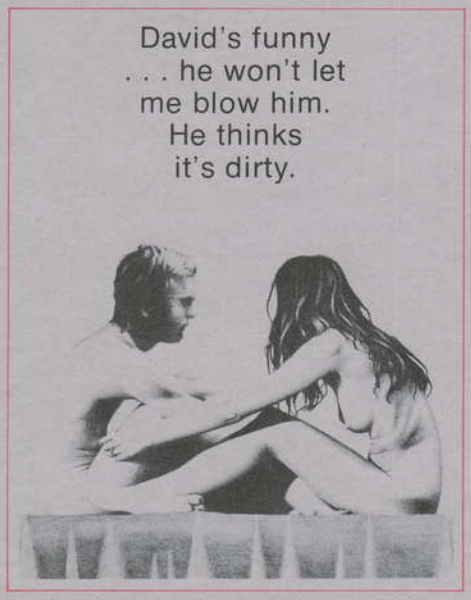
He's a bit old-fashioned in many ways. He was outraged when I first told him I smoked pot (actually I hardly ever do, but I just wanted to see what effect it would have). And he's hopeless about art. He's never once taken me to the theater and when I told him I had two seats for the ballet once, he said he wouldn't be seen dead with all those fags. I'm educating him slowly, but it takes time. I know he'd enjoy these things if he'd really let himself.

It's really odd for me going out with someone like David. Before him I used to go out with a drummer from a rock band. We had some great times together but he was always so spaced out. It got so I would never know where he was or when he was coming over and he'd just arrive in the middle of the night or he'd disappear for weeks at a time, and it was hopeless really. I tried to get him off the drugs and sometimes he'd stay at my place for a week or so and things would start getting mellow, then he'd just walk out and I wouldn't see him for months. Sexually, he was a walking disaster area. I think he screwed me the first time we met and that was about it. The only thing he wanted after that was blow-jobs. I hated it at first, but I got quite good at it in the end. Still, it's a pretty depressing state of affairs when the only way you ever make love is with your tongue.

That's what's so funny about David—he just won't let me blow him. He thinks it's dirty. I don't mind usually, but sometimes when I'm feeling extra loving and he's a bit tired, it seems the obvious thing to do. But he absolutely shrinks with horror. He's really never let me try so he doesn't know what he's missing. I think it's a hang-up from when he went away to school as a child. I keep telling him *everyone* is queer at boarding schools, but it doesn't mean a thing. He really sweats at the memory, though. It wasn't till I'd known him for ages and ages that he told me about it. Oh well, it was just the usual thing—one of his teachers was into little boys. He hated it the first time, practically had a nervous breakdown from the sound of things, wouldn't speak to anyone for a couple of months. But then he became involved with a boy his own age. Platonic and all that, just close buddies. That's what he says, but I suspect it was a bit more than that. Eventually he got caught and expelled. It was a terrible disgrace. His father wouldn't speak to him, his stepmother taken to her bed sick for weeks. It must have been hell, actually, and you can't blame him. Nowadays if anyone starts talking about their schooldays he just freezes up. It was months and months before he'd even tell me the name of the school he went to, let alone all the details.

I'm sure that's why he has this super-virile thing now. He has to keep proving what a man's man he is. You see, it took him years to live it down. I sometimes wonder if it isn't the reason why he's so reluctant to get married. Afraid the children might turn out bent.

I made the mistake once of telling him about an experience I'd had at junior high school. I thought it would reassure him that everyone had experiences like that, but he really freaked out.



Such an innocent thing too. I had a girl friend named Valerie and one day we both discovered we knew about sex. She said her mother had told her this and I said my mother had told me that, and she'd once caught her older brother and his girl friend doing it, so between us we worked out what it was all about. Then we took our clothes off and tried it ourselves but, of course, it doesn't really work without a man. We quite enjoyed feeling each other up though, and we decided that was a good way to make our breasts grow bigger (we were both on the small side in those days—you wouldn't believe it now, would you?). So we used to "massage" one another every day. I mean, we weren't lesbians or anything. It's just that we were too scared to mess around with boys. Anyway, when I told David this he practically flew out of bed, and I could see that he was wondering if I was a dyke, wondering if he was queer, wondering if all our kids would turn out fucked up.

That's why I think it would be so good for him to go to an encounter session. He'd get it all out of his system and he'd have a chance to learn that everyone is a little bit bisexual. Of course, I've *told* him that till I'm blue in the face, but he won't take it from me. And it would do him good to be forced to touch people—did he tell you he has a real horror of that? He never touches anyone, not even just a little friendly peck on the cheek, unless he's going to sleep with them. Often when we have friends over, the man will kiss me hello, but David will *never* kiss the woman. Some people notice it and I think they resent it. He's the same about nudity. It's okay to take your clothes off to make love, but not to walk around like that or even sleep like that, oh no! He must be the only man in the world who still wears pajamas—I almost had a fit the first time I saw him putting them on. And *four times* he's bought me nighties, those real old-fashioned, full-length black nylon numbers. I don't mind wearing them *before* we go to bed if it turns him on, but *in* bed? No thank you.

What's going to happen to us? I sometimes worry to death about it, frankly. I'm twenty-seven and my mother thinks I'm practically an old maid. Most of my friends are married, in fact, some of them are just getting around to their second marriage. I feel really out of it. I'd love to have kids and I want to have them while I'm still young enough to enjoy them. When I tell people I illustrate children's books, they always assume I've got kids myself and I feel funny saying I haven't. I thought of getting pregnant just to force the issue, but that's a bit drastic. On the other hand, I can't face taking the Pill anymore. I find myself forgetting to take it three days out of four and sometimes, when I *do* take it, I look at it and think, ugh, go away, you're messing up my insides, I don't want you. I guess I'd better make up my mind one way or the other pretty soon, or I'll get pregnant anyway just by mistake. Though if I do, it'll be fate really, won't it? I'm sure when it comes down to it, he'll marry me. I wish he'd decide and not leave me in all this suspense.

DR. CHARTHAM'S ANALYSIS:

I strongly believe that most exclusively homosexual men and women are fully conscious of their sexual orientation by the time they are sixteen, except in cases of latent or suppressed tendencies. If a boy continues to take part in, or to initiate, homosexual activities after that age, it is either because he is highly sexed and has no opportunity for heterosexual outlets, or because he is bisexual or exclusively homosexual.

The highly sexed boy will abandon homosexual activities as soon as heterosexual outlets become readily available. His homosexual past will probably be forgotten. On the other hand, the exclusive homosexual, because of society's disapproval of homosexuality, may abandon his sexual activities and suffer considerable frustration until he finds the courage to accept his

homosexuality and "come out." For the same reason, the bisexual may also abandon his homosexual outlets until he discovers that he is an emotionally incomplete person if he does not fulfill his homosexual needs.

To experience what David experienced at boarding school is quite traumatic—traumatic to such a degree, in fact, that both the exclusive homosexual and the bisexual may force themselves to never make homosexual contact again. This is easier for the bisexual to accomplish because he is not deprived of all his sexual outlets. He can be physically, if not emotionally, fully satisfied by his heterosexual activities. This makes him rather less sensitive and the trauma may fade significantly. For the exclusive homosexual, however, the trauma may never fade. In a desperate attempt to surmount the continuing horror, he may force himself to make heterosexual contacts, thereby hoping to convince himself that he is not, and never was, a homosexual. Only by this behavior, he believes, can he regain the self-respect that he lost when others discovered his sexual nature.

Though David attempts to convince us that he is a highly sexed stud, I do not think that he took part in the homosexual activities for which he was expelled from school because he was highly sexed. And if he were a true bisexual, he would also exhibit a greater sensitivity for his sexual partner than he does in his relationship with Sasha. In my view, he is an exclusive homosexual who has forced himself into exclusively heterosexual activities because he does not have the courage to rid himself of the trauma by acknowledging his homosexuality.

I base this view on a number of points revealed by both David's and Sasha's narratives: "I looked down and saw Sasha was licking my stomach and legs. I said, 'None of that. . . .' " Why the prohibition? Licking the stomach and legs can easily lead to fellatio. He doesn't allow fellatio, according to Sasha, because "it is dirty and all that." But this is not the reason. He bans fellatio because it is associated in his mind with homosexual activity. And how he betrays himself when Sasha wants "something different." Caught off guard, he forgets for a moment that he is supposed to be exclusively heterosexual and penetrates her anally, to give "her an idea of just how different sex could be."

For David, women are sex-objects upon whom he can work off his sexual frustration. They are nothing more. Despite this, he resents them because they make him do what subconsciously he does not want to do. There is a sadistic streak in him which points this up.

There is also a desire to be the dominant partner sexually in order to bolster his virility. (Fellatio is a submission act.) For this reason he prefers the missionary position.

Everything has conspired to make him not the "marrying kind," and Sasha, if you persuaded him by some means, especially by trapping him, to marry you, you would deeply regret it.

I realize, of course, that you want to change him, because this is your nature. But how often have we not heard the cry, "I thought I could cure him, but he has refused all my help," from women who have basically laudable good intentions about the man they think they love.

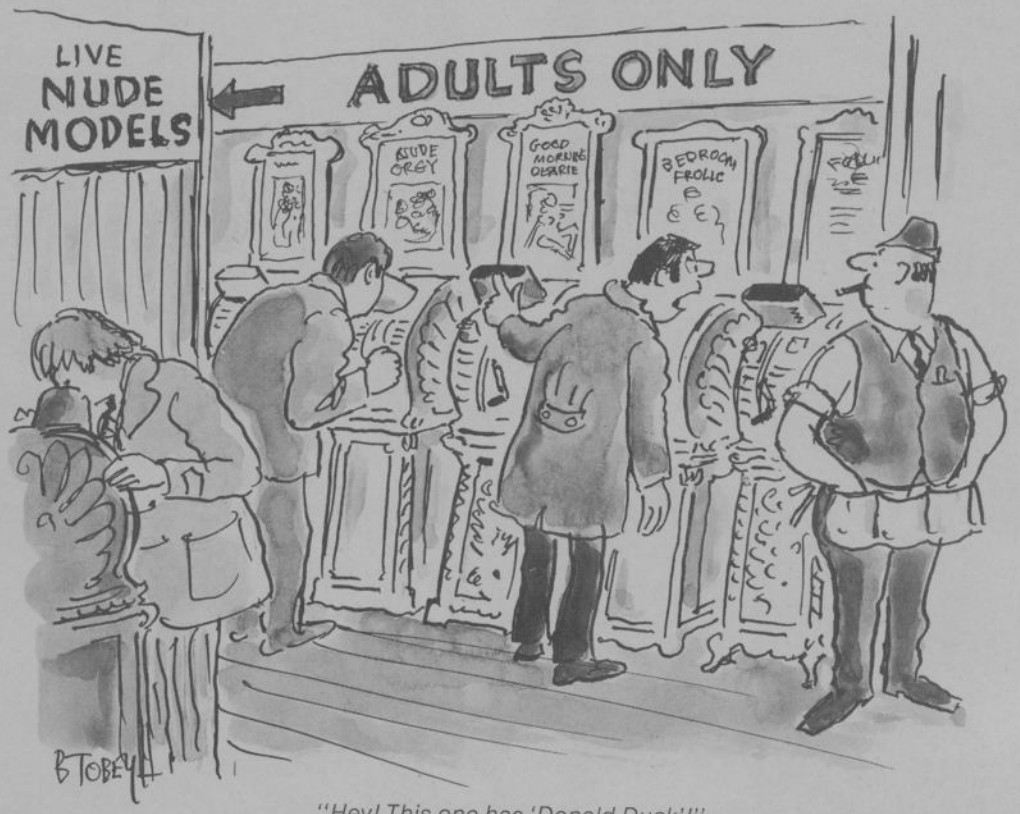
David, at thirty-eight, is one of those men who cannot be changed, and unless you want to be unhappy for a long time, I suggest you do not even try. Certainly an encounter group would not do David any good, *not* for the reason he gives—which is another indication of his basic homosexuality—but because he has too many inhibitions to allow him to respond at all. These hang-ups would have to be reduced by psychotherapy before a group session could do any good. And I very much doubt if he would respond to psychotherapy at his age, unless it was a very protracted course.

You both ask what you should do:

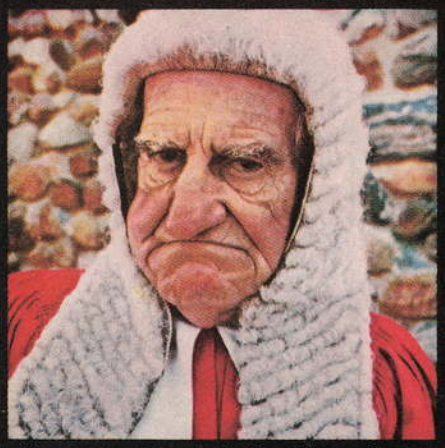
David, if sex is all you want, Sasha is as good a sex-object as any other woman.

Sasha, if you enjoy sex with David and would miss this aspect of your relationship, then you must give up your do-gooding notions and just enjoy the sex.

But if Sasha cannot do this, then she should end the relationship immediately.

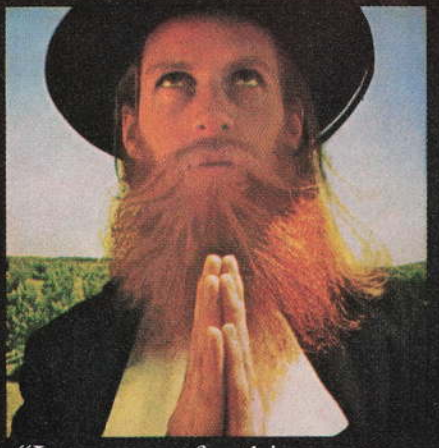


"Hey! This one has 'Donald Duck'!"



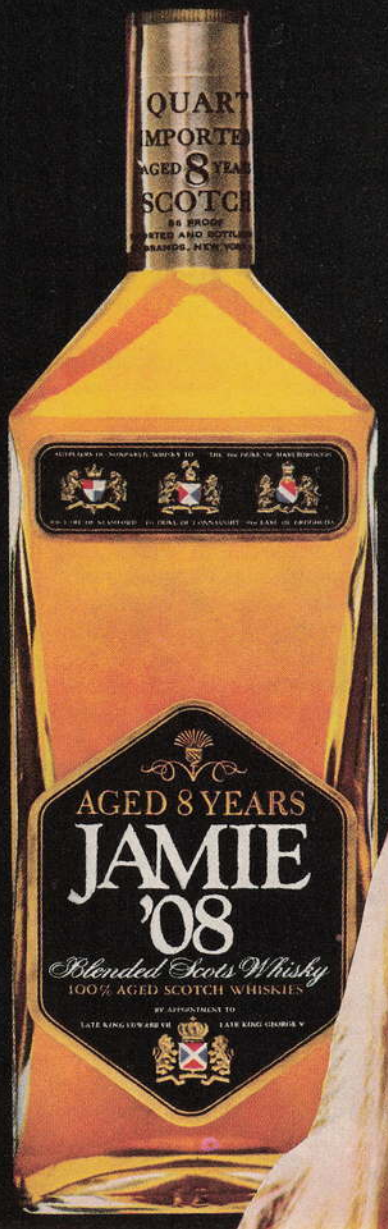
"...and a reward shall be offered of 27 pounds sterling to any man who shall deliver to this court the person or carcass of one Jamie, last name unknown."

"He is nothing more than a rogue and a rounder. A man like Jamie should be horsewhipped and driven from town by barking dogs."

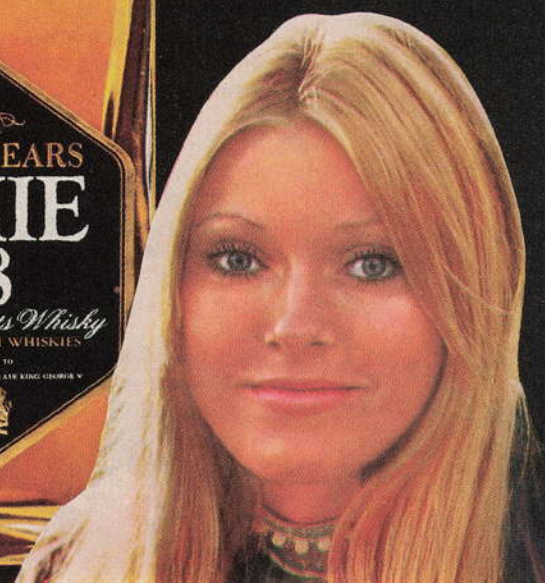


"Let us pray for this young man who has strayed so that he may see the error of his wicked ways and repent for his scandalous acts."

Jamie '08.
The only Scotch named after a scoundrel.



"I don't know why everyone is so upset about Jamie."



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All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

FAKE OR FAINT?

I'm not quite sure whether I've got a problem or not. My girl friend and I are both eighteen. She enjoys sex as much as I do, and we can make love as often as three times an evening. She claims she has as many as three orgasms per session. The trouble is that she passes out when she reaches her peak. Sometimes she stays unconscious for up to five minutes. I've heard that this could be dangerous for her, and I don't want to risk hurting her, but the only alternative seems to be to stop screwing. What's your opinion, Xaviera?—A.B.

Three times a night is a fairly good score for a boy your age. When you get older, your ardor will decrease. Most men above twenty-five can perform sex twice a night, if they have a good lover. The morning hours can be quite exciting as well. It could be that your girl friend is putting you on a bit by pretending to faint, but in reality she is just all fucked out. Perhaps you work her over so well that she cannot move anymore, at least not for the next five minutes. Or she really might have fainting spells.

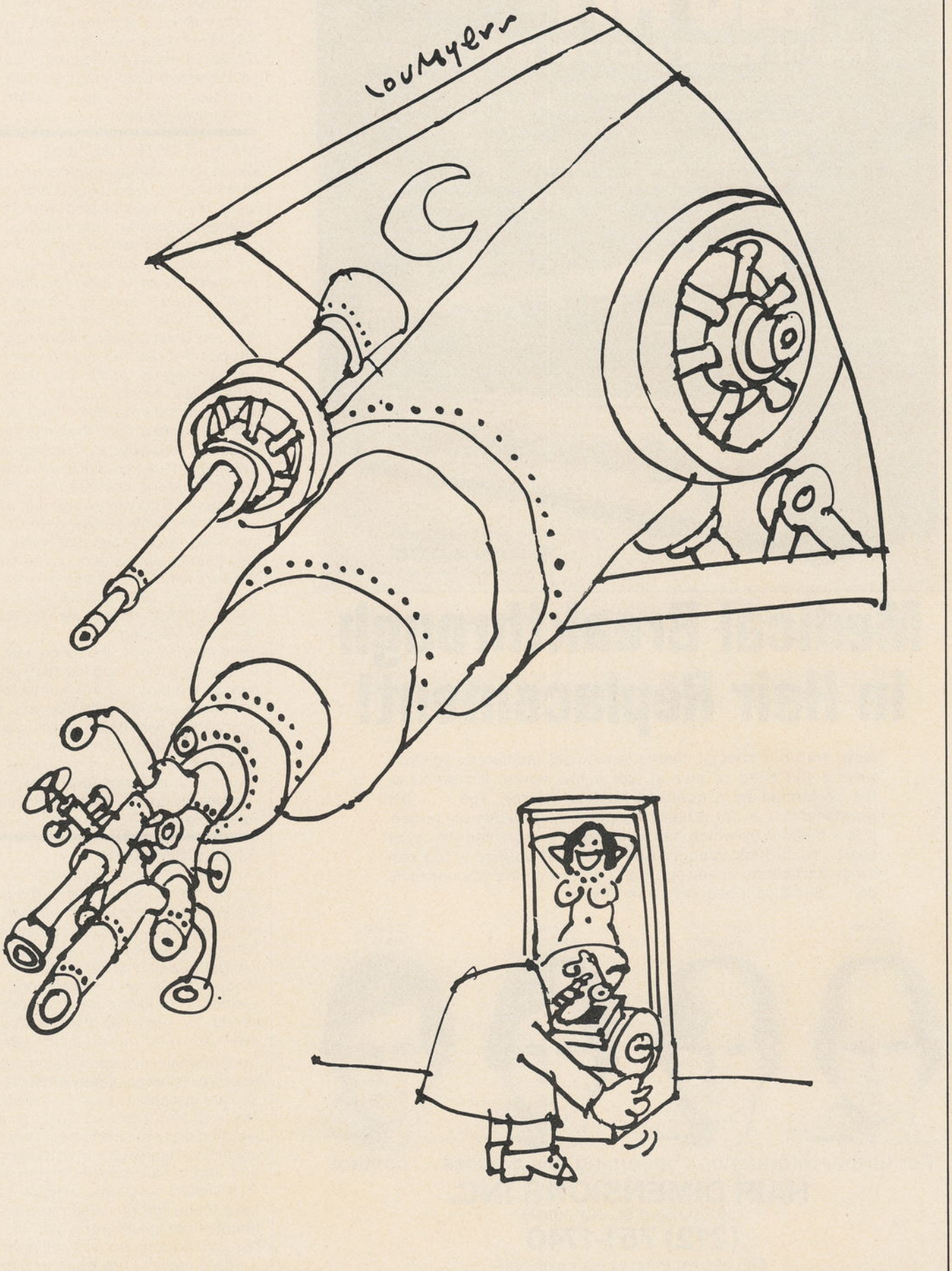
The last case certainly can be true. There are some women who have a malformation of the carotid artery, which is an artery in the neck. By putting her head too far backwards and in a certain twist during your sexual escapades, you might cut off the blood flow to this carotid artery and cause temporary loss of consciousness. So, be careful next time you perform sex and try to be more gentle. Remember, it should never be the quantity that counts—quality is more important. Why not concentrate on the fore- and afterplay more than on just plain screwing?

MOONLIGHTING

I am a widow, thirty-three years of age, and work as a typist in a large office. I'm still in pretty good shape and have managed to keep my figure, even after having four children. I get several offers of dates each week from the men I work with—I know their interest is mainly sexual, but that's fine by me. I, too, have urges and desires. My problem is that I find it tough supporting four kids on my salary, and I'd like to get it across to the married men who want me only for sex that I could use a little extra money. I don't want them to think I'm a whore—money isn't the only reason I went out with them. It's just that it would help matters. I don't know how to ask them, and any advice would be appreciated.—S.C.

I would not really consider your asking some token of appreciation in the form of a financial gift as being prostitution. The best thing to do is to be honest with the men you are dating and tell them that you are a widow and are struggling to keep yourself and four hungry mouths fed on a typist's salary. Since the men you seem to date are mostly married, they, of all people, should understand and get the message. Without insulting you or treating you like a whore (if you are selective in the men you are dating), they will in all probability give you a gift when they leave. You can always tell them that you have to get a babysitter for your youngest child and that they are very expensive nowadays. Also, cab fare adds to your expenses. A little white lie does not hurt.

If those men offer to buy you real gifts rather than giving cash, you should gently mention that you'd rather have the money because you cannot buy food with a dress you might not even need. However, I would not mention this financial request right away, because that would make you look too much like a hooker. Perhaps somewhere during the middle of the meal you should drop the subject of your family.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Another solution, maybe less embarrassing, is to join a legitimate escort service, but I don't know whether there are any in your hometown. Escort services pay the girl a certain amount of money for a dinner date. Whatever price she negotiates after twelve o'clock at night with her respective date for whatever extra activities they both decide to engage in is entirely up to her and is money in her own pocket.

MADE IT WITH THE MAID

We are four college students who reside in a sedate (or so we thought) high-rise apartment. We've recently discovered that we've all been balling the same maid who comes to clean our apartment. It started when one of my roommates, John, was taking a shower one morning, alone in the apartment, and the maid entered to clean up. Hearing the sound of running water, she peeked into the shower and saw John standing there naked. It was obvious that she had more on her mind than just cleaning up. At the time, John kept this escapade to himself, but a little while later we started comparing notes and discovered that we'd all had much the same experience. Soon this maid began demanding more of our time and energy than we wanted to give. The last time she was here she wanted one of us to perform cunnilingus on her, while at the same time giving another one of us a blowjob, while the other two sucked her tits. She's also getting jealous of our other girl friends. We want to break it off but we're afraid that if we do she'll blow the whistle and get us evicted. What should we do, Xaviera?—Maid it in Madison

Your story sounds like a fairy tale. Are you ever lucky with a maid like that! She seems, though, a bit too much to handle for a bunch of square college kids like you. But don't worry about her turning you in, why on earth should she? Just tell her that it is none of her business how you live your lives. She will quickly understand, and look elsewhere —probably to her next employer—for her fun and games.

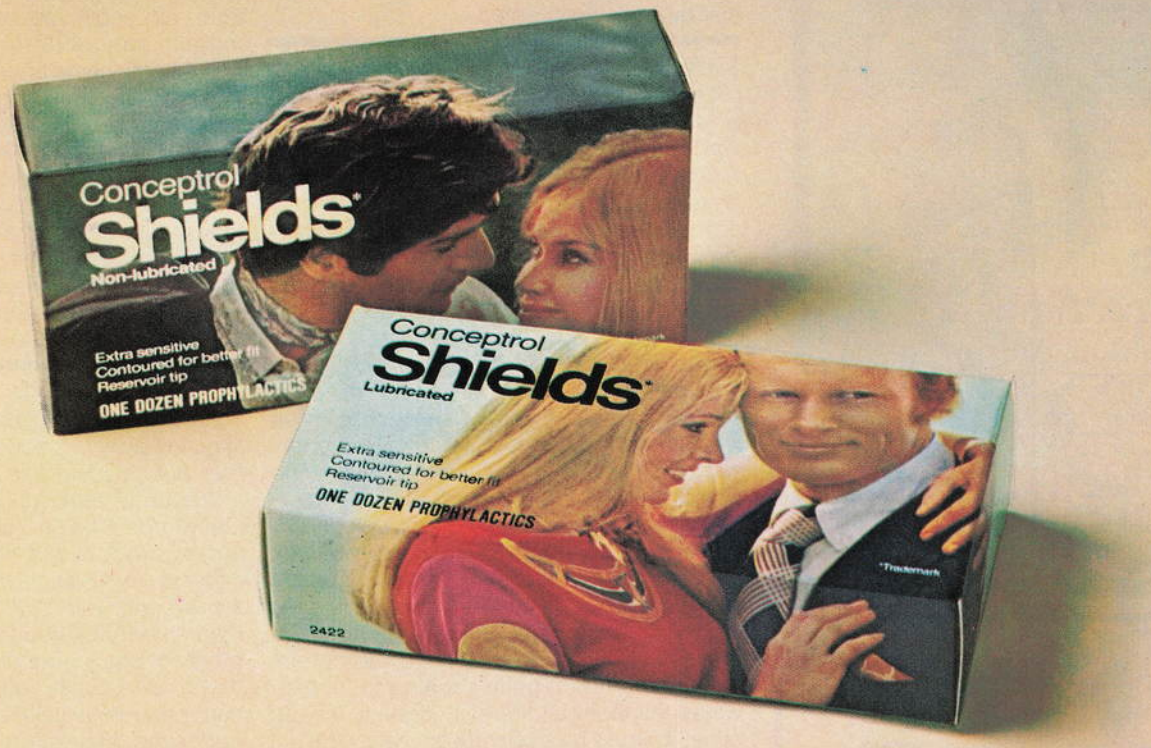
SINGLE SWINGER

I'm sixteen and very mature for my age. My father, mother, twenty-year-old brother, and eighteen-year-old sister all belong to a swingers' club in our hometown, but I'm banned because of my age. Everyone says I've got to wait until I'm eighteen. I contend that maturity isn't determined by age —surely I shouldn't have to resort to the streets for sex when there is such a club available. What do you think?—Betty

Don't you think life can be far more exciting when sex is not so openly presented to you? You are just about to discover what the other sex is all about and most girls your age are just starting to neck and pet in the car, nothing more. If you want sex so badly, go ahead and find a nice boyfriend you really like. That should not be too difficult. I don't believe that a girl of sixteen would have any trouble finding a boy or a man who pleases her both as a friend and sex partner.

There really is not much excitement in a

New Conceptrol Shields. A prophylactic created to make you feel like you're not wearing anything.



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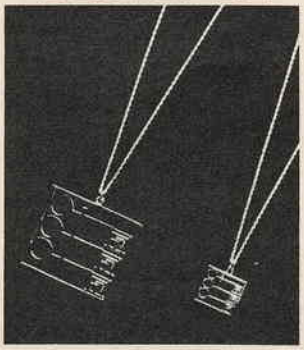

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swingers' club. Sex is habit-forming, and for me, regular visits to a swingers' club would be too much to handle—there is no chase, no anticipation, no emotions, and no love. Once in a while, fine, when you're superhorny, but if I were you, I would try and wait until Prince Charming, who really appreciates you, sweeps you off your feet and carries you into the woods to make love, rather than doing it wedged between sweaty bodies in a swingers' club. Please don't think I am square or conservative, I simply think that youth should be adventurous and not just take life for granted.

THREE IS A CROWD

I'm twenty-eight, my wife is twenty-five, and we've been happily married for six years. There's just one thing wrong—I have a burning desire for my wife to be unfaithful to me, preferably while I'm looking on. I'm definitely not homosexual, nor am I a peeper—watching a strange couple making love wouldn't do a thing for me. My wife says she wouldn't mind trying it, but she's very shy, not the flirtatious type at all, and we don't know how to go about finding a willing partner. Neither of us care for the idea of wife swapping, and I can't visualize myself asking any man whether he'd like to sleep with my wife. Any suggestions? Have you ever known anyone else with my particular desire?—J.B.

There are many men who get very horny thinking about their wives making love with someone else. Some men, who perhaps are still too jealous to let their wives do it with another man, simply enjoy listening when they tell about affairs they have had before. These men find it quite exciting to let their wives tell them all the sexy details. In your case, it would be easier if your wife went out on her own and picked up some attractive male and took him home. So as not to get the newcomer uptight, maybe you should hide in a large closet with the doors slightly ajar, or behind long curtains. You can also peep in from the hallway, but make sure he does not see you. A stranger can easily get upset, even if you tell him beforehand how much you would like to watch him perform with your wife. Maybe the second time around your wife can inform him about your desire to watch. In any event, your wife has to get over her shyness and become more aggressive in order to catch a willing man.

THE MAN IN THE BOAT

From time to time you emphasize the importance in foreplay of stimulating the clitoris. I'm ashamed to admit that I don't know its whereabouts. Can it be reached from outside the vagina? If not, how can it be stimulated during cunnilingus? And how can I tell when I've found it?—F.S.

I suggest you start reading books like *The Joy of Sex* and *The Happy Hooker*, so you can get some material on "how to do it." The clitoris is situated right in the middle of a woman's pubic hair, just above her vagina. It is usually hidden under a thin layer of foreskin, like an uncircumcised man's penis, which serves to protect the clitoris. For this reason it is sometimes called "the man in the boat." You can stimulate the clit with either your finger or your tongue, but don't push or suck it too hard: the area around the clit tends to be very sensual and sensitive. Once you've found the clit, move your finger gently back into her vagina, and when she is getting moist, rub the wetness over the clit. This forms a natural lubrication that makes it even more exciting for the woman. If you still cannot find the clit, and with some women it is damn difficult to find, ask her assistance. Ask her to switch on the light and show you how to get there. Your tongue can perform miracles, but that should only come after you have located the clitoris with your fingers. Make sure you don't chew on it or bite it, because that is very painful. Also avoid dirty fingernails and rough handling of the vagina during foreplay. Perhaps you could watch how your lady masturbates herself. You'll find out that girls who have large outerlips and a protruded clit usually masturbate a lot and are easier targets for your eager fingers and tongue.

BLACK ON WHITE

My problem is that I'm white, but I only want to go to bed with black chicks. White girls are fine, but they just don't seem to satisfy me, whereas the one black chick I've made it with really turned me on. I just can't seem to pick up any black chicks now. Can you help me either to like white chicks or tell me how I can score better with black ones?—In Trouble

I am sure that if you look around you'll find plenty of black girls who would like to make it with you. I guess you simply have not tried hard enough. As with everything else in life, opposites often attract each other. Blonds prefer dark-haired men, and black men often prefer white girls. Quite a few Jewish men refuse to date Jewish girls, and strictly go for Christian girls. However, they usually end up getting married to a Jewish girl, just as most Negroes inevitably marry black girls. Maybe it's the taste of forbidden fruit, or just because it's "different," that you really dig making it with black girls.

ODD COUPLE

When making love to my boyfriend, I've noticed that his balls seem to change shape. Sometimes they are firm and hard, and at other times they become soft and flabby. Is there something wrong with him, or have you noticed the same thing with your own boyfriends?—Confused

It is strange indeed that the couple of testicles dangling underneath your lover's penis can look so odd at times. Don't worry, it's the same with every man. For instance, on a hot summer day the testicles tend to hang considerably lower, while in the winter, on a cold day, a man might wonder whether he had lost his balls—as they tend to jump up inside his own body. This is a natural way of keeping the right body temperature and protecting the spermatozoids from becoming ice balls in the winter. When it is hot, they hang loose, and after a good night's sleep in

a warm bed your lover's balls hang lower than, say, after he has been running around the house and then wants to make love to you. Women's breasts show similar symptoms. When it is very warm, your breasts tend to become softer and it is more difficult to get erect nipples, while on a cold winter day your breasts all of a sudden might feel hard like rocks and the nipples become outstanding pointers.

THE LONGEST DAY

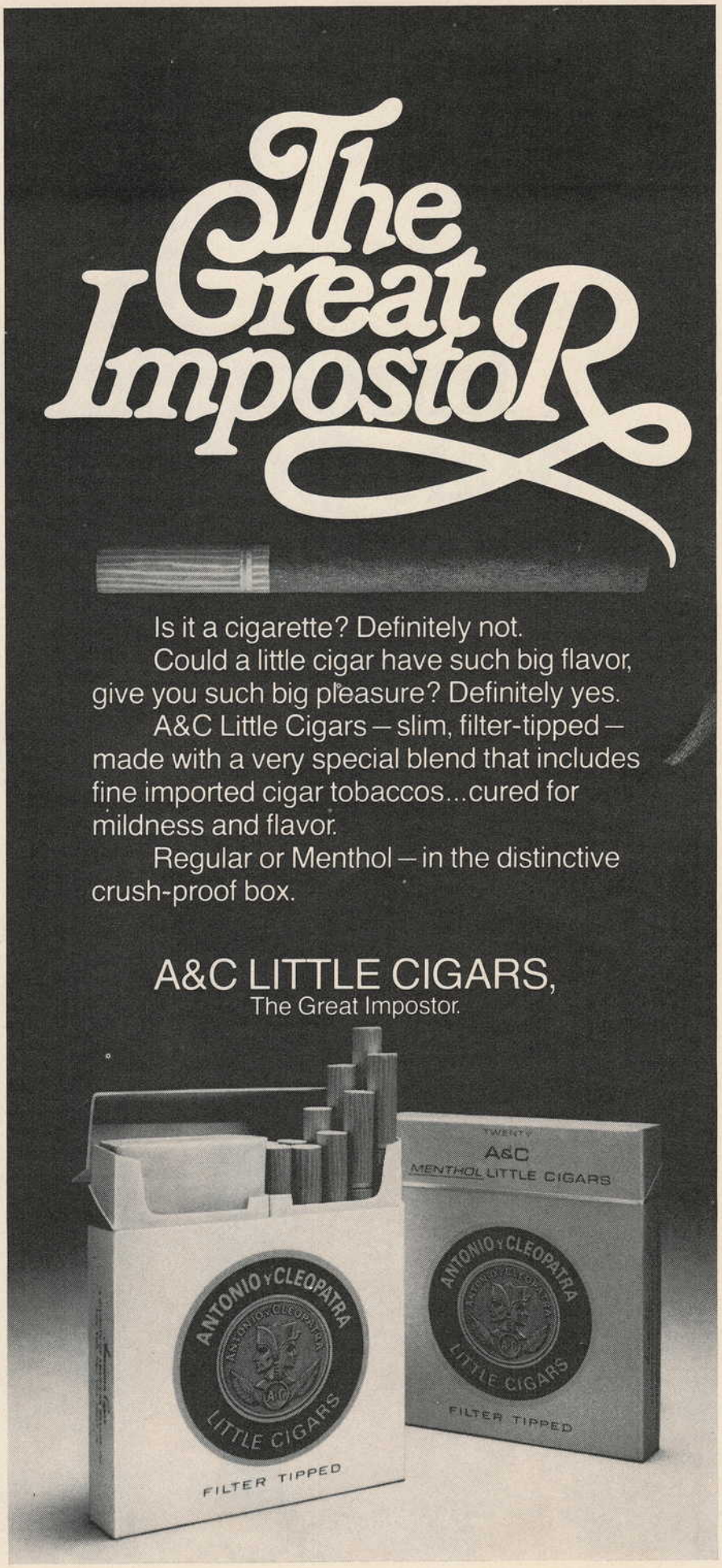
I don't know if there are any records for screwing, but my wife and I did it continuously for one whole day recently. We were on a plane flying from Australia, and just before we crossed the International Date Line we snuck into the plane's backroom and started making love, finishing a "day" later. Can anybody top that?—A.A.

Your aerial escapades sound highly exaggerated. Being propped up in that tiny airplane cabin certainly must have cramped your style, and I pity your poor wife who had to endure this for an entire "day." I wonder what popped more often, your rocks or her ears as she came down finally while landing! Next time, try it for real, the way I did on my way once to South Africa. I stretched out on the seats with the arm rests removed. That, too, is a bit cramped, but at least you're horizontal as opposed to your intolerable vertical position.

AROUND THE WORLD

I'm a great erotic-book fan, and I've often read about girls giving their guys "a trip around the world." Nobody I've asked seems to know what this means. Could you explain what this "trip" entails?—A.V.

Originally, I wanted to call my new book, to be released in August, *Around the World in 69 Ways*, but my publisher thought it too corny and changed it to *Xaviera Goes Wild*. However, as you can well imagine, I know the expression "around the world" pretty well. It means the same as a "rim-job," which still might leave you guessing. Here is an interesting anecdote which will help: An old customer once came to my house of prostitution and asked one of my girls, "Do you want to take a trip tonight?" She answered, "Yes, when I've finished I'll take a trip home but not around the world." That meant that she was not going to eat his asshole out and then make love to him. Only experienced hookers and truly liberated lovers will perform this position. In order for both partners to fully enjoy this, they have to be 100 percent squeeky-clean around the anus, otherwise it will be a really shitty trip. The anus is one of the most erogenous zones, a fact that is unknown to many people, and can be highly stimulated by tongue or finger or sometimes by anal intercourse, for those who enjoy going all the way. The term "around the world" probably originated from the fact that the girl has to move her head around the man's buttocks in order to kiss him from his rear end to the front, where she concludes by caressing his scrotum and penis.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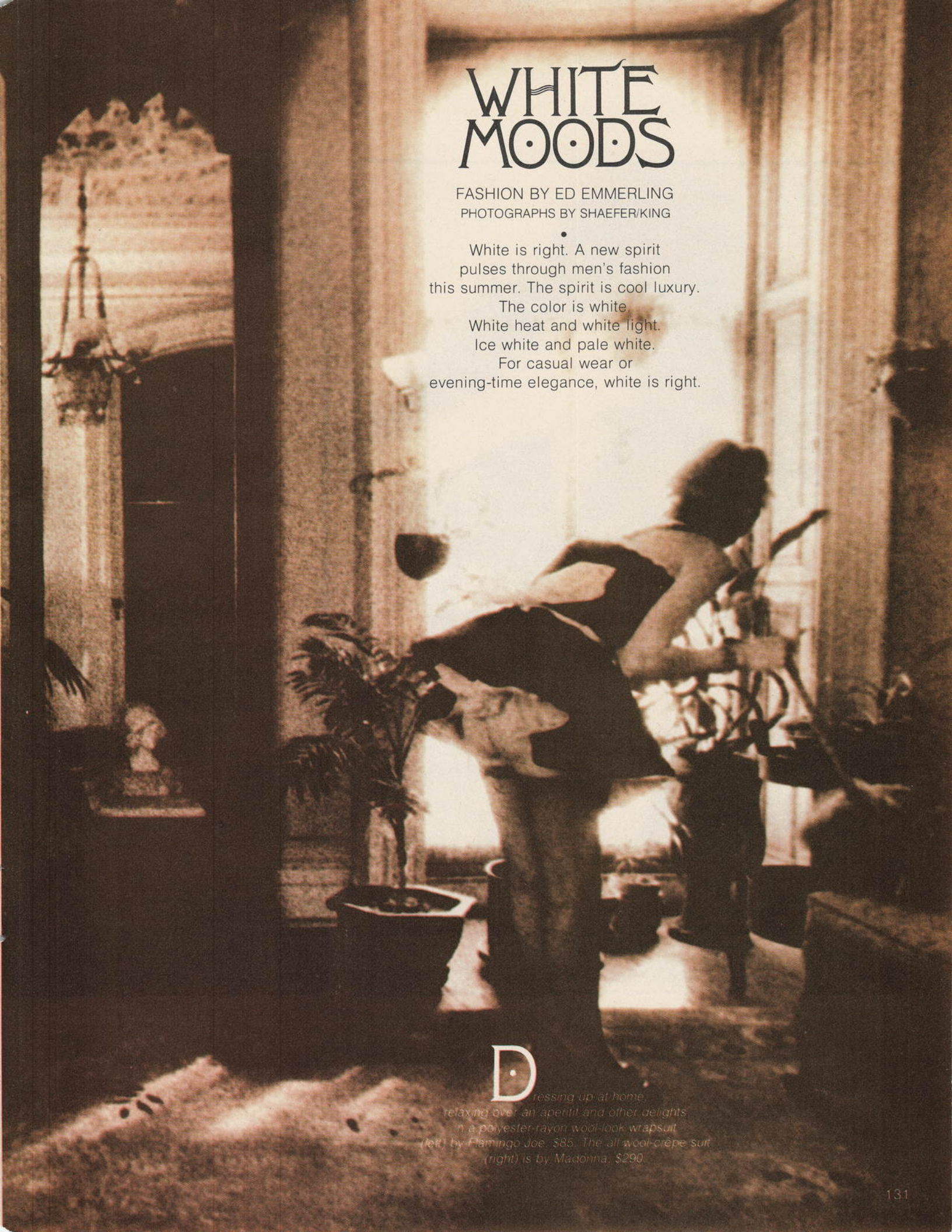


WHITE MOODS

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHAEFER/KING

•

White is right. A new spirit
pulses through men's fashion
this summer. The spirit is cool luxury.
The color is white.
White heat and white light.
Ice white and pale white.
For casual wear or
evening-time elegance, white is right.

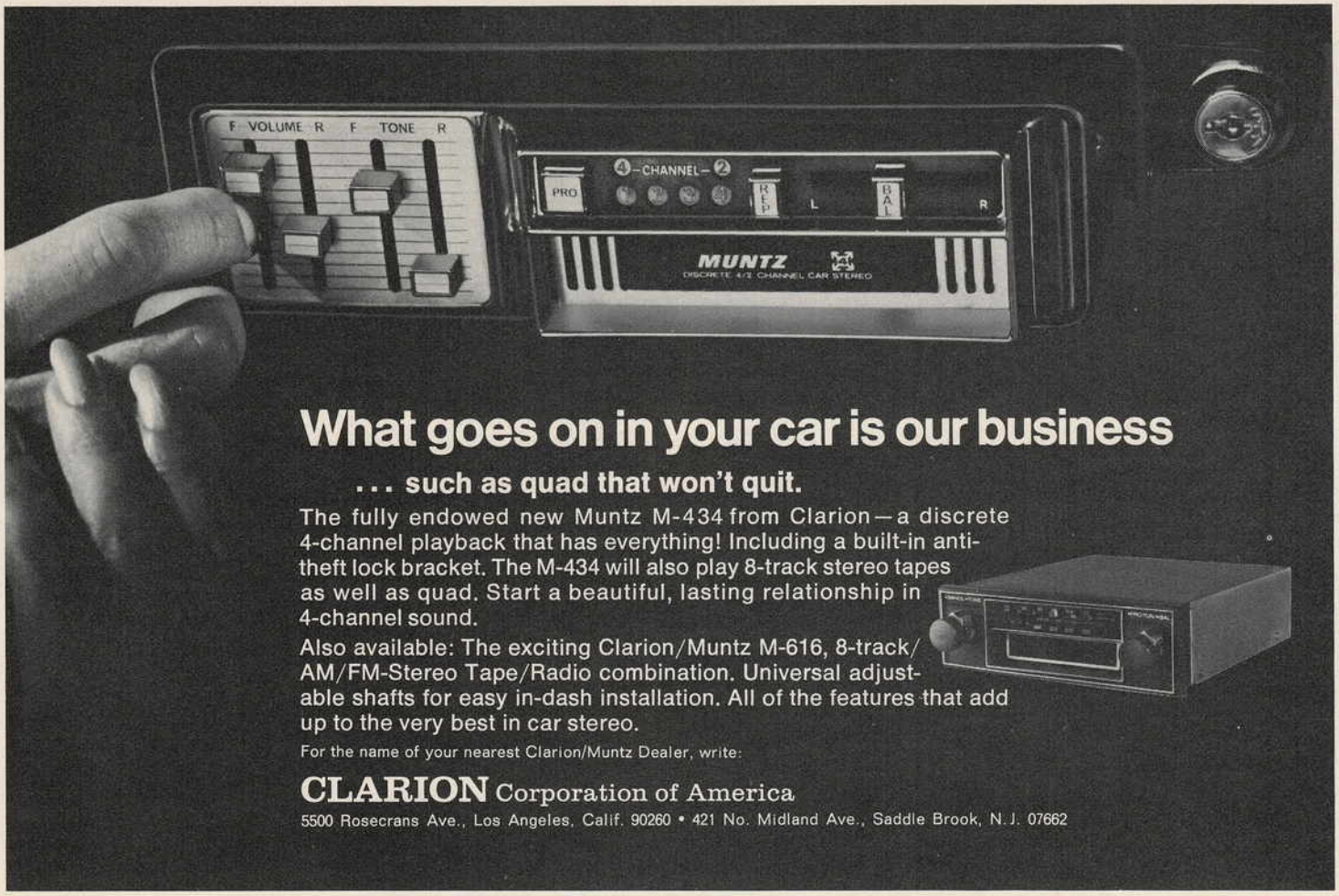
Dressing up at home,
relaxing over an aperitif and other delights
in a polyester-rayon wool-look wrapsuit
(left) by Flamingo Joe, $85. The all wool-crepe suit
(right) is by Madonna, $290.

As lightweight outerwear, white shows up in a top-grained cowhide leather jacket with snap-front, by Europa Sport, $60. Turtleneck: Burma-Bibas. White gabardine pants: Gil Cohen for Boulet.

Wearing white out on the town heralds a return to elegance in the Seventies. . . . An elegance marked by the reappearance of the classic nightclubs of prewar New York, Paris, Berlin, and London. One of the more fashionable new clubs is the Blue Angel in New York City. Here, the cotton zippered-front shirtsuit, $200, by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael Fashions, is flanked by three performers doing the Andrews' Sisters number from "Zou," the spectacular musical revue from Paris currently on stage at the Blue Angel. Under the direction of Peter Jackson, the cast of thirty—beautiful girls, young male dancers, and femme impersonators—brings back showstoppers like the Can-Can, reminiscences of Marilyn Monroe and much, much more. (His narrow-toe wing-tip shoes, made in Italy, designed by and for Jenny Waterbags, $65.)

The white-on-white sheepskin waist-jacket suit uses intricate lacing on front and back yoke and pants, $275, by Michael Hoban for North Beach Leather. Boots: Leather Man. Pendant: Primavera.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check manufacturers listed in Fashion Finder, page 151.



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SEXINDEX

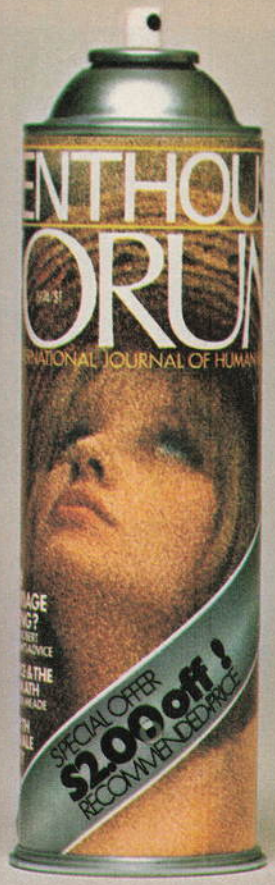
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

17th century, belief in witchcraft was dying out, and the pseudo-satanism of Sir Francis Dashwood in the 18th century and Aleister Crowley in the 20th failed to revive it. Yet the British Witchcraft Act was not repealed until the 1950's, and as recently as 1944 a Spiritualist medium was sent to prison as a witch.

Yin-Yang: Ancient Chinese symbol (shown as a circle divided into two equal parts by a curving line) for the union of complementary opposites, especially woman (Yin) and man (Yang). The Taoists believed that when Yin and Yang came together in sexual intercourse, the Climax of the Ultimate (orgasm) brought them into transcendental harmony with the Universe. Everything possible should be done to encourage this harmony—hence the thousands of pillow-books (*q.v.*) and sex manuals devoted to the techniques of love. The 7th-century *Art of the Bedchamber*, for instance, written by the Most Noble Tung Hsuan Tzu, states: "All men must know of the diverse ways of being with women, the ways of lying or sitting on top, of choosing to go behind or in front, of lying side by side, of thrusting deep or thrusting shallow. They must know the Principles of Sexual Harmony and the Doctrine of the Five Ways, and that these will decree whether they live happily or perish miserably." The man must not only make love well but must do it frequently, as the *Li-chi* (Book of Rites) ordained: "Until the age of 50, a husband should enter the Pleasure Pavilion of his wives once every third day, of his concubines once every fifth day, of other maids of the household according to his wish. The principal wife may remain in the bedchamber during intercourse with a lower concubine, and after the act she can order her back to her quarters and remain for the rest of the night with her husband. Thus her position is accorded respect." From China, not surprisingly, came the world's first sex manual: the *N'ei Ching Su Wen*, inscribed on bamboo and tortoiseshell and written by the Emperor Huang-Ti, 2,500 years before the birth of Christ. It takes the form of a dialogue between the Yellow Emperor and his all-wise First Minister, and it covers every aspect of sex from aphrodisiacs to the "Nine Glorious Postures." From the beginning, the Emperor justifies his preoccupation with sex by stating: "To understand the head, investigate well the tail."

Yoshiwara: Brothel-quarter in Tokyo, literally "meadow of happiness." First built in 1626, by the late 18th century the Yoshiwara had become highly organized, with government-sponsored police and medical supervision. By the late 19th century the Yoshiwara housed 3,000 prostitutes. A Victorian lady visitor described the scene: "Behind the wooden bars of each brothel, in the light of electric lamps, sit from ten to thirty girls in splendid old Japanese costumes, with a smile on their lips and offer a welcome to the passers-by. It is a sight of strange splendour."

zoophilia: Sexual penchant for animals. The mildest form is "mixoscopic zoophilia"—a delight in watching animals copulate—and this is so widespread, especially among adolescents, that it can hardly be called a perversion. Country-dwellers may carry their interest slightly further and Kinsey reckoned that 40 to 50 percent of all farm boys "have some sort of animal contact either with or without orgasm in their preadolescent, adolescent or later histories." A case described by Caprio in *Variations in Sexual Behaviour* is probably fairly typical: "I think I was 13 years old when I had my first animal contact. I had seen cows of ours in heat, chasing each other around the pasture and jumping on their backs. It excited me. So one time I decided to try and put my penis in the cow's privates. I stood on a stool and did this, having intercourse with the cow. I remember the cow's private's were all wet and hot and I got an ejaculation real quick. . . ." Actual intercourse with animals (bestiality) carries heavy legal penalties in most countries. In medieval times it was normal to burn the perpetrator—as well as the animal he had "violated." Yet, among peasant communities, intercourse with an animal may be a simple case of *faute de mieux*. As one German farmer told the magistrate at his trial: "My wife was away too long and so I went with my sow."



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I SEE THE LIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

cranium where his skullbone was shattered. The will of God doth indeed work in mysterious ways.

The divine assault occurred exactly one week after Halley's sacrilegious aerosol meringue smear. The next day Halley's *Fifth Estate* friends traced the license plate to the local ashram of the Divine Light Mission. The Mission's national headquarters in Denver issued a press release that admitted that the pair were, in fact, premies, and that they were being held in "protective custody" at the Chicago ashram, where they had fled after the assault. The press release promised a "full investigation" that would culminate in the culprits being "brought to justice." Whereupon a curious inertia overtook both the Detroit police and the Divine Light Mission. The police said the cost of extraditing the assailants from Chicago to Detroit overruled that possibility. Considering Halley's political persuasion, that was not too surprising. Nor were the two about to surrender themselves voluntarily despite the Divine Light Mission promise. Employing a technique that has been used very effectively by many politicians, the Mission refused to divulge any further information about the assailants in the hope that the incident would sort of . . . well, become inoperative. At the time neither Halley nor any media were able to ascertain the identities of the assailants or the role they played in the divine scheme of things. The names and ages were revealed—Juteswar Misra, fifty-five, and Richard Fletcher, twenty-five—but no more. Inquiring reporters were assured that the two were simply low-level devotees, "fanatics" who were in no way connected with Guru Maharaj Ji's message of peace and love, who had been immediately and forever kicked out of the Divine Light Mission. No mention was made of the fact that Misra was a mahatma. (Halley later discovered that Misra's alias "Gamesh" is the name of a prominent member of the Indian Communist Party. Red-baiting is evidently the thing when East meets West.)

Not until I questioned Rennie Davis on the matter several months later did any semblance of truth emerge. Davis admitted that Misra was Mahatma Fakiranand, that Fletcher was St. Peter, and that both were back in the guru's good graces. Fletcher was in Denver and Fakiranand had not even been demoted from mahatmadom. He was, in Davis's words, "shipped off to Germany, where he's still giving Knowledge." When asked to explain the incident, Davis giggled in the peculiar manner common to most premies when in a state of divine bliss. "I really feel Guru Maharaj Ji is doing everything," said Davis. "He had the pie thrown in his face, and he had Fakiranand do that —the whole thing is just one gigantic *lila* that operates on so many levels. I saw it more as

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a test for the premies than anything else." *Lila*, in guruspeak, means "divine game."

As "a test for the premies," the bloody ploy worked well indeed. Those premies who found out that Fakiranand was the culprit thought that Pat Halley was lucky to have had such a direct experience from such a holy man. "Think of how *realized* Pat will be once he finally receives Knowledge," a nineteen-year-old premie woman told me, munching on an ice-cream cone. (A love of ice cream is the only vice premies will admit.) "If by slaughtering a whole block of people I could bring them to Knowledge I'd do it in an instant. I'd slit your throat right now if Guru Maharaj Ji told me to." I replied that I finally understood Knowledge in an accurate metaphorical context—it's like blood, you can't *describe* the sight of blood, you have to *experience* getting wasted with a blackjack to fathom it. She took another lick of her mocha mint and closed her eyes. "Well, it has to do with the karma of Detroit—what an *awful* place. Guru Maharaj Ji says the best thing that could happen to Detroit would be for an atom bomb to destroy it." The guru is obviously up on his Curtis LeMay.

If the Divine Light Mission's cover-up attempt seems slightly suggestive of a Watergate, the sense of awe-inspiring power Guru Maharaj Ji instills in his devotees suggests another historical parallel. Last summer a festival was held in London to celebrate Guru Maharaj Ji's arrival in Europe. Rennie Davis observed the calamitous effect it had on British reporters. "When he spoke to 20,000 people and the press came, I watched the changes that the individual reporters went through—they were just completely freaked out of their heads, saying, 'It's like Hitler, it reminds me of Hitler.' I mean, they saw this boy and they saw hands going up and *the total WOW!—the total power. I mean, it's total power*, I can't *tell* you what it's like. They realized that this kid had 20,000 people in the palms of his hands. And they would go out and ravage this town for him, or do anything he says. People who are in that whole England thing, they flash on Hitler."

American journalists witnessed the same phenomenon last November when the Divine Light Mission staged "Millennium 73," a sort of God-in at the Houston Astrodome that Davis soberly billed as "the most significant event in the history of the universe." And while far fewer than 20,000 people attended, leaving the other 99.99 percent of Americans doomed to eternal perdition, the spectacle evoked an almost universal reaction among the press—an image of the Nazi Nuremberg rallies. Thousands of wild-eyed, weeping devotees raising their hands in a double-fisted salute to their leader, shrieking the premie battle cry that echoed eerily throughout the cavernous grandstands, the moment of triumph for a cult of total obedience. I myself found my morbid fascination with this occult menagerie purged, exorcised, and finally banished back into the realm of the living as I recrossed the psychic

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

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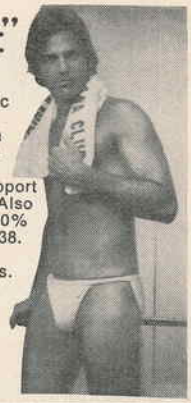

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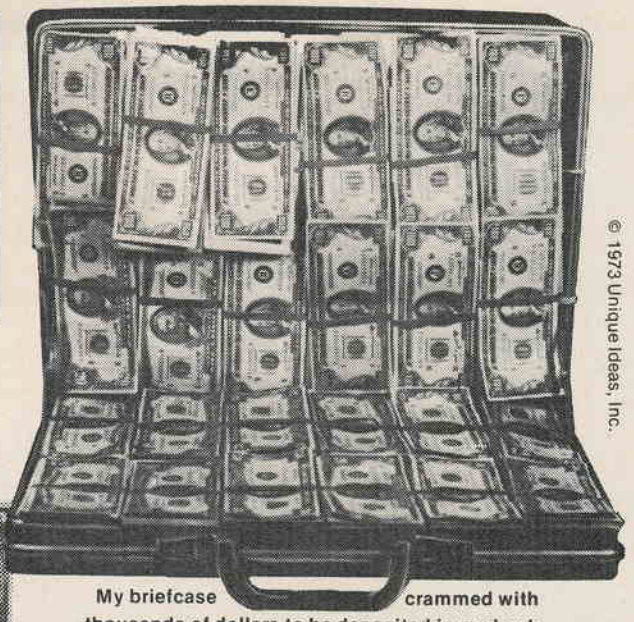

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I've proven this to be true despite the fact that I was born poor and barely squeaked through high school. I still made a fortune in just a short period by making the right moves and I'll show you exactly how I did it.

But why am I so anxious to reveal to you my secret money making method? Surely there's more to it than because I enjoy helping others share in the rich good life as I have but frankly I expect to profit at least two hundred thousand dollars, maybe more, from the publishing of these ads in nationally famous magazines and newspapers.

STOP WASTING PRECIOUS YEARS

I should know, I wasted more good years than I care to remember, before I finally discovered the secret of making money, I stayed up to my neck in debt, bounced around from one eight hour dead end job to another. Just working, waiting and wishing for a great fortune to fall in my lap. I got married, became a proud father at a young age. I worked in a toy factory for a short time and peddled cosmetics from door to door, but everything I tried my hands at failed because I didn't know the right moves to make. This only happened to me twelve years ago. No doubt there are millions who are suffering this agonizing torment now.

REVEALING: THE RICH MAN'S SECRET MONEY MAKING METHOD

It's true that most rich persons keep their money making secrets to themselves, seldom sharing it with others, but fortunately I met several unusually fair minded rich men who were so impressed with my ambition to get rich that they agreed to teach me the secret money making techniques that their many years of making millions had taught them, providing I would virtually work for them at least one year. I eagerly jumped at the opportunity to gain this valuable knowledge and said yes to their generous proposition. So for one year I listened and watched very closely, until I learned from A to Z how these financial wizards made thousands of dollars every single day. I'll always be most grateful to these men for teaching me their fast and easy money making secrets. It didn't even matter that I was practically pennyless when I first put these methods into action.

SUDDENLY IT STARTED MAKING MONEY FOR ME

At first it was unbelievable ... I paid off all my bills and my wealth continued to multiply. Huge sums of cash poured in so fast that I was forced to employ a full time bookkeeper and retain a corporation attorney, accountant and tax expert to help manage my prosperous financial affairs.

We had investments, property, stocks, money in the bank and can afford most anything we want. My family and I enjoyed our wealth and success. We were very proud of our accomplishments and it was our secret of making the right easy moves that made it all happen.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE DON'T BLOW IT

It's a better chance than I had. If you're really serious I'm willing to share my secret. Surely I can afford to give it to you free of charge, but I won't, why should I give you something for nothing? Instead I'm going to ask you to send me ten dollars for sharing my secret. What's more, I want you to know that I intend to make a fair profit from the information I mail you, why not? If I can show you how to make more money than you ever made in your life why should you care if I make a profit? Remember what I'm giving you for only ten dollars cost me 12 years to master. Even more important you get certified and documented proof beyond the slightest doubt that my method can make a fortune, this is why I can offer you the strongest legally binding guarantee possible!! A guarantee so incredible that you'll probably think it sounds too good to be true.

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This is a legal and binding guarantee from me to you. The information I'll send you can actually put thousands of dollars in your pocket. But this is my pledge to you, after just 10 days if you don't agree my secret method is worth at least $1000.00 in cash to you (one hundred times the ten dollars you pay) send it back and I'll rush a full refund, including your 8¢ postage. You take absolutely no-risk —not even the price of a stamp.

GET READY TO GET RICH

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YOU CAN LIVE HIGH ON THE HOG AND DO LESS WORK...

I'll show you how to stop breaking your back to make ends meet and start using your head to get easy riches. If you're seriously fed up with being treated like a hard working stiff while others enjoy the rich good life, then don't pass up this opportunity—you risk absolutely nothing—not even the price of a stamp.

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SUMMER SOUND TRACK

BY ROBERT ANGUS

Slices from the stereophonic, quadraphonic, videophonic pie and a word to the wise on how to plug it all together.

Opposite page: **1.** *Morse Electrophonic speaker from the Apollo series.* **2.** *Dekorder 4-channel reel-to-reel stereo tape deck, model 7140, $569.95.* **3.** *Compact Miida stereo system with AM/FM radio and 8-track cassette player, $299.90.* **4.** *Audio Analyst floor-standing speaker system, model A-200X, $259.* **5.** *Harmon-Kardon's 900+ Multichannel receiver for $749.95.* **6.** *4-channel receiver by Pioneer, model SX1010, sells for $699.95.* **7.** *RCA's XL 100 15" color TV, $389.95.* **8.** *Norelco video-cassette recorder, $1095.* **9.** *Sharp portable AM/FM radio model Z100, $59.95.* **10.** *Phillips 212 electronic turntable priced at $179.50. Components fit various systems.*

This page: **1.** *Technics by Panasonic, T-300 speakers, at $179.95 each.* **2.** *Rotel RX 254 receiver, $489.95.* **3.** *Akai DSS Quadra Sync 4-channel reel-to-reel tape recorder, $1495.* **4.** *Toshiba instant-on 9" color TV, model C-094, $329.95.* **5.** *Sansui model 771 receiver, $379.95.* **6.** *4-channel receiver, model TS-500 by Onkyo, $749.95.* **7.** *JBL speaker L200-A, $372 each.* **8.** *Morse Electrophonic's 4-channel Apollo series compact, $359.95 (stand is optional at $40.00).* **9.** *Glenburn turntable, model 2155Q, for $146.90.*

*Shown below: **1.** A pair of Comm's Big Brut car speakers, model 420, $39.95 the set. **2.** Empire's Jupiter 6500 II-A speaker, made completely weatherproof for indoor or outdoor use, sells for $49.95 each. **3.** The spacy Weltron 8-track cassette player and AM/FM multiplex combo is model 2001, and costs $169.95. **4.** Grundig reel-to-reel stereo tape recorder which features syncro-play, multi-play and echo capabilities is ideal for the hobbyist. The model TK 744 goes for $450. **5.** Acoustic Research LST-2 speakers, designed with the professional user in mind, at $400 each. **6.** Brother 4-channel AM/FM 8-track stereo compact priced at $309.95. **7.** Kenwood's KR 8340 2-4 receiver is priced at $619.95. **8.** 17" color TV by Hitachi, model CE-721, costs $449.95. **9.** Columbia's open-reel 3600 recording tape sells for $7.29. **10.** TDK SD: C60 Super Dynamic cassette tape, priced at $2.39. **11.** Memorex Chromium Dioxide 90 cassette tape, priced at $4.69. **12.** Precor AM "Totable" radio with a 4" diameter, model 560, costs $9.95. **13.** The Garrard turntable is model Zero 100c and costs $209.95.*

*Shown below: **1.** Sony Superscope CD-301 stereo cassette deck, featuring automatic shut-off and a handy recording peak limiter. It costs $99.95 with the walnut base included. **2.** Bose 901 II speakers coupled with a completely new equalizer unit which allows it to be adapted to a wide range of room environments. The speakers can be had for $540 and the optional pedestal is $39.90. **3.** Muntz 811 car cassette playback unit with automatic reverse, fast forward and fast rewind, designed for stable play over rough roads for $109.95. **4.** TEAC 450 Dolby stereo cassette deck, $449.50. **5.** JVC 400 watt AM/FM 4-channel stereo receiver with CD4, featuring an automatic noise reduction system for $799.95. **6.** Big screen viewing on the Magnavox 25" color TV, model 4720, priced at $599.95. **7.** GE's unique-looking UFO Sound Saucer portable AM radio with a 30" dynamic speaker and solid state design, $15.95. **8.** Empire's Jupiter speaker 6500 II-A. **9.** A pair of new lightweight earphones from Koss, model HV/ILC, at $49.95. **10.** BSR 810X turntable from the Transcription series, designed for complete record-playing automation, $219.95. Suggested retail prices.*

MATCH-'EM DON'T MIX-'EM

Putting it together is a lot more than just plugging it in.

By ROBERT ANGUS

So you're setting out to buy yourself a stereo system. And to assert your own individuality, you're going to select each component yourself. That puts the stamp of your personality on the finished product, and enables you to get just the features you want, just the quality in each ingredient you find necessary.

But if you buy without making sure that each link matches the next in your audio chain, you could be in for a disappointment. This problem of matching causes most people to settle for the dealer's package, a stereo compact or modular system. But matching a speaker to your amplifier, and matching a cartridge to your tone arm, is no big deal if you remember a few basic rules. Not only does a properly matched system sound and work better than one that isn't matched, but it can save you money.

THE CARTRIDGE

Virtually any phono cartridge you're likely to buy will fit physically in virtually any tone arm you're likely to own. But before you scrap the cartridge you've been using to play records in favor of one of this year's highly touted models, you'll have to check two things: the input sensitivity of your amplifier's phono jacks; and the tracking force recommended by the manufacturer of your tone arm or record changer. Most inexpensive stereo systems use ceramic cartridges. It would seem that a simple way of upgrading such a system would be replacing the inexpensive cartridge with a magnetic component-type. The problem is that magnetic cartridges generate a signal only 1/40th as strong as those produced by ceramics. If the amplifier included in your stereo system is designed for use with a ceramic pickup, a magnetic will produce a thin, tinny whisper. Conversely, if you try to use a ceramic pickup with an amplifier designed for use with magnetic cartridges, the sound will be harsh, rough, and loud enough to blast you through the wall. Higher-quality component amplifiers and receivers usually have two sets of phono inputs—one for a magnetic cartridge, the other for a ceramic.

To find out whether the cartridge you have in mind will work in the tone arm you own, you'll have to check the fine print on the specification sheet for the cartridge and the instruction manual for your changer or tone arm. Manufacturers of component-quality changers and tone arms specify a recommended tracking force—usually somewhere between ½ and 4 grams. Likewise, manufacturers of component-type cartridges specify a recommended tracking force for their pickups. If you try to put a low-tracking cartridge into an arm that must operate at, say, 4 grams, the weight merely shoves the stylus up into the body of the cartridge, resulting in muddy sound and possible damage to an expensive pickup. If you lighten the load to protect the cartridge, the result will be needle skipping. On the other hand, you can put a heavy-tracking cartridge in a light-tracking tone arm without damage to the pickup. But the result will be increased record wear and less fidelity than you have a right to expect.

THE SPEAKERS

The other major problem in matching components involves speakers and amplifiers or receivers. Speakers need varying amounts of power to perform properly. Some bass-reflex types can get by on a diet of ten watts of power or less, while some acoustic-suspension types may require at least twice that amount. The manufacturers of component amplifiers and receivers usually tell you clearly just what the wattage output of their equipment is. You want to know the power-per-channel RMS, usually the smallest of the power figures. If the maker of your equipment doesn't list power-per-channel, take the total RMS power output and divide by two. If he doesn't list RMS power at all, you'll need further information—either from the dealer or the maker.

Now you'll need the minimum power-handling requirements for the loudspeaker you're thinking of buying. This is harder to come by, since manufacturers don't include it on their specification sheets. A good dealer should be able to tell you, however. A tip-off is the loudspeaker design, which usually is described in the literature. Speakers mounted in a box with a port or vent generally are considered high-efficiency speakers, able to get by on a minimum of wattage. Those in sealed enclosures—air or acoustic-suspension types—are significantly less efficient and require more power to produce satisfactory bass. Hence, if you own a low-powered receiver and are looking for a new pair of speakers, better confine yourself to the high-efficiency types. No matter how many good things you've heard about a particular air-suspension speaker, it won't sound good with your receiver. On the other hand, it is possible to use a high-efficiency speaker system with a high-powered amplifier to obtain good listening results, particularly if you like lots of bass and high volume levels.

Besides power output, you'll have to check the impedance of your speaker system and that provided by the speaker taps on the amplifier or receiver. Actually, this problem usually arises only when you operate two or more speaker systems from a single amplifier tap—but it's a good idea to check anyway, before you spend your hard-earned money. Component-speaker manufacturers rate all of their products in terms of impedance—usually four, eight, or sixteen ohms. While some amplifier makers supply separate speaker taps for each of these impedances, most transistorized units have a universal terminal, capable of handling any impedance from four to sixteen ohms. When the impedance load presented by the speakers falls below four ohms, there's a strain on the amplifier which can adversely affect its performance.

Impedance-matching problems usually occur when you tie two or more speaker systems together to operate from a single pair of terminals—when you add extension speakers in the bedroom or on the patio, for example. You can avoid problems by making sure that both speakers have the same impedance—preferably eight ohms each—and that the total never falls below four. The total of two eight-ohm systems, incidentally, is not sixteen ohms, but four. Two sixteen-ohm systems wired in this manner present a combined load of eight ohms.

Is your system properly matched when you have a pair of $400 speakers at one end and a $40 phono cartridge at the other? Not likely. The audio chain is only as strong as its weakest link. These $400 speakers can reproduce just about anything you feed them—but a $40 cartridge doesn't supply all of the sound contained on the record groove. If you're going first class in speakers, you'd better be prepared to go first class all the way—with a deluxe cartridge, a top-of-the-line receiver or quality tuner-amplifier combination, and a precision turntable (manual or automatic).

This record album is rated X ...as in Xaviera.

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I SEE THE LIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

Styx, grateful for the opportunity to resurface into the plain old insanity of America.

Evidence of the American elect's identification with the Third Reich is ample. Last July's issue of the Mission's now-defunct slick magazine *And It Is Divine*, the scriptures according to Guru Maharaj Ji, displayed an eye-popping red-and-black swastika. The ensuing article explained its symbolism as "an expression of a deep pattern of some universal force, be it law, righteousness, or luck."

In the September issue, sandwiched around a glowing compliment to Rennie Davis, were two letters that further elaborated. The first, from premie Jay R. Krough of Minneapolis, concluded with the observation that "Hitler was very much aware of this century being the inception of the Golden Age of man. In complete fairness to the man, but still maintaining objectivity, it is my opinion that there is a very strong possibility that 'for a period' Hitler sincerely felt he was building a political foundation for the Golden Era. During the war, dreams were shattered. In the documented movie, *Hitler: The Last 10 Days*, he clearly expressed his early failure in the war but continued out of duty." The reference to the Golden Age is significant. Premies constantly refer to Guru Maharaj Ji as the "Golden Boy" who is here to usher in a "Golden Age of Peace." No doubt they believe it as "sincerely" as the Hitler Youth; and as the incident in Detroit proves, some are willing to use the same tactics.

The second letter, from Kendall M. Black of Wildwood, N.J., talked about the swastika in even more glowing terms: "It symbolizes the eternal motion of creation. Four arms point to the four quarters of the heavens, and the four elements (earth, water, fire and air). Most of its meaning is said to be hidden, however, because its riddle is reserved only for the highest initiation." Perhaps Larry Canada observed one such initiation at a gathering of Divine Light Mission leaders in their New Delhi ashram in January 1973. Canada, an old friend of Rennie Davis, is the premie responsible for snookering Davis into the guru's camp. After Davis had received The Knowledge, he, Canada, and most of the U.S. and Indian Divine Light Mission leadership were gathered in a meeting room awaiting the arrival of Bal Bhagwan Ji, the guru's twenty-two-year-old brother who many believe is the *éminence grise* behind the movement (the guru has three brothers altogether, as well as a holy mother, all of whom are "some aspect of divinity" according to Davis).

"It really freaked me out," says Canada, "when in strode Bal Bhagwan Ji and sat down at the foot of the table on a *huge* purple swastika draped over the chair." Canada has since dropped out of the Divine Light Mission, and he sees it as dangerous. "It's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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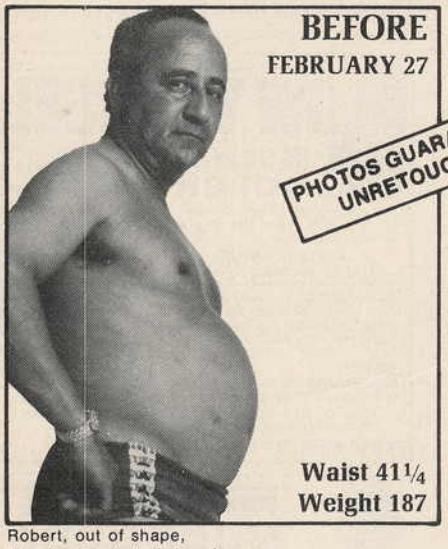
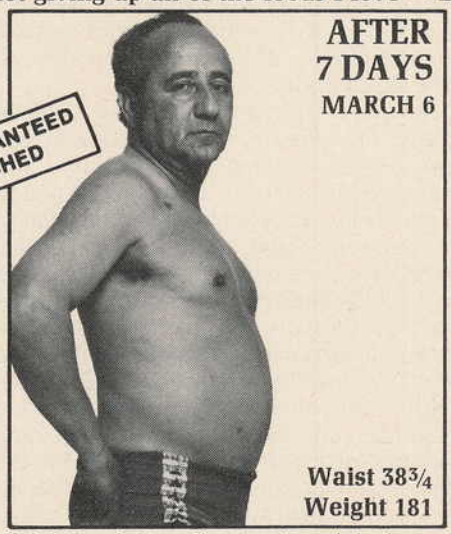


Robert, out of shape, the day he started the plan.



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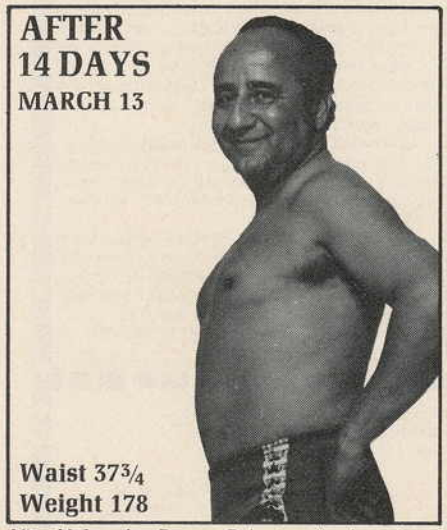

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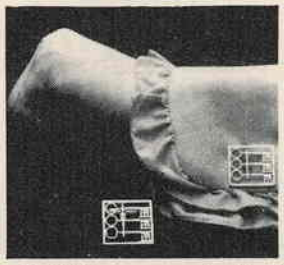

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the exact same thing as Hitler's Big Lie—the statements are so outrageously false. Premies say, 'Guru Maharaj Ji must be telling the truth since no one could make up such things.' " Canada believes the reason he was even allowed in the royal presence at all is that his wife Kathy is the granddaughter of pharmaceutical czar Eli Lilly. "They really go after people with bread, as long as they think they can get their hands on it," he says bitterly. "It took us a while to figure out that as long as we were willing to shell out we could hang out with the honchos, but that once we started having second thoughts we were dropped like a hot potato."

The physical manifestations of violence among premies have as their psychological underpinnings guilt, repression, and shame. Guilt that they can't be good enough to satisfy the Perfect Master; repression of any deviant thought, such as sexual urges, or any outward emotion that disturbs the eerie atmosphere of ashram life; and shame that they are such sinful mortals, such tools of the human mind. Premies consider the mind "the devil," the device that will prevent one from truly attaining satori. Only when the mind has surrendered its will and the soul has become the perfect slave to the Perfect Master can a premie have a chance of salvation. And that salvation makes them one of the truly privileged people on earth, something the guru constantly underscores. "Sometimes I realize it's possible that maybe The Knowledge is getting harder now to receive," says Rennie Davis, "and it's going to get harder and harder and harder to get, until people are going to be standing 10,000 in a line outside these ashrams weeping for Knowledge and there's not going to be any Knowledge to be had. Guru Maharaj Ji often indicates that you should come and receive this Knowledge now, while it's available. There've been many indications to suggest that the grinding and gnashing of teeth may be an element of this time."

Premies are fond of recounting Guru Maharaj Ji's favorite dream, in which there's a whole group of premies gathered under his dome and a bomb falls and everyone dies except premies, who emerge into a lush green world—utopia. And since he is God and God controls such things as an apocalypse, his dreams are not to be taken lightly. Yet he is not entirely without mercy, according to Davis: "God can decide whether to fulfil prophecies or not. And Guru Maharaj Ji says that the prophecies are that the whole world will be destroyed, but that they don't have to be fulfilled. You know, 'Cooperate with me and I won't have to fulfil those prophecies.' "

It is not difficult to understand the violent symbolism of Guru Maharaj Ji considering that the entire theosophical basis of the Divine Light Mission is imbedded in it. In the Mission pamphlet *Satgurudev Shri Hans Ji Maharaj* (the name of the Guru's father, the founder of the Mission), published in Delhi in late 1970, C.L. Tandon, the president of the Mission in India, writes: "Shri Maharaj Ji . . . used to emphasize one important aspect

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

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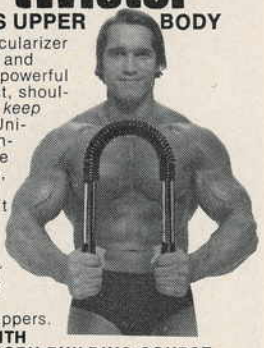

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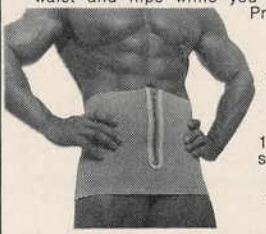

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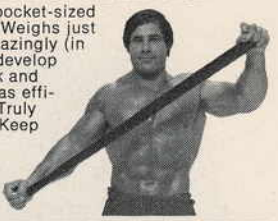

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of the Gita, which had been ignored by [other gurus]: 'Remember me and fight.' The entire philosophy of the Gita is hidden in this most important commandment given to Arjuna by Lord Krishna." In another passage Tandon continues, "We must learn the technique of meditation which can be performed at all times even while fighting in the battlefield. . . . All external forms of meditation are useless as they cannot be performed while one is engaged in battle." Arjuna was the leading disciple of Krishna, the Hindu equivalent of Jesus (Guru Maharaj Ji claims, of course, to be the reincarnation of Krishna and Jesus and every other Perfect Master who ever lived), and was given the all-important command, "Remember me and fight," by Krishna when he was despondent before a big battle, unable to stomach the thought of killing. Again, according to Tandon: "Arjuna threw down his bow in the battlefield in depression and said that he would prefer begging and taking alms rather than winning a victory by killing his kith and kin. . . . We find Arjuna in the beginning of the book in the grip of confusion and dejection, desirous of renouncing the very idea of war but Arjuna after listening to the discourses of Lord Krishna and getting the knowledge is able to wage a war. . . ."

Commenting on the Detroit incident, Rajan Chadha, another top Mission official in India, drew from that passage in his explanation. "There are no hard and fast rules to being holy. In India there have been gurus who have led their followers into full-scale wars. The Perfect Master does whatever the best thing is for that time and space. When you realize what devotion is, you become a *fanatic*—you really want to please Guru Maharaj Ji."

The guru's rhetoric does little to discourage this fanaticism. At his revealing best, he refers to The Knowledge as a Peace Bomb, an explosion in the cerebrum that obliterates the mind's innate quest for rational thought. Or, as he bluntly states in an interview in his Bantam paperback *Who Is Guru Maharaj Ji?*, "If God created evil he also created a way to get rid of it. He created a pistol for it with four bullets and we have to shoot, and shoot, and shoot, and shoot, and when we have shot all four bullets, we really have killed our ego, we really have killed it. Our pistol is meditation, and the bullets are the four noble truths which will kill the devil in us."

To teach this game of mystic roulette, the guru employs a band of modern-day brownshirts, the cutting edge, so to speak, of the fanaticism in the form of a disciplined cadre of divine shocktroops called, again in the irony of guruspeak, the World Peace Corps. At the Divine Light Mission's Godathon in the Houston Astrodome last November, members of the press and premies alike were amazed at the brutal display of ferocity by these avenging angels, who alternately cajoled, coerced, and terrorized anyone who managed to stray within their range. "These people were mad with a sense of divinely authorized power," commented

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one observer. "It was like descending into the ninth ring of hell."

Boston filmmaker James Kasper was the victim of a dose of this divine bullying at the hands of the World Peace Corps in July 1972, during the Guru's first big American celebration in the mountains of Colorado. Kasper was interested in filming the event, and had in fact been invited by the Divine Light Mission to observe and capture the proceedings. The first day everything was fine. On the second day, however, he was pulled aside by one mahatma and told in no uncertain terms that he was to cease his activities immediately. "I was outraged," Kasper remembers. "I'd spent an enormous amount of money to set this thing up and all of a sudden I was given the cold shoulder. They wouldn't even tell me why. So I told them that Maharaj Ji is a public figure and that this was a public event and that I was not going to be intimidated." Kasper loaded up his cameras and started shooting for about five minutes. "Then I was jumped," he says. "I couldn't believe it. I was actually jumped by half a dozen thugs in uniforms. They grabbed me and hauled me out of there, and tried to open the camera but they were just stupid, they didn't know how to do it. I resisted, but they just completely manhandled me. They were really horrendous and they scared the shit out of my crew."

To any student of Western civilization, the cutthroat approach to religious conversion comes as no surprise. From the Spanish conquistadores who lined up their Peruvian victims in a gauntlet with the priest's baptism at one end and the executioner's sword at the other to the contemporary transmutation of that fervor with its lurid tales of ritual animal sacrifice and Mansonesque blood rites, some of the greatest crimes in the history of mankind have been perpetrated in the name of salvation. And if the assorted Jesus freaks, Children of God, and premies still appear to be small fry compared with their historical predecessors, it is only because they are all still at an embryonic stage of their pursuit of the millennium. Some observers will dismiss these mysticults because of the relative paucity of clientele they have thus far attracted. I, however, feel that this is one of the most dangerous signs: as the innumerable projected prophecies fail again and again, the desperate surge of despair and rejection makes the True Believer more sullen than ever.

Five years ago, when a different kind of apocalypse seemed to loom large on the horizon, Eldridge Cleaver predicted that America was either to be consumed by class war or race war. Now there appears a third distinct possibility: religious war. As the God-thumpers rage forth into the Seventies with their divine zeal, they are relentlessly intent on asserting the conflicting infallibilities of their particular messiahs, fighting fire with fire and faith with faith. And if utopia seems in curious propinquity to the hell it purports to replace, we would all do well to remember that in divinity, as in politics, the thesis begets the antithesis.

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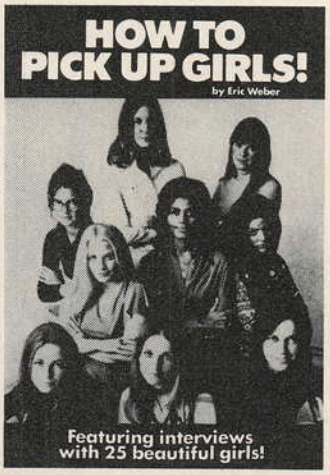

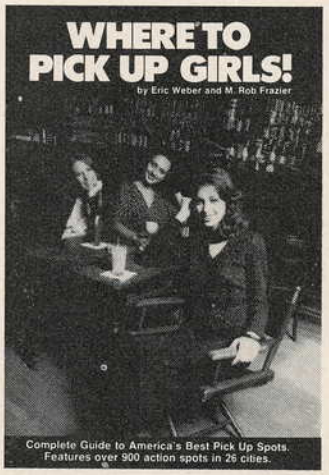
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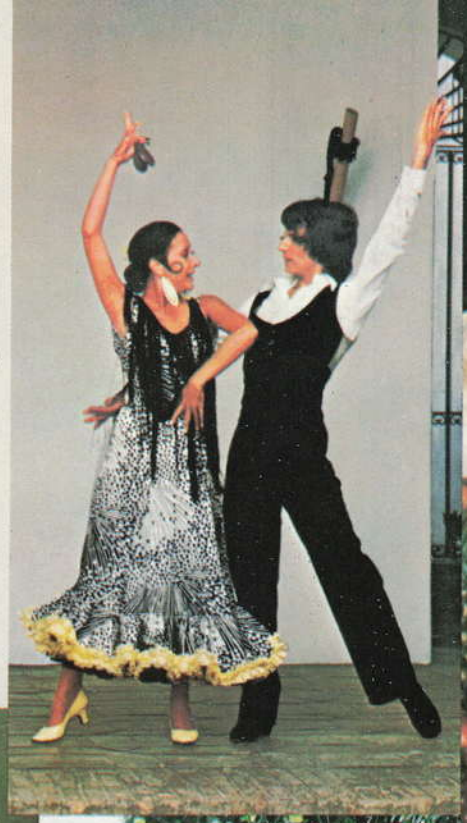

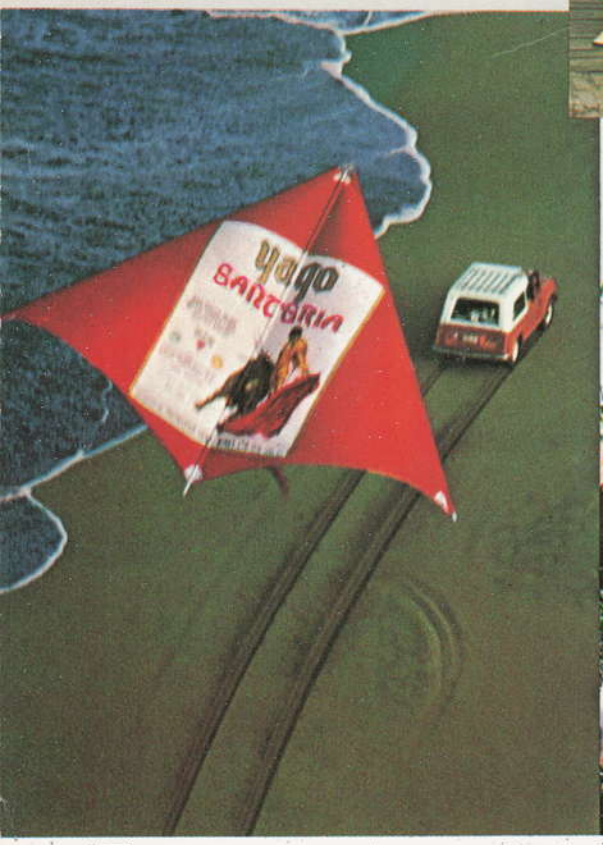

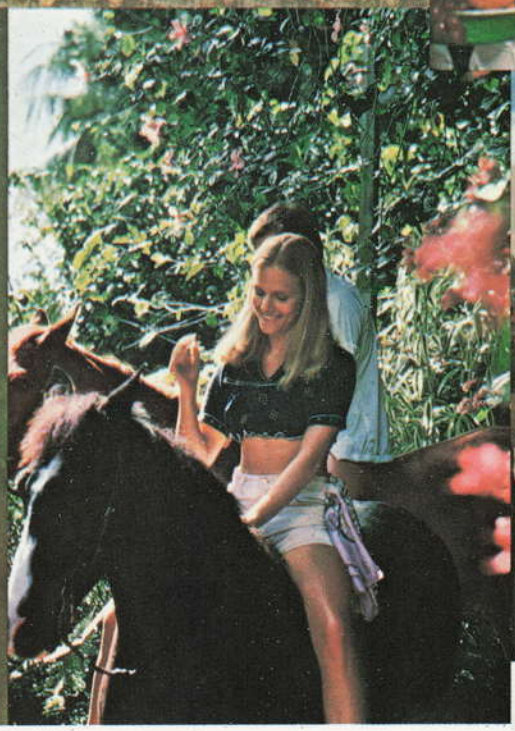

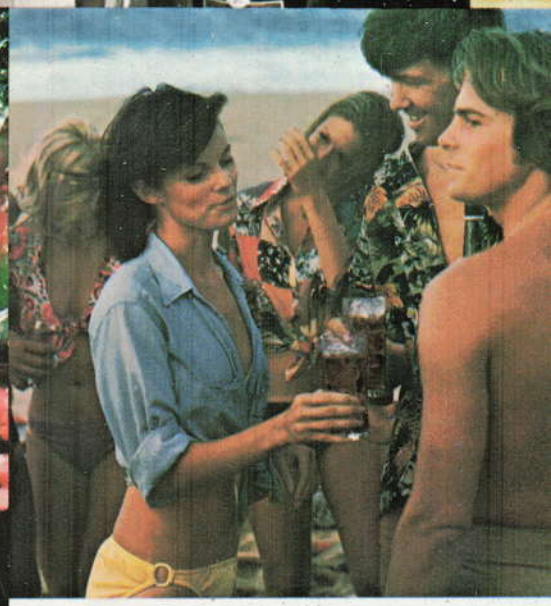

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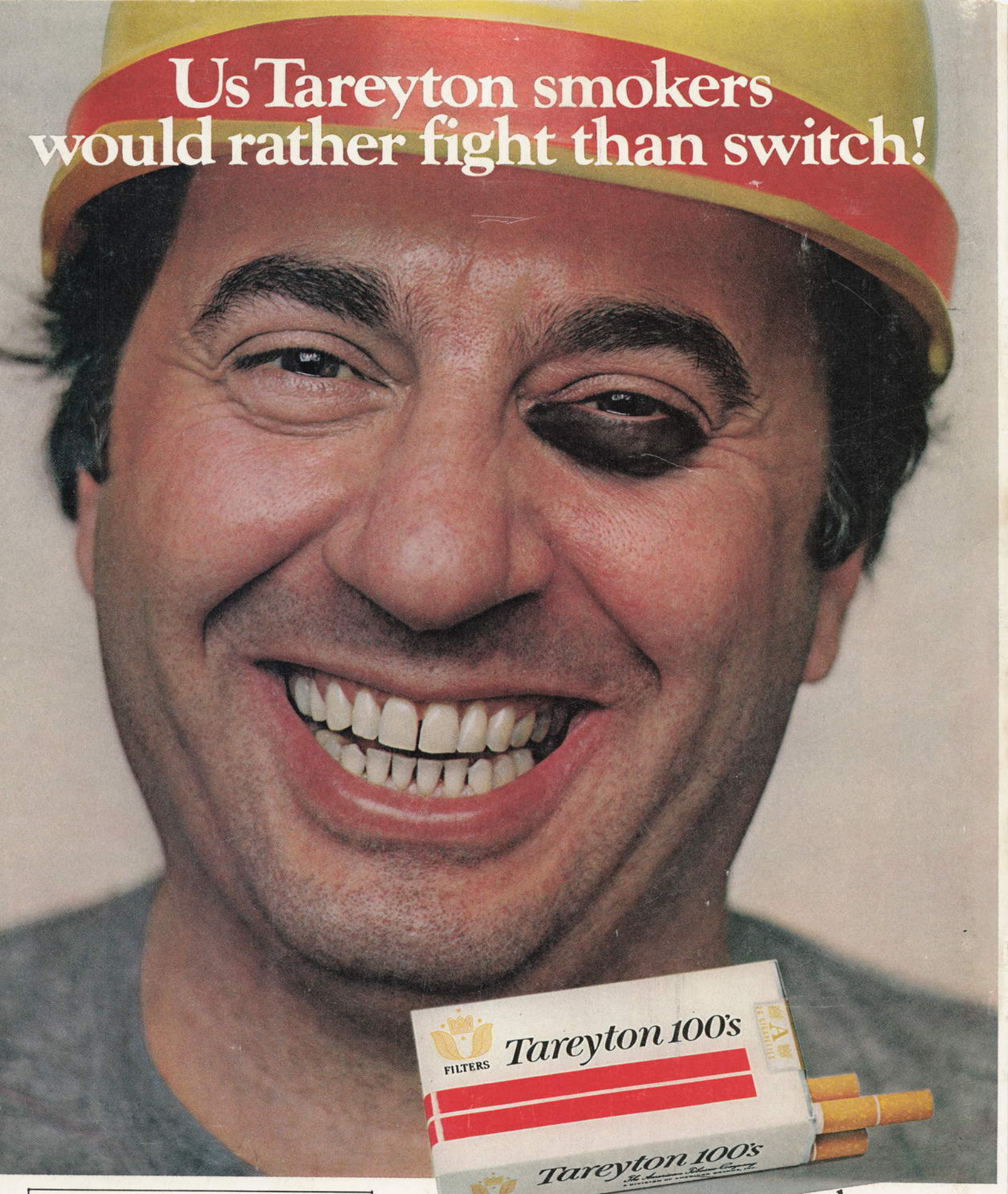

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